

Homer's ⁴⁹
1316
ILIADS
IN ENGLISH.

By THO. HOBBS of *Malmsbury*.

To which may be added
Homer's
ODYSSES

Englised by the same Author.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. C. for *William Crook*, at
the Green Dragon without Tem-
ple-bar. 1 6 7 6.



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ILIAD

I L I A D.

L I B. I.

O Goddess, sing what woe the discontent
 Of *Thetis* Son brought to the *Greeks*; what Souls
 Of *Heroes* down to *Erebus* it sent,
 Leaving their bodies unto Dogs and Fowls;
 Whilst the two Princes of the Army strive,
 King *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* Rout.
 That so it should be was the will of *Jove*,
 But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo; who incensed by the wrong
 To his Priest *Chryses* by *Atrides* done,
 Sent a great Pestilence the *Greeks* among;
 Apace they di'd, and remedy was none.
 For *Chryses* came unto the *Argive* Fleet,
 With Treasure great his Daughter to redeem;
 And having in his hand the Ensignes meet,
 That did the Priestly Dignity bescem,
 A Golden Scepter and a Crown of Bays,
 Unto the Princes all made his request;
 But to the two *Atrides* chiefly prays,
 Who of the *Argive* Army were the best.
 O Sons of *Atrius* may the Gods grant you
 A safe return from *Troy* with Victory;
 And you on me compassion may shew,
 Receive these Gifts, and set my Daughter free;
 And have respect to *Jove's* and *Leto's* Son.
 To this the Princes all gave their consent,
 Except King *Agamemnon*. He alone,
 And with sharp language from the Fleet him sent;
 Old man (said he) let me not see you here
 Now staying, or returning back again,
 For fear the Golden-Scepter which you bear
 And Chaplet hanging on it prove but vain.

B

Your

Your Daughter shall to *Argos* go far hence,
 And make my Bed, and labour at the Loom,
 And take heed you no farther me incense,
 Lest you return not safely to your home.
 Frighted with this, away the Old man went ;
 And often as he walked on the land,
 His Prayers to *Apollo* up he sent.

Hear me *Apollo* with thy Bow in hand,
 That honour'd art in *Peydes* and *Olyse*,
 And unto whom *Cylla* great honour bears,
 If thou accepted hast my Sacrifice,
 Pay th' *Argives* with thy Arrows for my tears.

His Prayer was granted by the Deity
 Who with his Silver Bow and Arrows keen,
 Descended from *Olympus* silently
 In likeness of the sable night unseen.

His Bow and Quiver both behinde him hang,
 The Arrows chink as often as he jogs,
 And as he shot the Bow was heard to twang,
 And first his Arrows flew at Mules and Dogs.

But when the Plague into the Army came,
 Perpetual was the fire of Funerals ;
 And so nine days continued the same,
Achilles on the tenth for counsel calls ;

And *Juno* 'twas that put it in his head,
 Who for the *Argive* Army was afraid :
 The Lords to Counsel being gathered,

Up stood *Achilles* and thus to them said,
 We must I think (*Atrides*) run from hence,
 Since War and Plague consume us both at once,

Let's think on how to stay the Pestilence,
 Or else at *Troy* resolve to leave our bones.

Let's with some Priest or Prophet here advise
 That knows the pleasure of the Gods above,
 Or some that at expounding Dreams are wise,

For also Dreams descend on men from *Jove* :
 That we may from him know *Apollo*'s minde,
 If we for Sacrifice be in arrear,
 Or if he will for Lambs and Goats be kinde,
 And to destroy us from henceforth forbear.

Achilles

Achilles then sat down, and *Chalcas* rose,

That was of great renown for Augury,

And any thing was able to disclose

That had been, is, or should hereafter be;

And guided had the *Greeks* to *Ilium*;

Achilles (said he) since you me command

To tell you why this Plague is on us come,

Swear you will save me both with word and hands.

Of all the *Greeks* it will offend the best;

Who though his anger for a while he smother,

Will not, I fear, long time contented rest,

But will revenged be some time or other.

Chalcas (reply'd *Achilles*) do not fear,

But what the God has told you bring to light:

By *Phœbus* not a man shall hurt you here,

As long as I enjoy my life and sight;

Though *Agamemnon* be the man you dread,

Who is of all the Army most obey'd.

The Prophet by these words encouraged,

Said what before to say he was afraid.

'Tis not neglect of Vow or Sacrifice

That doth the God *Apollo* thus displease;

But that we do his Priest to much despise,

As not his Child for ransom to release.

And more, till she be to her Father sent,

And with a *Hecatomb*, and Ransomless,

The anger of the God will not relent,

Nor will the Sickness amongst the people cease.

This said, he sat. The King look'd furiously,

And anger flaming stood upon his eyes,

While many black thoughts on his heart did lye;

And to the Prophet *Chalcas* thus replies.

Unlucky Prophet, that didst never yet

Good fortune prophecy to me, but ill,

And ever with a mind against me set

Inventest Prophecies to cross my Will;

And now again you saist would have it thought,

Because I would not let *Chryseis* go,

The Gifts refusing which her Father brought;

Therefore this Plague was sent amongst us now.

I L I A D.

With *Clytemnestra* she may well contend
 For Person, or, for Beauty, or for Art.
 Yet so, to send her home I do intend.
 For of our loss I bear the greatest part.
 But you must then, some prize for me provide.
 Shall no man unrewarded go but I?
 This said, *Achilles* to the King reply'd,
Atrides, that on booty have your eye,
 You know divided is, or sold the prey,
 Which never can be resumed be again.
 But send her home. When we shall have sack'd Troy
 Your loss shall be repaid with triple gain.
 No, said *Atrides*, that I never meant.
 D'ye think 'tis fit that you your staves retain?
 And only mine use, who God be sent,
 That unrewarded none but I remain?
 I thought it reason, that Argives should collect
 Amongst themselves the value of their loss,
 And give it me before they did expect.
 This Prize of mine should be by me dismiss'd.
 If they'll do that, 'tis well. If not, I'll go
 To your, or *Ajax*, or *Ulysses* tents,
 And take his prize, and fight my self will stop
 Wherewith I think he will not be content.
 But since there's time enough to speak of this,
 Let's ready make a Ship with able Rowers,
 And th' *Hecatombe*, to go with fair *Chryses*,
 And (to direct) one of the Counsellors;
Ajax, *Idomeneus*, *Ulysses*, or
 Your self may go *Achilles*, if you please,
 And do the business you are pleading for,
 And if you canth' offended God appease
 O impudence (*Achilles* then reply'd)
 What other of th' *Acheans* willingly
 Will when you only for your self provide,
 Go where you bid, or fight with th' enemy's removal
 Against the Trojans? I no quarrel have
 In *Pebia* plundering they were never seen,
 Nor ever thence my Kine or Horses drove
 Nor could; the Sea and great Hills are between.

With

B

Only

Only for yours and *Meneleus* sake,
 To honour gain for you we came to *Troy*,
 Whereof no notice (*Doghead*) now you take,
 But threaten me my prize to take away,
 Which by my labour I have dearly bought,
 And by th' *Acheans* given me has been.
 And when the City *Troy* we shall have got,
 Your share will great, mine little be therein.
 For though my part be greatest in the pain,
 Yet when unto division we come,
 You will expect the greatest part o' th' gain,
 And that with little I go weary home.
 Then farewell *Troy*. To Sea I'll go again,
 And back to *Phia*. Then it will be seen
 When you without me shall at *Troy* remain,
 What Honour and what Riches you shall win.
 Go when you will, (*Said Agamemnon*) fly,
 Ile not entreat you for my sake to stay.
 When you are gone more honour'd shall be I,
 Nor *Jove* (I hope) will with you go away.
 In you I shall but loose an enemy
 That only loves to quarrel and to fight.
 The Gods have giv'n you strength I not deny.
 Go 'mongst your *Myrmidons* and use your might.
 I care not for you, nor your anger fear,
 For after I have sent away *Chryseis*,
 And satisf'd the God, I'll not forbear
 To fetch away from you the fair *Briseis*,
 And that by force. For I would have you see
 How much to mine inferior is your might,
 And others fear oppose themselves to me.
 This swell'd *Achilles* choler to the height,
 And made him study what to do were best,
 To draw his Sword and *Agamemnon* kill,
 Or take some time his anger to digest.
 His Sword was drawn, yet doubtful was his Will.
 But *Juno*, that of both of them took care,
 Sent *Pallas* down, who coming stood behind.
Achilles, and laid hold upon his Hair.
 Whereat *Achilles* wondring in his minde,

Turn'd back, and by the terror of her eyes
 Knew her; but by none else perceiv'd was she.
 Come you, (said he) to see the injuries
 That are by *Agamemnon* done to me?
 So great (O Goddess *Pallas*) is his pride,
 As I believe it cost him will his life.
 I hither came (*Athena* then reply'd)
 To put an end to this unlucky strife.
 From Heaven I hither was by *Juno* sent,
 (That loves you both, and of you both takes care)
 Drawing of Swords and Blood-shed to prevent.
 But as for evil words you need not spare.
 For the wrong done you he shall trebly pay
 Another time. Hold then. Your Sword forbear.
 I must (then said *Achilles*) you obey, [hear.
 Though wrong'd. Who hears not Gods, the Gods not
 This said, his mighty Sword again he sheath'd,
 And *Pallas* up unto *Olympus* flew.
Achilles still nothing but Choler breath'd,
 And *Agamemnon* thus revil'd anew.
 Dogs-face, and Drunkard, Coward that thou art,
 That hat'st to lead the people out to fight.
 Nor yet to lye in ambush hast the heart,
 And painfully watch in the field all night.
 But thou to take from other men their due
 (Safe lying in the Camp) more pleasure hast.
 But fools they are that ruled are by you,
 Or else this injury had been your last.
 But this I'll say, and with an Oath make good.
 (Now by this Scepter, which hath left behind
 The flock whereon it once grew in the wood,
 And never more shall have nor leaf nor rind,
 And by *Achaean* Princes now is born
 By whom *Jove's* Laws to th' People carried be.)
 You hear now what a great Oath I have sworn:
 If ere the *Achaean*s shall have need of me,
 And *Agamemnon* cannot them relieve.
 When *Hector* fills the field with bodies slain,
 And *Agamemnon* only for them grieve,
 They my assistance wish for shall in vain,

This

This said, *Achilles* threw the Scepter down
 That stuck all over was with Nails of Gold ;
 And *Nestor* rose, of *Pyle* that wore the Crown,
 Wife and sweet Orator and Captain old.
 His words like Honey dropped from his tongue.

Two ages he in battle honour gain'd.
 For all that while he youthful was and strong,
 And with the third age now in *Pyle* he reign'd.

What grief t'*Achea* coming is, said he,
 O Gods, what joy to *Priam* and his Seed,
 How glad will all the *Trojans* be to see
 You two that all the rest in pow'r exceed,
 With your own hands shed one anothers blood !

I elder am, do then as I advise.
 For I conversed have with men as good,
 That yet my counsel never did despise.

Perithous and *Dryas* were great men,
 And *Polyphemus* and *Exadius*,
 Such as for strength I ne'er shall see agen ;
 And so were *Ceneus*, and *Theseus*.

The strongest of mankind were these, and slew
 The strongest of wild beasts that haunt the Wood.
 These strong men I convers'd withal and knew ;
 And with them also I did what I cou'd.

With these no other could contend in fight.
 Yet they from *Pyle* thought fit to call me forth
 Far off ; nor ever did my counsel slight.

Think not therefore my counsel nothing worth.
Atrides take not from him, though you can,
 The Damsel which the *Greeks* have given him.
 Forbear the King (*Pelides*.) For the man
 Whom *Jove* hath crown'd is made of *Jove* a limb.
 Though you be strong, and on a Goddess gor,
Atrides is before you in command.

Atrides, be but you to peace once brought,
 T'appease *Achilles* I will take in hand,
 Who is (while we are lying here) our Wall.
 To this *Atrides* answered again,
 I nothing can deny of this at all.

But he amongst us thinks he ought to reign,

And

And give the Law to all as he thinks fit.

But I am certain that shall never be.

He well can fight; the Gods have granted it;

But they nere taught him words of infamy.

Then interrupting him *Achilles* said,

I were a Wretch and nothing worth indeed,
If I what ever you command obey'd.

I will no more to what you say take heed.

But this I tell you, if you take away

The Damsel which is mine by your own gift,

I do not mean for that to make a Fray

Amongst the *Greeks*, or once my hand to lift.

Fetch her your self *Atrides*, but take heed

Against my will you nothing else take there.

Try; that th' *Acheans* may see how you speed,

And how your black blood shall run down my Spear.

Thus in disorder the Assembly ends.

Achilles to his own Ships took his way,

Patroclus with him and his other friends.

And *Agamemnon* then without delay

Lanched a Bark, and in go Row'rs twice ten.

Aboard the Maid and th' *Hecatomb* they lay.

Ulysses went Commander of the men.

And swiftly then the Ship cuts out her way.

And then *Atrides* th' Army purify'd,

And throw into the Sea the Purgament.

Then sacrific'd o'th' sands by the Sea side

A *Hecatomb*. To Heaven went up the sent

And busie were the people. But the King

Still on his quarrel with *Achilles* thought,

And how *Briseis* from his Tent to bring.

For what he threatn'd he had not forgot.

But sent *Talthybius* and *Eurybates*

To *Achilles* Tent to fetch *Briseis* thence.

(Two publick servants of the King were these
Ordain'd to carry his commandements.)

If he refuse (said he) to let her go,

I'll thither go my self with greater force

And take her thence, whether he will or no.

Which, angry as he is, will vex him worse.

The

The Messengers, though not well pleased, went about
 Unto the Fleet, to *Myrmidons*, and there
 They found *Achilles* sitting by his Tent.
 Well pleas'd he was not. And they silent were,
 And stood still, struck with fear and reverence,
Achilles seeing that, spake first, and said,
 Come near. To me you have done no offence.
 Go you *Patroclus*, and lead forth the Maid,
 And give her to these men, that they may be
 To Gods and Men, and to th' unbridled manhood of
 My Witnesse, when they have need of me
 To save th' *Atrideans*, which he never can.
 For what can he devise of any worth,
 Or how can he the *Greeks* in battle save?
 This said, *Patroclus* led *Briseis* forth,
 And to *Achilles* Messengers her gave.
 She with them went, though much against her Heart,
Achilles from his friends went off, and pray'd.
 And sitting with his face to th' Sea apart,
 Weeping, unto his Mother *Thetis* said,
 Mother, though *Jove* have given me so small
 A time of life, I could consented be,
 Had I not been dishonoured with this
 And forc'd to bear such open injury,
Thetis in th'inmost closets of the Deep,
 Sat with the old God *Nereus*, and heard,
 And not enduring long to hear him weep,
 Above the Sea like to a Mist appear'd,
 And by him sat, and stroak'd his head, and said,
 Why weep you Child? What is't that grieves you so?
 Tell me, speak out. Of what are you afraid?
 Come, whatsoever 'tis let me know.
 Mother (said he) 'tis not to you unknown,
 When we took *Thybe*, and had brought away
 The Captives and the Riches of the Town,
Chryseis sell t' *Atrides* for his prey.
 And how her father *Chryses* came to th' Fleet
 With Ransome great his Daughter to redeem,
 And having in his hands the Ensigns meet
 Which did his Priestly dignity bescom,

A Golden Scepter and a Crown of Bays,
 Unto the Princes all made his request.
 But to the two *Atrides* chiefly prays,
 Who of the *Argive* Army were the best.
 O Sons of *Atreus*, may the Gods grant you
 A safe return from *Troy* with Victory;
 And you on me compassion may shew,
 Receive these Gifts, and set my Daughter free;
 And have respect to *Jove's* and *Leto's* son.
 To this the Princes all gave their consent,
 Except King *Agamemnon*: He alone,
 And with sharp language from the Fleet him sent.
 Away the Old-man goes, and as he went,
 Against the *Greeks* he to *Apollo* pray'd;
 Who heard him, and the Plague amongst them sent,
 Which daily multitudes of men destroy'd.
 Of which the Prophet, being ask'd the cause,
 Said, 'was for th' injury to *Chryses* done:
 I mov'd to send her back. Then angry was
Atrides, though beside *Atrides*, none.
 And though he too has sent her now away,
 Yet what he threat'ned he has brought to pass.
 His Officers from me have forc'd my prey,
 And *Agamemnon* now *Briseis* has.
 And now, if ever, let me have your aid,
 If you have holpen *Jove* with word or deed;
 (For in my Fathers house you oft have said,
 That heretofore you stood him in great need,
 When other Gods to bind him had decreed,
Juno and *Neptune*, *Pallas* and the rest,
 You to him came and from his bonds him freed,
 For up you fetch'd *Briareus* the best
 Of *Titans* all, whom men *Aegeon* call,
 The Gods *Briareus*, with a hundred hands,
 And set him next to *Jove*. No God at all
 Then durst to *Jupiter* approach with bonds)
 Put *Jove* in mind of this, and him intreat
 The *Trojan* hands to fortifie in fight,
 And to repel the *Greeks* with slaughter great,
 That in their goodly King they may delight,

And

And *Agamemnon* count what he hath won
 By doing such dishonour to the best
 Of th' *Argives*, and that has such service done.
 Ay me, (said *Thetis*) would you could here rest
 Unhurt, ungriev'd. For I have born you to
 Short life. And not far from you is your Fate.
 And grievous 'tis to be dishonour'd too.
 But I to *Jove* will all you say relate
 When I go to *Olympus*. Till then stay,
 And angry though you are, from war forbear.
 To Blackmoor-land the Gods went yesterday,
 And twelve daies hence agen they will be there.
 This said, the Goddess went away, and left
 Her Son *Achilles* with his Anger striving,
 For that he had been of his prize bereft.
 And then *Ulysses* at the Port arriving
 Of *Chryse*, first his Sails he furl'd, and stow'd
 Them on the Deck together with the Mast;
 And with their Oars their Ship ashore they row'd,
 And out their Anchors threw; and ty'd her fast,
 And on the Beach the men descending laid
 The *Victims* in good order on the Sand.
 When this was done, they disembark'd the Maid.
 And then *Ulysses* took her by the hand,
 And brought her to the Altar, where the Priest
 Her Father stood, and to him spake, and said,
 O *Chryses* see, *Atrides* hath dismiss'd
 Your Daughter, and this *Hecatomb* hath paid.
 By *Agamemnon* we are hither sent
 The same to offer, and t' *Apollo* pray,
 That he accept it will, and be content
 The Sicknes from the *Greeks* to take away.
 This said, he put *Chryses* to his hand,
 And he with great contentment her receiv'd.
 Then all with Salt and Barley ready stand,
 And *Chryses* pray'd with hands to Heaven upheav'd.
 Hear me *Apollo* with the Silver Bow,
 That dost in *Tenedos* and *Cylla* reign,
 And heardst my Pray'r against the *Greeks*, hear now,
 And from them send the Pestilence again.

When

When *Chryses* had thus to *Apollo* pray'd,
 Then pray'd they all; and Salt and Barley threw
 Upon the Victims; which they kill'd and flay'd.
 But from the Altar first they them withdrew
 And then the Thighs cut off they slit in twain,
 And round about they cover them with fat,
 And one part on the other laid again.
 The Priest himself came when they had done that
 And burnt them on a fire of cloven wood;
 And as they burning were pour'd on black Wine.
 Young men with Spits five-branched by them stood.
 When burnt the Thighs were for the Pow'r divine,
 And Entrails eaten, the rest cut in joints.
 Before the fire they roasted skillfully,
 Pierc'd thorow with the Spits that had five points;
 And took it up when roasted thorowly.
 When ended was their work, began the Feast;
 Where nothing wanting was of what was good.
 And having thirst and hunger dispossest,
 And filled with sweet Wine the Temp'ers stood.
 Then round the Cups were born; and all day long
 Sitting they celebrated *Phœbus* might,
 And magnify'd his goodness in sweet Song;
 And he in his own praises took delight.
 But when the Sun had born away his light,
 Upon the Sands they laid them down to sleep.
 And when again *Aurora* came in sight,
 Again they lanch their Ship into the deep.
 A good fore-wind *Apollo* with them sent.
 Then with her breast the Ship the water tore
 (Which by her down on both sides roaring went)
 And soon arriv'd at the *Trojan* shore.
 And there they drew her up again to Land,
 And ev'ry man went which way he thought best.
Achilles yet not able to command
 The anger that still boyled in his breast,
 No longer would the *Greeks* at Council meet,
 Nor with them any more to battle come;
 But sullen sat before his Tent and Fleet,
 Wishing to see the *Argives* beaten home.

Twelve times the Sun had risen now and set,
The Gods t' *Olympus* all returned were ;
Thetis her Sons complaints did not forget,
But up she carried them to *Jupiter*.
Upon the highest top alone sat he
Of the great many-headed Hill, and laid
One hand on's breast, th'other on his knee.
And in that posture thus unto him said,
O Father *Jove*, if for you I have done
Service at any time by word or deed,
Repay it now I pray you to my Son
Whom *Agamemnon* hath dishonoured.
Short time the Fates have given him to live.
Achilles taken from him hath his prey.
Now Victory unto the *Trojans* give
Till *Agamemnon* for his fault shall pay.
Thus prayed she. But *Jove* made no reply.
Nor took she off her hands ; but pray'd anew
O *Jove* my Prayer grant me, or deny,
That I may know what power I have in you.
Then *Jove* much grieved, spake to her, and said,
'Twixt me and *Juno* 'twill a quarrel make.
For she before the Gods will me upbraid,
When she shall know the *Trojans* part I take.
But go, lest she observe what you do here.
I'll give a Nod to all that you have spoken,
That you may safely trust to and not fear.
A Nod from me is an unfailing token.
This said, with his black Brows he to her nodded
Wherewith displayed were his Locks divine ;
Olympus shook at stirring of his God-head ;
And *Thetis* from it jump'd into the Brine,
And *Jupiter* unto his house went down.
The Gods arose and waited on him thither :
But unto *Juno* it was not unknown
That he and *Thetis* had confer'd together,
Who presently to *Jove* her husband went,
And angry him rebuk't with language keen.
You that still in my absence tricks invent,
What God hath with you now in counsel been ?

C

Though

Though unto me you hate to tell your mind.

Juno (said *Jove*) you must not hope to hear
All whatsoere it be, I have design'd.

But what I mean shall come unto the ear
Of all the Gods, you first of all shall know.

But what from all together I shall hide
Ask me no more, I will not tell you, though
My Wife you be. *Juno* then thus reply'd,
Harsh Chronides, what words of yours are these!

To ask you questions I'll henceforth forbear,
And quietly let you do what you please.

But one thing I must tell you that I fear.
Thetis I fear has gotten your consent,

For her Sons sake the *Argives* to oppress.
Suspect you can (said *Jove*) but not prevent,
Which doth but give me cause to love you less.
Though it be true, 'twas I would have it so.

Therefore sit still and do as I would have you,
Lest when my mighty hands about you go,
Not all the other Gods in Heav'n shall save you.
Then *Juno* silent sat with grief and fear;

And all the Gods i'th' House of *Jove* did grieve.
But *Vulcan* the renown'd Artificer

Stood up his Mother *Juno* to relieve.
O what will this come to at last, said he,

If you for mortals thus shall be at odds I
The tumult than the cheer will greater be.

What pleasure can be this unto the Gods?
And though my Mother wiser be than I,

Yet thus much I'll not doubt her to advise,
That with my Fathers Will she would comply,

That no such quarrel may hereafter rise.
For by the roots he can the World pluck up.

Therefore I pray you Mother speak him fair;
He'll soon be pleas'd. Then filled he a Cup

Of *Nectar* sweet, and bore it to her Chair;
And to her said, Mother, I pray you hold,

And do no more my Fathers choler move.
If you be beaten I shall but behold,

And grieve I am not strong enough for *Jove*.

would have helpt you once, when by the foot
He threw me down to *Lemnos* from the skie.
All the day long I was a falling to'r,
Where more than half dead taken up was I.
And there by th' *Sincians* I was taken up.
When *Vulcan* had his History told out,
His Mother on him smil'd, and took the Cup,
And to the Gods he *Nectar* bore about.
And then the Gods laught all at once outright
To see the lame and sorry *Vulcan* skink.
And all the day from morning unto night
Ambrosia they eat, and *Nectar* drink.
Pollo played, and alternately
The *Muses* to him sung. When night was come,
Then gently Sleep solicited each eye,
And to his house each God departed home.
And *Jupiter* went up unto the bed
Where he at other times was wont to lye.
When sleep came on him, and laid down his head
To take repose; and *Juno* lay him by.

I L I A D.

LIB. II.

THE Gods, and Princes of the *Argive* Hoast
 Slept all night long. *Jove* only waking lay,
 And many projects in his mind he tost,
 To grace *Achilles*, and the *Greeks* annoy.
 At last a Dream he call'd. False Dream, said he,
 Go, hye to *Agamemnon's* Tent, and say,
 Distinctly as you bidden are by me.

Bid him bring up his Army now to *Troy* ;
 For now the time is come he shall it take.

The Gods no more thereon deliberate,
 But all consented have for *Juno's* sake,
 No longer to delay the *Trojan* Fate.

Then with his errand went the Dream away,
 And quickly was at *Agamemnon's* Tent.

And finding him as fast asleep he lay,

Up presently unto his head he went.

And in the shape of *Nestor* to him spake.

Sleep you, said he, *Atrides* ? 'Tis not fit
 For him from whom the people counsel take,
 That sleep all night upon his eyes should sit.
 But *Jove* looks to you. Listen then to me.

For 'tis from *Jove* that I am to you come.

He bids you lead the Army presently

Up every man to th' Walls of *Ilium*.

For now the time is come you shall it take.

The Gods no more thereon deliberate,

But all consented have for *Juno's* sake,

No longer to delay the *Trojan* Fate.

And therefore when you wake forget it not.

This said, the Dream departed. And the King
 Believ'd it as an Oracle, and thought

To take *Troy* now as sure as any thing ;

Vain man presuming from a Dream *Jove's* will,
 Who meant to th' *Greeks* and *Trojans* yet much wo,
 And with their carcasses the field to fill
 Before the *Greeks* should back to *Argos* go.
 The King awakt, and sat upon his Bed,
 Puts on his Coat and a great Cloak upon,
 Handsome and new; his Dream still in his head;
 And then his Silver-studded Sword puts on.
 And then he took his Scepter in his hand
 Which formerly his Ancestors had born,
 And went to th' Ships whereof he had command.
 And to the Gods with light then came the Morn.
 Then *Agamemnon* bids to Counsel call.
 The Cryers call'd, the *Greeks* together went.
 But first he had with the old Captains all
 Consulted what to do at *Nestors* Tent,
 And said he dream'd that one like *Nestor* spake
 To him and said, *Atrides* 'tis not fit
 For one of whom the People Counsel take
 That sleep upon his eyes all night should sit.
 But *Jove* secures you. Listen then to me,
 For 'tis from him that I unto you come.
 He bids you lead the Army presently
 Up every man to th' Walls of *Ilium*.
 For now the time is come you shall it take.
 The Gods thereon no more deliberate,
 But all consented have for *Juno's* sake,
 No longer to delay the *Trojan* Fate.
 And therefore when you wake forget it not.
 This said, the Dream went off again, and I
 How to th' assault the Army may be brought
 As far as we can safely sail would try.
 I'll first give them advice to go away,
 As if there were no hope to gain the Town.
 But you must then be sure to make them stay.
 This said, King *Agamemnon* sate him down,
 And *Nestor* rose. Captains of th' Host, said he,
 This Dream had it been told b' another man,
 Feigred and foolish would have seem'd to me.
 But since the King is th' Author (if we c n)

Let us perswade the people to take Arms.
 And having said, began to lead away.
 And now the People coming were in swarms.
 For as the Bees in a fair Summers day
 Come out in clusters from the hollow rock,
 And light upon the flow'rs that honey yield;
 So to th' Assembly did the People flock,
 And bristling stood with expectation fill'd
 When they sat down, it made the ground to sigh.
 The Lords nine Cryers then amongst them sent
 To make them silent, or to drown their cry,
 And from the pews their chairs to defend.
 With much ado at last they silent were.
 Then *Agamemnon* took into his hand
 His Scepter (which was made by *Mulciber*
 For *Jove* to carry when he did command.
Jove gave it afterward to *Mercury*;
 And *Mercury* to *Pelops* gave the same.
 From *Pelops* it went down successively
 To *Atreus*, and to *Thyestes* came.
 From him it came to *Agamemnon's* hand,
 Who many Islands and all *Argos* sway'd.)
 And leaning now upon it with his hand,
 Unto the Princes of the Army said.
 Servants of *Mars*, Commanders of the *Greeks*,
 O what great trouble *Jove* involves me in!
 Disgracefully to send me home he seeks,
 Although he told me I the Town should win,
 And now (when I have lost so many men)
 It seems to play with men he takes delight,
 What Towns has he destroy'd, and will agen
 Destroy still more to exercise his might?
 For both to us and our posterity
 'Twill be a great disgrace to go to Troy
 With so great multitudes, and baffled be,
 And nothing done again to come away.
 If we and they should on a Truce agree,
 And one by one they muster up their men;
 And we should count how many ters we be,
 And make one Trojan fill our wine for ten,

Many a Ten would want a man to skink.

So much in number we the Town exceed.

But when upon their many Aids I think,

I wonder less that we no better speed.

Nine Years are gone; our Cordage spoil'd with rain;

Our Ships are rotted, and our wives at home;

And Children dear expect us back again.

Nor know we of the War what will become.

Come then and all-agree on what I say,

Let's put to Sea, and back to *Achea* flie.

We shall not win the Town although we stay.

This said, the Army with applauses high

Consented all (save those that had been by

In Counsel of the Princes of *Achea*)

And moved were like to the billows high

That rolled are by some great Wind at Sea.

Or as, when in a field of well-grown Wheat,

The Ears encline by a sharp wind oppress;

So bow'd the heads in this Assembly great

When their consent they to the King express.

Then going to the Ships cry'd *Ha la la*.

Great dust they raised, and encouraged

Each other to the Sea his Ship to draw,

And cleans'd the way to th' water from each bed;

And streight unpropt their Ships; and to the skie

Went up the noise. Then *Juno* sent away

Pallas. *Pallas* (quoth she) the *Greeks* will flie,

And *Helen* leave behind, for whom at *Troy*

So many of the *Greeks* their lives have lost,

And stay'd so long in vain before the Town.

And then will *Priam* and the *Trojans* boast,

Unless you quickly to the Ships go down.

Go quickly then, try if you can prevail,

With hopeful words to stay them yet ashore,

And take away their sudden list to sail,

And let the Ships lye as they did before.

This said, the Goddess leapt down to the ground,

From high *Olympus*, and stood on the sand

Where lay the *Greeks*. *Ulysses* there she found

Angry to see the people go from Land.

Ulysses

Ulysses, said she, do you mean to fly,

And here leave *Helen* after so much cost
Of time and blood, and shew your vanity;

And leave the *Trojans* of their Rape to boast?
Speak to each one, try if you can prevail

With hopeful words to stay them on the shore,
And take away this sudden list to sail,

And let the Ships lye where they lay before.

Ulysses then ran t' *Agamemnons* Tent,

And took his staff (the mark of chief command)
And laying by his Cloak to th' Ships he went

Amongst th' *Acheans* with that staff in's hand.

And when he met with any Prince or Peer,

He gently said, Fear does not you become.

You should not only you your self stay here,

But also others keep from flying home.

Atrides now did but the *Argives* try,

And those he sees most forward to be gone
Shall find perhaps least favour in his eye.

For of the Secret Counsel you were none.

Deep rooted is the Anger of a King,

To whom high *Jove* committed has the Law,
And Justice left to his distributing.

But when a common man he bawling saw,

He bang'd him with his staff, and roughly spake.

Be silent, and hear what your betters say.

For who of you doth any notice take

In Counsel or in Martial Array?

Let one be King (we cannot all be Kings)

To whom *Jove* gave the Scepter and the Laws
To rule for him. Thus he the people brings

Off from their purpose, and to counsel draws.

Then to th' Assembly back again they pass'd,

With noise like that the Sea makes when it breaks
Against the Shore, and quiet were at last.

Thersites only standerth up and speaks.

One that to little purpose could say much, [say.

And what he thought would make men laugh, would
And for an ugly fellow none was such

'Mongst all the *Argives* that besieged *Troy*.

Lame

Lame of one leg he was ; and lookt askint ;
 His shoulders at his breast together came ;
 His head went tapering up into a point,
 With stragling and short hair upon the same.
Ulysses and *Achilles* most him haed,
 For these two Princes he us'd most to chide ;
 And *Agamemnon* now aloud he rated,
 And thereby anger'd all the *Greeks* beside.
 What is't *Atrides* (said he) stays you here ?
 Your Tent is full of Brass ; Women you have
 The best of all that by us taken were,
 For alwaies unto you the choice we gave.
 Or look you for more Gold that yet may come
 For ranome of some prisoner whom I
 Or other *Greek* shall take at *Ilium*,
 Or for some young maid to keep privately ?
 But Kings ought not their private ease to buy
 With publick danger and a common woe.
 Come women of *Achaia*, let us fly,
 And let him spend his gettings on the Foe.
 For then how much we help him he will know,
 That has a better than himself disgrac'd.
 But that *Achilles* is to anger slow,
 That injury of his had been his last.
 This said, *Ulysses* straightway to him went,
 And with sour look, and bitter language said,
 Prater, that to thy self seems eloquent,
 How dar'est thou alone the King t'upbraid ?
 A greater Coward than thou art there's none
 'Mongst all the *Greeks* that came with us to *Troy*.
 Else 'gainst the King thy tongue would not so run.
 Thou seek'st but an excuse to run away.
 Because we know not how we shall come off
 As yet from *Troy*, must you the King upbraid,
 And at the Princes of the Army scoff,
 As if they too much honour to him paid ?
 But I will tell you one thing, and will do't.
 If here again I find you fooling thus,
 Then from my Shoulders let my Head be cut,
 Or let me loose my Son *Telemachus*,

If

If I not strip you naked to the skin,
 And send you soundly beaten to the Ships
 With many stripes and ugly to be seen.
 This said, he basted him both back and hips.
Thersites shrug'd, and wept, sat down, and had
 His shoulders black and blew, dy'd by the staff.
 Look'd scurvily. The people that were sad
 But just before, now could not chuse but laugh.
 And, Oh said one t'another standing near ;
Ulysses many handsome thing has done,
 When we in Council or in Battle were,
 A better deed than this is he did none,
 That has so silenced this railing knave,
 And of his peevish humour stay'd the flood,
 As he no more will dare the King to brave.
 And then to speak *Ulysses* ready stood.
 Where *Pallas* like a Crier did appear,
 And standing by him silence did command,
 That also they that sat far off might hear.
 Then spake he, with the Scepter in his hand.
 The people, O *Atrides*, go about
 To put you on an act will be your shame,
 Forgetting what they promis'd setting out,
 Not to return till *Troy* they overcame.
 But now like Widow-women they complain,
 Or little Children longing to go home.
 To be from home a month, it is a pain
 To them that to their loving Wives would come.
 To Sea they'd go though certain to be tost
 By many a sturdy wind upon the same.
 But they have now lyen here Nine Years almost ;
 I cannot therefore say they are to blame.
 But certainly after so long a stay
 'Tis very shameful empty back to go.
 Let us at least abide till know we may
 Whether what *Chalchas* said be true or no.
 For this we all know and are witnesses
 (Excepting only those that since are dead).
 When we from *Aulis* went to pass the Seas,
 And by contrary winds were hindered,

That

That there we to the Gods did sacrifice
 Upon an Altar close unto a Spring,
 That of a *Plane*-tree at the root did rise;
 And how we saw there a prodigious thing.
 A mighty Serpent with a back blood-red
 From out the Spring glided up to the Tree,
 The boughs whereof were ev'ry way far spread.
 On thutmost chanc'd a Sparrows nest to be.
 Young ones were in it eight, with th'old one nine;
 The old one near the Nest stay'd fluttering,
 And grievously the while did cry and whine.
 At last the Serpent catcht her by the wing.
 And when the Serpent had devour'd all nine,
 He presently was turn'd into a stone;
 That we might see from *Jove* it was a Signe
 Of what should afterward at *Troy* be done.
 We were amaz'd so strange a thing to see,
 Till *Chalchas* rose and did the same explain.
 This is a certain Sign from *Jove*, said he,
 That he intends to do the like again.
 For as the Snake devour'd nine birds in all;
 So nine years long we shall make war at *Troy*,
 And after nine years *Ilium* shall fall.
 But in the tenth year we shall come away.
 This then said *Chalchas*; and all hitherto
 Is come to pass. Therefore *Athæans* stay,
 Since nothing here remaineth now to do,
 But overcoming the old Town of *Troy*.
 This said, the people made a mighty noise
 (Which bounding from the Ships was twice as great)
 Sounding of nothing but *Ulysses* praise.
 And up then rose old *Nestor* from his Seat.
 Fic, Fic, (said he) why sit we talking here?
 VVhere are your Promises, and whither gone
 Our Oaths and Vows? To what end did we swear?
 VVhere be the hands that we rely'd upon?
 VVhat good will't do to sit upon the Shore,
 How long soever be our time to stay?
 Hold fast, *Atrides*, as you did before
 The power you have; and lead us up to *Troy*.

A man or two you safely may neglect,
 Though they dissent and secret counsel take.
 For they'l be able nothing to effect,
 Before to *Argos* our retreat we make,
 And know if *Jove* have spoken true or no.
 For when we went aboard to go for *Troy*,
Jove light'ned to the right hand, which all know
 A sign of granting is for what we pray.
 Let none of you long therefore to be gone,
 Till of some *Trojans* wife he hath his will,
 And ta'ne a not unfit revenge upon
 The *Trojans* that have *Helen* us'd as ill.
 But he that for all this is fiercely bent
 On going home, and thinks that counsel best,
 And laies hand on his Ship, let him be sent
 Down into *Erebus* before the rest.
 But you, O King, think well, and take advice
 First into Tribes the Army to divide,
 And Tribes again into Fraternities,
 That Tribe may Tribe, and Fellow Fellow aid,
 The Leaders and the Souldiers then you'll know
 Which of them merits praise, and which is naught.
 And if the Town you do not overthrow,
 VVhether on us or *Jove* to lay the fault.
 To this *Atrides* answer made and said,
 O *Nestor*, Father, you exceed all men
 In giving Counsel. VVould the Gods me aid
 VVith Counsellors such as you are but ten,
 The Town of *Priam* we should quickly win.
 Nor had we now so long about it staid,
 If *Jupiter* had not engag'd me in
 A quarrel with *Achilles* for a Maid.
 But it we come but once more to agree,
 The evil day from *Troy* will not be far.
 Now take your food that we may ready be,
 And able to endure the toil of war.
 Let evry man now sharpen well his Spear,
 His Euckler mend, and give his Horses meat,
 And look well to his Chariot every where,
 That we may fight all day without retreat.

For we shall fight I doubt not all day long,
 And never cease as long as we can see.
 Of many a Shield sweaty will be the Thong,
 And Spear upon the hand lye heavily ;
 And many Horses at the Charret sweat.
 But he that willingly to avoid the fight
 Shall stay behind, or to the Ships retreat,
 His body shall be food for Dog and Kite.
 This said, the People pleas'd with what was spoken,
 Approv'd the same with Shouts, as loud as when
 Betwixt great waves and rocks the Sea is broken.
 Then from the Assembly they return agen.
 And at their Ships they sacrifice and pray
 Each one to th' God in whom he trusted most,
 That he might by his favour come away
 Alive, with whole Limbs from the Trojan Hoast,
 But *Agamemnon* sacrific'd a Steer
 To *Jove*, of five years old, and to the Feast
 Call'd such as in the Army Princes were,
 Or held to be for Chivalry the best,
Nestor, *Idomeneus*, two *Ajaces*,
 And the Son of *Tydeus* *Diomed*,
 The sixth *Ulysses Laertiades*,
 And *Menelaus* thither came unb'd.
 For well he knew his brother would be sad.
 About the Victim then the Assembly stands,
 And in their hands they Salt and Barley had.
 Then pray'd *Atrides* holding up his hands ;
 Great, glorious *Jove*, that dwellest in the Sky,
 O let not *Phæbus* carry hence the day
 Till *Priam's* Palace proud in ashes lye,
 And *Hector* sprawling in the dust of *Troy*,
 And many *Trojans* with him. So pray'd he.
 And *Jove* was with his Sacrifice content.
 But unto all his Pray'r did not agree;
 Intending still his labour to augment.
 When all had pray'd, they Salt and Barley threw
 Upon the Victim which they kill'd and flay'd.
 But from the Altar they it first withdrew.
 The Thighs they slit, and sa upon them la'd.

D

And

And burnt them in a fire of cloven wood ;
 The Entrails ore the fire they broyled eat,
 The rest they rost on Spits that by them stood ;
 And when they rosted were, fell to their meat.
 When the desire of meat and drink was gone,
Nestor stood up, and to *Atrides* said,
 Let us no longer leave the work undone,
 Which *Jupiter* himself has on us laid.
 Let's call the *Greeks* together out of hand,
 That we may make them ready for the War.
Atrides then to th' Cryers gave command
 To assemble them. They soon assembled are.
 And then the Princes went into the field,
 And them in Tribes and in Fraternities
 Distinguished. And *Pallas* with her Shield,
 (An undecaying Shield and of great price,
 Rais'd at the brim with orbs of beaten Gold
 An hundred, worth an hundred Cows at least.)
 With this the Goddess went, to make them bold,
 Courage inspiring into ev'ry breast.
 And now their hearts are all on fire to fight,
 And vanish'd is the thought of their returning.
 And such as of a Mountain is the sight
 Upon whose top a large thick Wood stands burning ;
 Such (as they marching were) the splendor was,
 And seem'd to reach up unto the Sky,
 Reflected from so many Arms of Brais
 Bright and new polished unto the eye.
 As when of many sorts the long-neckt Fowls
 Unto the large and flow'ry Plain repair,
 Through which *Caysters* water gently rolls
 In multitudes high flying in the Air,
 Then here and there fly priding in their wing,
 And by and by at once light on the ground,
 And with great clamour make the Air to ring,
 And th' Earth whereon they settle to resound ;
 So when th' *Achæans* went up from the Fleet,
 And on their march were to the Town of *Troy*,
 The Earth resounded loud with hoofs and sect.
 But at *Scamander's* flow'ry bank they stay,

In number like the flowers of the field,
 Or leaves in Spring, or multitude of Flies
 In some great Dairy 'bout the vessels fill'd,
 Delighted with the milk, dance, fall and rise.
 The Leaders then amongst them went, and brought
 Them quickly into Tribes and Companies,
 As ev'ry Goat-herd quickly knows his Goat
 Whether it be another mans or his.
 And *Agamemnon* there amongst the rest
 Was eminent. Like *Jove* in head and face;
 Belted like *Mars*; like *Neptune's* was his breast.
 Such beauty *Jove* upon the man did place.

NOW, *Muses*, ye that in *Olympus* dwell,
 (For Goddesses you are, and present were,
 And all that pass'd at *Troy* can truly tell,
 And we can nothing know but what we hear.)
 Who of the *Greeks* at *Troy* commanded men?
 The common Souldiers you need not name.
 For I should never say them ore agen,
 Although I had as many tongues as Fame.
Boetia, wherein contained be
Eteonus, and *Schaenus*, and *Scolus*,
Aulis, *Thespeia*, *Graea*, *Hyrie*,
Harma, *Eilesius*, and *Mycalessus*,
Erythra, *Elion*, *Ocalie*,
Hyle, *Eutressis*, *Thisbe*, *Pelion*,
Platea, *Aliareus*, and *Copa*,
Coronia, *Glisse*, *Thebe*, *Medeon*,
Onchestus *Neptune's* Town, *Nissa* divine,
 And *Midias*, and utmost *Anthedon*,
 And *Arne* that great plenty has of Wine.
 The which in all made fifty Ships. And those-
 Commanded were by *Archefflaus*,
 And *Prothoenor* and *Peusleus*,
 And *Leitus*, and with them *Clonius*.
 The Seamen in each one to fixscore rose.

Aspledon and *Orchomenus* besides
 Did set forth twenty good black Ships to Sea.
Ascalaphus and *Ialmenus* were guides,
 Begot by *Mars* upon *Astyochē*.
 The Towns of *Phocis*, *Crissa*, *Panopea*,
 And *Cyparissus*, *Pythos*, and *Daulis*,
 And on the brook of *Cephisus* *Lilaea*,
 And *Anemoria*, and *Hyampolis*,
 And other Towns o'th' bank of *Cephisus*,
 Made ready forty good Ships for the Seas,
 Ruled by *Schedius* and *Epistrapbus*
 The Sons of *Iphitus* *Naubolides*.
 The *Locrians* the lesser *Ajax* led,
 Of King *Oileus* the valiant Son.
 (For he was lower more than by the head
 Than throther *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*)
 A linnen Armour he wore on his Breast.
 But understood as well to use a Spear,
 Or better, than could any of the rest
 That in the Army of th' *Acheans* were.
 There went with him from *Cynus* and *Opus*,
 From *Bessa*, *Scarphe*, *Thronius*, *Aygie*,
Tarphe, *Calliarus*, *Boagrius*,
 Forty good Ships well fitted for the Sea.
 Th' *Eubæans* were by *Elephenor* led,
 That dwell in *Chalcis* and *Eretrie*,
Cerintus, *Dion* (that holds high her head)
Carystus, *Styra*, and in *Istiaea*.
 And by the name *Abantes* they all go,
 Goodmen, and that in battle use the Spear,
 And love to pierce the Armour of a foe.
 And these on forty Ships embarked were.
 From *Athens* (who *Erethens* people were)
Aurora's Son, by *Pallas* nourished
 In her own Temple, in which ev'ry year
 Many good Bulls and Lambs are offered,
 Under *Menestheus* fifty Ships did pass,
 Who for the ord'ring of a battle well
 Of Horse or Foot the best of all men was,
 Save *Nestor*, who in age did him excel.

From

From *Salamis* came to the *Trojan* Shore,
 And by the greater *Ajax* govern'd were,
 The Son of *Telamon*, twelve good Ships more,
 And lay at anchor to th' *Athenians* near.
Argos, *Tyrinthe*, *Træxen*, *Asine*,
 And *Epidaurus*, and *Hermione*,
Mases and *Agina*, and *Eione*,
 Amongst them all put fourscore Ships to Sea.
 Of which there were three Captains, *Diomed*,
Euryalus, and *Sthenelus*. But they
 By *Diomed* were chiefly governed.
 For him they all commanded were to obey.
 And from *Mycene*, *Corinth*, *Cleonea*,
 And *Orthe*, and *Hypereſia*,
 From *Sicyon*, and *Aræthuree*,
 And *Gonoessa*, and from *Helice*,
Pellene, *Agium*, and all that Shore,
 An hundred Ships were laid upon the Seas;
 And with King *Agamemnon* paſſed o're,
 And his peculiar command were theſe.
 Amongst them he puts on his Armour then,
 Proud that he was of all the Hero's beſt.
 For of his own he thither brought moſt men,
 And chief Commander was of all the reſt.
 From *Sparta*, *Phare*, *Messa*, *Bryſie*,
 From about *Otylus*, with thoſe from *Laus*,
Helos, *Amycle*, and from *Aegia*,
 Went thirty good black Ships with *Menelaus*.
 Which from his Brothers forces ſtood apart,
 And he amongst them heart'ning them to fight,
 And breathing courage into every heart.
 For to the *Trojans* he bare greateſt ſpight.
Pylus, *Arene*, *Cypariſſis*,
Amphigenia, *Apy*, and *Ebryſſa*,
 (Whereat a Fould I' th' ſtream *Alpheus* lies)
Elos, and *Pteleus*, and *Dorius*.
 (Here 'twas the *Muses* met with *Thamyris*
 The *Thracian* Fidler, which their Art did ſlight;
 And ſaid their Skill was not ſo good as his,
 And they depriv'd him both of Art and Sight.)

The number of the Ships those Towns set forth,
In all amounted to fourscore and ten ;
And led were by a Captain of great worth.

'Twas Nestor the command had of these men.

From Phene, Ripe, and Orchomenus,
And from Enispe, and from Stratia,
Tegea, Mantinea, Stymphalus,

And those that dwelled in Parrhasia,
(Arcadians all, and in sharp War well skill'd)

Came sixty Ships by Agapenor led,
And ev'ry Ship sufficiently fill'd.

But then the Ships Atrides furnished.

The men of Helis, and Buprasium,

And all the ground enclos'd by Hyrmine,
Dyr sinus, Olene, Atisium,

Amongst them all put forty Ships to Sea,

Led by Amphimachus and Thalpius,

Diores, and Polyxenus the Son

Of martial Agasthenes, and then

Ten good Ships were commanded by each one.

Dulichium, and th'Isles Echinades,

Sent forty Ships. Meses Commander went

The Son of Phyleus, who for his ease

Liv'd from his Father there in discontent.

Ulysses also brought our twelve good Ships.

From Ithaca, Neritus, Ceph'onia,

From Same, and from Zaur, and Aglyps,

And from Epirus, and Croeylia.

Th' Aetolians with Thoas Andramon's Son

Sent from Pylene, and from Chalcis, and

From Olenus, Pleuron, and Calydon

Sent forty Ships, whereof the sole command

In Thoas was. For Oeneus was dead,

And Meleager ; all the Royal race.

Andramon's Son their men to Troy to lead

By suffrage of the Cities chosen was.

From Cnossus, Gortys (in the Isle of Crete)

Lictus, Miletus, Phastus, Aycius,

Lycastus, and some others went a Fleet

Of eighty Ship with King Idomeneus

And

And valiant as *Mars Mariones*.

And nine good Ships went with *Alepolemus*
(That was the Son of mighty *Hercules*)

From *Lindus*, *Camirus*, *Ialissus*.

For *Hercules Alepolemus* began

On *Astyoehia* whom in war he won,
And for her many Cities had laid flat.

But after *Hercules* was dead and gone,

Alepolemus now grown a man, and bold,

Lycimachus (his Fathers Uncle) slew

By th'Mothers side, a branch of *Mars*, but old.

Then cuts down Trees, and rigs a Navy new,

And many men together gathered,

And wandred till to *Rhodes* he came at last,

And there dwelt in three Tribes distributed.

Fear of his Kindred made him go in haste:

And mightily in little time they throve,

And ev'ry day in wealth and power grew,

And favour'd were continually by *Jove*.

For dayly he unto them riches threw.

From *Syme* went with *Nireus* Ships three,

Nireus that was the fairest man of all

(*Achilles* alwaies must excepted be)

But weak was *Nireus*, and his number small.

From *Casus*, *Carpathus*, and *Nisyru*,

Calydne Islands, and the Isle of *Cous*

Went thirty Ships. Two Sons of *Toressalus*

The Son of *Hercules* commanded those.

And the *Pelasgique* *Argives* sent to Sea

From *Trechis*, and from *Hellas*, and *Halus*,

From *Pithia*, and the Port of *Alope*,

Commanded by the Son of *Pelias*,

Fifty good Ships of *Myrmidons*, which some

Acheans, others *Hellens* use to call.

But these would not to any Battle come.

For sullen sat ashore their General,

Because *Briseis* they had forc'd away,

Which when he won *Lyrnessus*, was his prize,

And did *Epistropus* and *Mynes* slay.

There fate he then, but shall again arise.

End

From

From *Inon*, *Phylace*, and *Pyræus*,
 From *Pteleus*, and *Antron* on the Sea
 Went forty Ships with *Protesilaus*,
 Which he commanded while alive was he.
 But he was dead. For as he leapt to land
 From out his Ship, he was the first man slain
 Of all th' *Acæans* by a *Trojan* hand,
 And left his wife to tear her hair in vain,
 His house at *Phylace* half finished.
 His Souldiers chose *Podarces* in his place,
 His younger Brother, who at *Troy* them led.
 A Captain good; but th' *Elder* better was.
 And they that dwelt about *Bosporus* Lake
Iaolcus, *Bæbe*, *Phrie*, *Glaphyre*,
 Put all together Ships eleven make.
 Under *Eumelus* there were put to Sea:
 From rugged *Olixon* and *Melibæa*,
 The towns *Methone* and *Thomacia* sent
 Seven Ships of fifty Oars apiece to Sea,
 And *Philottetes* their Commander went.
 But him the *Acæans* left in *Lemnos* Isle,
 In cruel torment bitten by a Snake.
 And of his Ships *Medon* took charge the while.
 But better care of him the *Greeks* will take.
 From *Tricca* then, and from *Methone* steep,
 And from *Oechalia* (Seat of *Evripius*,)
 Thirty good Ships to *Troy* went o're the Sea,
 By *Machaon* led and *Podalirius*,
 Two skilful Sons of *Æsculapius*.
 From chalky *Tranus* *Hyperia*, and
Asirius, and from *Ormenius*,
Eurypilus did forty Ships command.
 And from the Towns *Argissa* and *Gyntone*,
 From *Oloosson*, *Orthis* on the Hill,
 With those that sent were from the Town *Elone*,
 So many went as forty Ships did fill.
 And had two Leaders. *Polyperis* one;
 Son of *Perithous* the son of *Jove*,
 And gotten by him was the day whereon
 He and the *Lapiths* gainst the *Centaurs* strove,
 And

And drave them from the Mountain *Pelion*.

The other Leader was *Leontius*,
Whose Father was *Capaneus*, who the Son
Was of the valiant *Lapith Caneus*.

The *Anians* and *Perrhibeans* bold
Did two and twenty good black Ships set out,
From hollow *Cyphus*, and *Dodona* cold,
And other habitations about.

The pleasant River *Titaretus*,
That into *Peneus* runs, but doth not mix,
But glides like Oyl at top of *Peneus*.

For *Titaretus* is a branch of *Styx*.
These *Gonnes* led. Then the *Magnesians* sent
From Towns upon the banks of *Peneus*,

And sides of *Pelion* mountain eminent,
Forty good Ships under swift *Prothous*.

These were the Leaders of th' *Achean* forces:

O Goddess tell me now who was the best

In Battle of the Leaders, and whose Horses

In swiftness and in force excell'd the rest.

Eumelus his two Horses did surpass

(Though they were females) all the rest for speed.

Their colour, age, and stature equal was,

Sprung in *Pieria* from *Apollo's* Breed.

That terrour drew about as swift as wind.)

'Mongst *Greeks* the greater *Ajax* had no Peer,

(For now *Achilles* had the War declin'd,

Whom none in Prowess equal'd or came near,

Nor other Horses could with his compare.)

But at his Ships he discontented staid,

And full of spight which he t' *Atrides* bare,

Whilst on the Beach idle his Soldiers plaid

At who can furthest throw a Dart or Stone.

The Horses loosely wandred here and there

Amongst the people, and had Riders none,

Or upon Lote and Cinquefoil feeding were.

But the *Acheans* to *Scamander* march'd

Swiftly as when a fire runs ore a Plain

Which *Phaebus* had with a long Summer parch'd,

And going made the ground to groan again,

As when *Jove* angry latheth *Ariny*,
 Which men say of *Typhæus* is the bed,
 The earth therewith is made to groan and sigh,
 So groan'd the ground when they to *Troy* were led.
 Then *Jove* unto the *Trojans* *Iris* sent,
 Who old and young were then at *Priams* gate
 Assembled with the King in Parliament.
 Over their heads stood *Iris* as they sate.
 Her voice was like to that of *Priams* Son
Polytes, that was watching at the Tomb
 Of old *Æsutes*, there to wait upon
 The coming of the *Greeks* to *Ilium*.
 Old man (said he) you love to hear men preach
 As in a time of Peace. But now 'tis War.
 The *Greeks* no more lye idle on the Beach,
 But at your Gates, and numberless they are,
 As sands by the Sea-side, or leaves in Spring.
 And to the City now they bring the War.
Hector to you this counsel now I bring.
 Within the City many people are
 To aid you come of divers Languages.
 Let them that hither led them lead them here,
 Arm, and command them each one as he please.
 When she had done, dismiss the people were.
Hector to open all the Gates commands,
 And with great clamour Horse and Foot come out.
 Before the City a high Pillar stands,
 To which the field lyes open round about.
 And *Battica* called was by men;
 Which 'mongst the Gods another name did bear,
Nyrinna's Sepulcher. And there agen
 The *Trojans* and their Succours muster'd were.
 The *Trojans* were by *Hector* led. The best
 In battle, and in number most were these,
 With Spear in hand, and Brass on Back and Breast.
 The *Dardans* were commanded by *Aeneas*,
 (*Anchises* Son; but *Venus* was his Mother;
 Amongst the Hills of *Ida* got he was)
 And joint Commanders with him were two other,
 Brave men, *Archilochus* and *Acamas*.

And

And of *Zeleia* the Inhabitants,
 Which of Mount *Ida* lyeth at the foot,
 And on the River of *Asopus* stands,
 Under command of *Pandarus* were put,
 Son of *Lycaon*, and that well knew how
 To make an Arrow in the Air fly true.
Phæbus himself had given him a Bow,
 And how to use the same none better knew.
 Th' *Adrasteians* and the men of *Apasus*,
 Of *Pityeia* and *Tercia* Hill.
 Were by *Adrastus* led and *Amphius*,
 Two Sons of *Merops*, that had mighty skill
 In Prophecy, and both of them forbade
 Themselves to venture in the War at *Troy*.
 But Fate a greater power with them had,
 And made them go, but brought them not away.
 The People of *Percosia*, and they
 That dwell upon the Banks of *Prælius*,
Arisbe, *Sestus*, *Abydus*, obey
 The orders of their Leader *Asius*
 The Son of *Hyrtæus*, whose Chariot
 By Horses great and black as any coal,
 And on it he to *Ulium* was brought.
 And of *Selleis* race each one a foal.
Larissa was *Pelægique* by descent.
 Under *Pylæus* and *Hypoëbons*,
 Two stout *Pelægique* Leaders these were sent,
 Who both the Grandsons were of *Tentomus*.
 The *Ibracians* on this side *Helleſpont*,
 Were led by *Piros* and by *Achamas*.
 O'th' *Cycons* who do these oppose in front
Træzenus Son *Euphemus* Leader was,
 From *Amydon* that standeth on the side
 Of *Axius* the fairest Stream that flows,
 The *Pæons* came. *Pyrechmus* them did guide,
 And arm'd they were with Arrows and with Bows.
 The *Enneti* in *Paplagonia*,
 From whence proceedeth of wild Mules the race,
Parthenius Brook and the Town *Coronia*,
Cyturus, *Sesamus*, and the high place

of

Of th' *Erethins*, and of *Agyalms*

The charge was given to *Pylomenus*,
And of the *Halizons* & *Epistrophus*,

But not alone; joyn'd with him was *Dius*
Of *Alybe*, where is a Silver Mine.

The Leaders of the *Myrians* were *Chromis*,
And *Enomus*. Both of them could divine

By sight of Birds, though they foresaw not this
That in *Scamander* Stream they both should dye,

Slain by *Achilles* who there massacred
Many a *Trojan*, many a good Ally,
Which to the Sea the River carried.

The *Phrygians* from *Ascania*, far off,

Were led by *Phorcys* and *Ascanius*;

And Battle lov'd. But the Commanders of

The *Meones*, *Mastibles* and *Antiphus*

The two Sons were of old *Pylomenus*,

Both of them born upon *Gygea* Lake,

(At th' foot of *Imolus* dwell the *Meones*.)

Amphimachus and *Nastes* charge did take

Of those of *Caria*, people of rude tongue;

And of *Miletus*, and the Hill *Phtheiron*,

And of the Towns that seated are among

The windings of *Meander*, and upon

Mount *Mycale*. And *Nastes* carry'd Gold

Unto the Battle, like a Child or Sot;

Wherewith his Life he did not buy but sold.

For slain he was; his Gold *Achilles* got,

And left him lying at the River dead.

The Succours by the *Lycians* sent to *Troy*,

By *Glaucus* were and King *Sarpedon* led.

Far off they dwelt, and a long march had they.

I L I A D.

LIB. III.

When both the Armies were prepar'd for fight,
 The *Trojans* marched on with noise and cry:
 As in the air of cackling fowl a flight,
 Or like the Cranes when from the North they fly,
 The Army of *Pygmean* men to charge,
 And shun the Winter, with a mighty cry
 Fly through the Air over the Ocean large ;
 So swiftly march'd the *Greeks*, but silently
 Resolved one another to assist.

And such a dust between both Hosts did rise,
 As when upon the Mountains lies a Mist,
 Which to a stones cast limiteth the eyes.
 (Which good for Thieves is, but for Shepherds not)
 So great a dust the middle space possess.
 When they were near to one another got,
 Came *Alexander* forth before the rest.

A Leopards skin he wore upon his Shoulders,
 Two Spears in hand, his Sword girt at his side,
 Bow at his back, and brave to the beholders ;
 And any of th' *Acbean* hoast defid.
 And glad was *Menelaus* to see this.

As when a Lion finds a lusty prey,
 A wild Goat or a Stag, well pleased is,
 And hungry seizes him without delay,
 Although by Hunters and by Hounds pursu'd ;
 So glad was *Menelaus* him to see.
 And soon as he his person had well view'd,
 Arm'd from his Charret to the ground leapt he.
 Assured (as he thought) revenge to take.
 But soon as *Alexander* once saw that,
 He fled into the throng, as from a Snake
 Seen unawares, trembling and pale thereat.

E

Then

Then *Hector* him with words of great disgrace
 Reprov'd and said, Fine man and Lover keen,
 Cajoler, that confidest in thy face,
 I would to God thou born hadst never been,
 Or never hadst been married. For that
 A great deal better had been of the twain,
 Than to be scorn'd of men, and pointed at
 For one that durst not his own word maintain.
 O how the *Greeks* are laughing now to see
 That so absurdly they themselves mistook,
 Supposing you some mighty man to be
 That are worth nothing, judging by your look.
 Was't you to *Lacedæmon* pass'd the deep,
 And fetch'd fair *Helen* thence (the bane of *Troy*)
 And now when it concerns you her to keep,
 You dare not in her husbands presence stay?
 For you would quickly know what kind of man
 You have bereav'd unjustly of his wife.
 Neither your Cittern, nor your Beauty can,
 Nor other gifts of *Venus* save your life.
 Were not the *Trojans* fearful more than needs,
 You had a Coat of stones by this time had,
 A fit reward for all your evil deeds.
 This answer then to *Hector*, *Paris* made.
Hector, since your reproof is just (said he)
 And your hard language (as when help'd by Art
 A Shipwrights Ax strikes deep into a tree)
 Like riggid Steel has cut me to the heart.
 If with *Atrides* you would have me fight,
 Object not *Venus* favours 'tis unfit
 The Gifts of the immortal Gods to slight)
 But make the *Greeks* and *Trojans* both to fit.
 And in the midst set me and *Menelaus*,
 And which of us shall have the Victory,
Helen be his, and all the Wealth she has,
 And 'twixt the *Greeks* and *Trojans* Amity.
 Let this be sworn to, that we may remain
 At *Troy* in quiet, and the *Greeks* repass
 To *Argos* and *Achaëa* back again.
 At this brave proffer *Hector* joyful was;

And

And stepping forth the *Trojan* Ranks kept in
 With both his hands o'th' middle of his Spear.
 And to shoot at him then the *Greeks* begin,
 And many took up stones and hurling were.
 But *Agamemnon* with a voice as high
 As he could raise it, to the *Greeks* cry'd, Hold.
 Throw no more Stones, let no more Arrows fly.
Hector to us has somewhat to unfold.
 This said, they held their hands, and silent were
 And *Hector* both to *Greeks* and *Trojans* spake.
 May you be pleas'd on both sides to hear
 The motion I from *Alexander* make.
 Let Arms (said he) on both sides be laid by,
 And in the midst set him and *Menelaus*.
 And which of them shall have the Victory,
 Be *Helen* his, with all the wealth she has.
 And let the rest an Oath on both sides take
 The Parts agreed on not to violate.
 When this was said, then *Menelaus* spake.
 And both the Armies with great silence sate.
 Hear me too then, said *Menelaus*, who
 By *Alexander* have been most offended.
 If you'll do that which I advise you to,
 The quarrel he began will soon be ended.
 Which of us two shall fall in single fight,
 Let him dye only, and the rest agree.
 Bring forth two Lambs, one black, another white,
 To th'Earth and Sun a Sacrifice to be.
 Another we will sacrifice to *Jove*.
 And let the old King *Priam* present be,
 (His proud Sons think themselves all Oaths above)
 That what is sworn he may performed see.
 No hold is to be taken of an Oath [wind.
 Which Young-men make, whose likings change like
 But Old-men can foresee what's good for both.
 'Tis good for both that makes a Contract Bind.
 These words did to both Armies sweetly sound;
 They thought the worst was past; and up they ty'd
 Their Horses; and their Spears stuck in the ground,
 With spaces left between them, but not wide.

Then *Hector* to the King two *Heralds* sent,
 To fetch the *Lambs*, and *Priam* to implore
 To take the Oath. From *Agamemnon* went
Talthybius to the Fleet to fetch two more.
 Mean while to the fair *Helen Iris* came,
 So like t' *Antenor's* wife *Laodice*,
 King *Priam's* daughter, that she seem'd the same.
 Quickly she found her; for at work was she
 Upon a double splendid Web, wherein
 Many a cruel Battle she had wrought
 The *Trojans* and th' incens'd *Greeks* between,
 That for her own sake only had been fought.
 Come Nymph, said *Iris*, see one Battle more
 Between the gallant men of *Greece* and *Troy*.
 They fight not altogether as before,
 But silent sit, and from their Arms away.
 Shields are their Cushions, planted are their Spears;
Paris and *Menelaus* only fight.
 Save these two no man any Armour wears;
 And you his Wife are, that has greatest might.
 Thus *Iris* said, and her inspir'd anew
 With love to *Menelaus* as before.
 Then ore her Head a milk-white Scarf she threw,
 And out went weeping at the Chamber-door,
 But not alone; two Maidens follow'd her,
 Fair *Aethre* *Pittheus* child, and *Clymene*.
 And quickly at the *Scean* Gate they were,
 Where *Priam* sat; and in his company
 Were the old Lords *Lampus* and *Clyti*us,
 And *Ice*taon, and *Ucalegon*,
Antenor, *Thymet's*, and *Panthous*,
 Whence both the Armies they might look upon.
 Old men they were, but had brave Captains been,
 And now for consultation pris'd were.
 As soon as *Helen* came into their sight,
 They whisper'd one another in the ear,
 I cannot blame the man that for her strives.
 Like an Immortal God she is. Yet so,
 Rather than we should hazard all our lives,
 I should advise the King to let her go.

Thus

Thus said they one t'another. But the King
 Call'd her and said, Daughter, sit down by me,
 (Not you, but the Immortal Powers bring
 Upon the *Trojans* this calamity.)

And tell me who that great *Achean* is.
 I see some higher by the head than he,
 But comelier man I never saw than this,
 Nor liker to a King in Majesty.

O King (then answered *Helen*) to whom I
 Of all men owe most reverence and fear,
 Would I had rather chosen there to dye,

Than to your Sons ill counsel given ear,
 Leaving my House, my Child, and Brothers two;
 And all my sweet companions for his sake.

But since I cannot what is done undo,
 Unto your question I'll now answer make.

The man you point to *Agamemnon* is;
 A good King, and a valiant Man in fight,
 And Brother to the Husband is of this

Unworthy woman me that did him slight.
 And *Priam* then the man admiring said;

Happy *Atrides*, great is thy command,
 Whole Soldiers though now very much decay'd,
 In such great multitude before us stand.

At a great fight I was in *Phrygia*,
 And brought to *Otreus* and *Mygdon* aid
 Against the *Amazons*. I never saw

Till then, so many for a Fight array'd,
 As were the *Amazons*, upon the Banks
 Of *Sangareus*, and yet they fewer were;

Than are contained in the bristled Ranks
 Of th'armed *Greeks* that stand before us here.
 Again *Alysses* coming in his fight;

Tell me (said he) sweet Daughter, who is this
 He wants the head of *Agamemnons* height,

But at the Breast and Shoulders broader is.
 His Arms lye still upon the ground; but he
 In no one certain place himself can keep,

But through the Ranks and Files runs busily,
 Just as a Ram runs in a Fold of Sheep.

To this *Jove's* Daughter *Helen* thus replies.
Ulysses 'tis, the old *Laertes* Son
 Of *Ithaca* ; to counsel and devise,
 In all the Army like him there is none.
 O *Helen* (said *Antenor*) you say right ;
 On your affair he once came into *Troy*
 With *Menelaus*. I did them both invite
 To sup with me ; and in my house they lay.
 I them compar'd. When at their Audience
 They both stood up, *Atrides* taller seem'd ;
 Sitting *Ulysses* won most reverence,
 And was amongst the people most esteem'd.
 And when they were Orations to make,
Atrides words went easily and close.
 For little he, but to the purpose spake,
 Though th'younger man. But when *Ulysses* rose,
 Upon the ground a while he fix'd his eyes,
 Nor ever mov'd the Scepter in his hand ;
 You would have thought him sullen or unwise,
 That did not yet his business understand.
 But when his voice was raised to the height,
 And like a Snow upon a Winters day
 His gentle words fell from him, no man might
 With him compare ; so much his words did weigh.
 Then *Priam* seeing *Ajax*, askt agen,
 What *Greek* is that, that taller by the Head
 And Shoulders is than all the other men ?
 And *Helen* to the King thus answered,
 Great *Ajax*. Who of th'*Argives* is the Sconce,
 And he o'th'other side *Idomeneus*,
 Who was the guest of *Menelaus* once,
 And lodg'd at *Lacedemon* in his house.
 And now I see the rest, and could them name:
 But *Castor* I and *Pollux* cannot see.
 Two Princes are they, and well known by Fame,
 And by one Mother Brothers are to me.
 Did they not pass the Sea ? Yes sure they did
 Come with the rest ; but are asham'd of me.
 And in the *Argive* Fleet lye somewhere hid,
 And will not of my shame partakers be.

Thus.

Thus *Helen* said, because she could not tell
 Whether her Brothers were alive or dead.
 But dead they were ; and (where they both did dwell)
 In *Lacedemon* they were buried.
 The Heralds now the two Lambs had brought in,
 That for their Sacrifice appointed were,
 And full of noble Wine a great Goats skin.
Ideus with the Golden Cups stood near,
 And pray'd the King to go down to the Plain.
 There stay for you the *Greeks* and *Trojans* both ;
 A Peace agreed on is ; but all in vain
 Unless you also go and take the Oath.
 For *Paris* must with *Menelaus* fight,
 And he must *Helen* and her wealth enjoy
 Upon whose side the Victory shall light ;
 The *Greeks* return ; and Peace remain at *Troy*,
 These words to th'Old mans heart came cold as Ice.
 But streight he bad his Coach made ready be.
 The Servants made it ready in a trice,
 And up into 't *Antenor* went and he ;
 And past the *Scean* Gate into the Plain,
 And when they came near to *Scamander* Banks,
 From out the Coach alighted they again,
 And stood between the adverse Armies Ranks.
 Then *Agamemnon* and *Iulysse* came,
 And to the Contract for the *Greeks* did swear.
 And *Priam* and *Antenor* swore the same.
 The Heralds mix the Wine with Water clear ;
 And poured water on the Princes hands.
Atrides at his Sword a Knife did wear,
 And as he near unto the Victims stands,
 Cuts with it from their foreheads locks of Hair,
 Which by the Heralds were distributed,
 Till ev'ry Leader part had of the hair.
 The Ceremonies being finished,
Atrides to the gods then made this Prayer.
 O mighty *Jove*, the Monarch of the Gods,
 O glorious Sun with thy all-seeing Eye,
 O Streams, O Earth, O you that hold the Rods
 Beneath the Earth, scourges of Perjury,

Hear

Hear me, and be you witnesses of this.
 If *Menelaus* be by *Paris* slain,
 Let *Helen* and the wealth she has be his,
 And to *Achaëa* we return again.
 If slain by *Menelaus* *Paris* be,
 Let *Helen* with her wealth to *Greece* be sent
 With some amends made for the injury,
 To be of th' wrong done an acknowledgment.
 If such amends the *Trojans* will not make,
 I will pursue the War, and here abide,
 Till I the Town of *Ilium* shall raze,
 Or till the Gods the quarrel shall decide.
 This said, the Victims with his Knife he slew.
 And sprawling there upon the place they lay.
 Then into Golden Cups the Wine they drew,
 And pour'd it on the Lambs. Then prayed they
 Both *Greeks* and *Trojans*; *Jove*, and Pow'r's divine,
 Who first to break this peace shall go about,
 As poured on the Victims is this Wine,
 So they, and their Sons Brains be poured out.
 Thus prayed they. But *Jove* that Pray'r did slight.
 Then *Priam* said, To *Troy* return will I.
 It cannot please me to behold the Fight.
 For none but Gods know which of them shall dye.
 And then into the Charret went again
 He and *Antenor*, and drave t'*Ilium*,
 And with them carried their Victims slain.
 Then in *Ulysses* and great *Hector* come,
 And having measur'd out the Lists, wherein
 They were to fight, then the two Lots they drew.
 For who to throw his Spear should first begin.
 And then the *Greeks* and *Trojans* pray'd anew.
 O glorious *Jove*, whom all the Gods obey,
 Let him that of the War the Author was
 Be slain, and all the rest firm peace enjoy.
 Then mighty *Hector* shook the Skull of brass:
 The Lot that was the first drawn out, was that.
 Which gave to *Paris* the right to begin.
 Then down upon the ground the people sate
 In order as their Armour plac'd had been.

And

And *Paris* arm'd himself, and first puts on
His Leg-pieces of Brass, and closely tyes,
That silver'd over were at th^e Ankle-bone.

And then his Breast-plate to his Breast applies.

Lycaons Breast-plate 'twas, but ev'ry whit

As just upon him sat, as it had done

Upon *Lycaon* when he used it.

And next to this his good Sword he puts on.

And then his broad Shield and his Helmet good.

And last of all a Spear takes in his hand.

And in like Armour *Menelaus* stood.

Then come they forth, and in the Lists they stand.

And one did on another fiercely look.

(The people stupid sat 'twixt hope and fear.)

And when they come were nigh, their Spears they shook.

But *Paris* was the first to throw his Spear,

And threw, and smote the Shield of *Menelaus*,

But through the Mettle tough it passed not,

But turn'd, and bended at the point it was.

Then *Menelaus* was to throw by Lot.

But first he prayed. Grant me, O *Jove*, (said he)

That this my Spear may *Alexander* slay,

Who was the first that did the injury.

That they who shall be born hereafter may

Not dare to violate the Sacred Laws

Of Hospitality. Having thus said,

He threw his Spear, which *Paris* Shield did pass,

And through his Breast-plate quite, and there it staid;

But tore his Coat. And there he had been dead,

But that his Belly somewhat he drew back.

Then with his Sword *Atrides* smote his head

Which arm'd was, and the Sword in pieces broke.

Then *Menelaus* grieved at the heart,

Looking to Heaven did on *Jove* complain.

O *Jove* that of the Gods most cruel art,

Broken my Sword, my Spear is thrown in vain.

Then suddenly laid hold on *Paris* Crest,

And to the *Greeks* to drag him did begin,

And *Paris* then was mightily distress'd,

Choakt by the Latchet underneath his Chin.

And

And to the *Greeks* had drag'd been by the Head,
 If *Venus* to his aid had not come in,
 Who broke the string and him delivered.

Atrides conquest else had famous been.

Then to the *Greeks* the empty Cask he threw.

But *Venus* snatcht him from him in a Mist.

And whither she convey'd him none there knew.

A God she is, and can do what she list.

When *Paris* to his Chamber was convey'd,

His Chamber which of Perfumes sweetly smelt,

Then puts she on the form of an old Maid

That *Helen* serv'd when she at *Sparta* dwelt.

And in that shape went to call *Helen* home,

That stood with other Ladies of the Town

Upon a Tow'r. When she was to her come,

She gently with her finger stir'd her Gown.

Helen (said she) *Paris* has for you sent,

And on his glorious bed doth for you stay,

Not as a man that came from Fight, but went

To Dance, or from it were new come away.

Helen at this was mov'd, and mark'd her Eyes,

And of her lovely Neck did notice take,

And knew 'twas *Venus* though in this disguise ;

And troubled as she was, thus to her spake.

Venus, why seek you to deceive me still,

Since *Menelans* has the Victory?

Though I have wrong'd him, he receive me will,

And you come hither now to hinder me.

Whither d'ye mean to send me further yet?

To *Phrygia* or to *Mæonia*,

That there I may another Husband get?

You shall not me to *Alexander* draw.

Go to him you, and Heaven for ever quit;

Grieve with him; have a care the man to save,

And by his side continually to sit,

Till he his Bride have made you, or his Slave.

I will not to him go (for 'twere a shame)

Nor any longer meddle with his Bed,

Nor longer bear the scorns, nor mocks, nor blame

Which from the wives of *Troy* I suffered.

Then

Then *Venus* vext, *Huffie* (said she) no more
Provoke my anger. If I angry be,

And hate you as I loved you before,
The Armies both will to your death agree.

This said, the beauteous *Helen* frighted was,

And with the Goddess went, who led the way,

And by the *Trojan* Wives did quiet pass

Unto the house where *Alexander* lay.

I'th' Roomes below at work her women were.

But up went *Helen* with the Goddess fair.

And when to *Alexander* they were near,

The Goddess unto *Helen* fetcht a Chair,

Then sat she down, and look'd at him again.

You come from Battle. I would you had there,

And by my former Husbands hand, been slain.

You brag'd you were his better at a Spear.

Go challenge him again, and fight anew.

But do not though, for fear you should be kill'd.

But rather when you see him, him eschew,

Least he should leave you dead upon the field.

To *Helen* *Alexander* then reply'd.

Forbear ; though he have now the Victory

By *Pallas* help ; there are Gods on our side,

And they another time may favour me.

Let's go to Bed, and in sweet Love agree.

Your Beauty never did me so much move,

At *Lacedemon*, nor in *Crauae* ;

Where the first blessing I had of your Love.

This said, to bed they went, first he, then she.

Atrides then sought *Paris* in the throng

O'th' *Trojans* and their Aids ; but could not see

Nor hear of him the company among.

They would not have conceal'd him though they might,

But had to *Menelaus* him betray'd.

So hateful to the *Trojans* was his sight.

Then stood King *Agamemnon* up and said,

Hear me you *Trojans* and your Aids. 'Tis plain

That *Menelaus* has the Victory.

Let *Helen* therefore rendred be again,

And pay your Fine. 'Tis Right, the *Greeks* all cry.

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ILIA D.

LIB. IV.

MEan while the Gods at Counsel drinking sat.
Hebe the *Nectar* carry'd up and down.
 And *Jove* amongst them present was thereat,
 And sitting had his eyes upon *Troy Town*.
 Then *Jupiter* spits out a word, to see
 What *Juno* would unto the same reply.
 Two Goddesses assistants are (said he)
 To *Menelaus*, but sit idly by,
Pallas and *Juno*; but on th'other side
Venus gives *Paris* aid, and really
 Has helpt him when he thought he should have dy'd.
 Though *Menelaus* have the Victory.
 But let us now think which the best will be,
 To suffer war to make an end of *Troy*,
 Or let *Troy* stand and make them to agree,
 And *Helen* with *Atrides* go her way.
Juno and *Pallas* that together sat,
 Grumble and plot; *Pallas* her spite kept in.
 But such of *Juno* was the choler, that
 Had she not spoke, her heart had broken been.
 Harsh *Jove* (said she) what do you mean by this?
 Shall I with so much sweat, and labour spent,
 And *Horses* tyr'd, now of my purpose miss?
 Do. But the other Gods will not consent.
 Devil, said *Jove*, what hurt is done to you
 By *Priam* and his Sons, that you should so
 Fiercely the ruine of the Town pursue?
 I think if you int' *Ilium* should go,
 And eat up *Priam* and his Children all,
 And every *Trojan* in the Town beside,
 Man, Woman, Child alive within the wall,
 Your anger will at last be satisf'd.

Do as you please. It shall breed no contention
 'Twixt you and me. But then remember this,
 When I to raze a City have intention
 That yours, and greatly in your favour is,
 To let me do't without Plea or Request ;
 Since to give you your will I loose my own.
 For *Ilium* I love above the rest,

Though under Heav'n be many a goodly Town.
 For I by *Priam* and his people still
 Have honour'd been, my Altars richly serv'd
 With Wine and Sacrifices to my will,
 Which is the honour to the Gods reserv'd.
 To this the Goddess *Juno* then reply'd,
 Three Cities I prefer before the rest,
Argos and *Sparta*, and *Mycena* wide.

Destroy you may which of them you think best,
 If you see cause ; I'll not stand in your way.
 Or if I do, what mends can I have so ?
 For since your Pow'r does mine so much outweigh,
 It will be done whether I will or no.

But you ought not tundo what I have done.
 For I a Goddess am, and have the same
 Parents, of whom you boast to be the Son.

And further of your Wife I bear the name,
 Whom Mortals and Immortals all obey.
 Then let us not in such things disagree.

But I to you, and you to me give way.
 For of our two minds all the Gods will be.
 Let *Pallas* to the Army streight be sent

To make the *Trojans* first the Peace to break.
 And *Jupiter* to do so was content,

And did (as he was bid) to *Pallas* speak.
Pallas, said he, down to the Armies go,

Let not this Peace be by the *Trojans* kept.
 When *Pallas* heard her Father *Jove* say so,
 Glad of the Errand, from the Sky she leapt.
 Just like a falling Star, which *Saturn* sends

To Armies or unto Seafaring men ;
 Which change of Fortune, commonly portends.

The Goddess through the Air descending then,

F

Splend'd

Splendid and sparkling on the ground did light.
 The Armies that were in the field array'd,
 Both *Greeks* and *Trojans* wondred at the sight;
 And one unto another next him said,
 This bloody War will sure return again,
 Or else the Peace be surer made than 'tis.
 But which o'th' two *Jove* has not yet made plain,
 Who both of Peace and War disposer is.
Pallas the form took of *Laodocus*
Antenor's Son, and went into the throng
 O'th' *Trojans* to inquire for *Pandarus*.
 At last she found him his own Troops among,
 That were of *Lycaonia* the Bands,
 And from *Zeleva* led by *Pandarus*
 To *Ilium*. There *Pallas* by him stands
 Like to *Antenor's* Son; and to him thus:
Lycaon's Son, saies she, dare you let fly
 A Shaft at *Menelaus*? For I know
 The *Trojans* all would thank you, specially
Paris the Son of *Priam*, and bestow
 Great Presents on you if you should him kill.
 Shoot at him then, and to *Apollo* pray
 The God of Archers that he help you will.
 And vow a *Hecatombe* of Lambs to pay,
 When to *Zeleva* safely you come home.
 For there your people to *Apollo* vow.
 When this was said, the vain man overcome,
 From off his Shoulders taketh down his Bow
 (Which did a lusty Goats-head once adorn,
 Which with a Shaft he killed had among
 The Rocks, and taken from his head the Horn,
 Which was no less than sixteen handfuls long.
 And to a Fletcher gave it to be wrought,
 Shaven, and Polish'd, and Guilt at the hand.)
 This Bow he bent; and lest the Foe should know't,
 He crouched down, and laid it on the sand.
 But lest the *Greeks* should rush on him, before
 He ready were to shoot, they that stood near,
 Before him with their Bucklers stood good store.
 And being now delivered of that fear,

From

From out the Quiver takes an Arrow keen,
 And new, well wing'd to carry mischief true,
 Which shot before that time had never been,
 But yet his Vow before his Arrow flew.
Phæbus (said he) if I *Atrides* slay;
 As soon as I shall to *Zelexia* come,
 I vow unto your Deity to pay
 Of my first yeaned Lambs an *Hecatomb*.
 Then to his breast he drew the leather string,
 And to the Bow return'd the Arrow head.
 Out leapt the Shaft, and as it went did sing
 Amongst the throng, as pleas'd mans blood to shed.
 And (*Menelaus*) now the Gods you blest,
 And chiefly *Pallas* that before you stood;
 And turn'd the deadly Arrow from your breast,
 About as much as a kind Mother cou'd
 From her Childs face divert a busie fly;
 And made it on the Golden Buckle fall,
 Where of his Breast plate double was the ply.
 And though it past through Buckle, Plate and all,
 And Girdle which his Coat unto him bound,
 The Shaft into his Body penetrated,
 And made (though nor a great one) yet a wound,
 The force it went with being much abated.
 Yet out the blood ran. As when Ivory
 Is stain'd with Crimson, to adorn the Cheeks
 Of the proud Steeds, and please the Drivers eye,
 Many a Cavalier to have it seeks.
 The Dame that stain'd it then holds up the price,
 And keeps it by her as a precious thing;
 So lovely seems the Colour to her eyes,
 As to be sold to none but to a King.
 So look'd his body when the streams of Blood
 His Iv'ry Legs and Insteps did defile.
 But *Agamemnon* stiff with horror stood;
 And so did *Menelaus* for a while.
 But when he saw the Arrow Barbs appear
 Above the Nerve, his courage came again.
 But *Agamemnon* not yet out of fear,
 Did on the *Trojans* Perjury complain.

Brother (said he) and took him by the hand,
 Dear Brother, 'tis the Oath that has you slain,
 Making you thus before the *Trojans* stand.

But sure I am the Oath cannot be vain,
 Confirmed with so great solemnity.

They shall (though late) pay for it with their lives.
 (For *Jove* nere fails to punish Perjury)

Both they themselves, their children and their wives.
 For I well know the fatal day will come

To *Priam* and to *Priam's* people all.

Jove will his black Shield shake ore *Ilium*,

And for this ugly action make it fall.

This (*Menelaus*) is a thing to come.

But what if of your wound you chance to dye?

The *Argives* streight will think of going home.

How by the *Greeks* then scorned shall be I!

How proud will *Priam* and the *Trojans* be,

When *Argive* *Helen* shall be left behind,

And your bones rotting in the ground they see,

Without effecting what they had design'd?

Some trampling on you Grave perhaps will say,

Would *Agamemnon* thus would alwaies vent

H's Choler, as he now has done at *Troy*,

Now gone with empty Ships back to repent,

Leaving his Brother *Menelaus* here.

Then should I wish the earth would swallow me.

But *Menelaus* to displace that fear,

Fright not the Army Brother, thus said he.

Not mortal is the wound. 'Twixt me and death

My Armour and the Clasps stood, all of Brass;

Besides a good tough Girdle underneath.

Pray God't be true (said he to *Menelaus*.)

But we must send for a Chyrurgeon

To mitigate with Lenitives the pain.

Talthybius (said he) call *Machion*,

And having found him quickly come again.

Tell him he must to *Menelaus* come,

Who by a Foe is with an Arrow shot,

Trojan or *Lycian*, I know not whom,

That with great grief to us has honour got.

This

This said, the Herald went, and look'd about
Amongst the Troops of *Tricca* which he led.
Nor was it long before he found him out
With many Targetiers environed.

You must (said he) to *Menelaus* come,
Who by some Foe is with an Arrow shot,
Trojan or *Lycian*, I know not whom,
That (with great grief to us) has honour got.

'Tis *Agamemnon* calls you. Then they pass
Together through the Host, and hastened
Till they were come where *Menelaus* was:
With many other Lords encompassed.

There *Machaon* the Arrow first pulls out,
(The Barbs were broken as they came away)
Then took he off his Armour and his Coat.

Then sucked he the wound the blood to stay;
And laid on Unguents to allay the pain.

Mean while the *Trojans* arm'd were coming in.
And then the *Greeks* were forc'd to arm again.

And *Agamemnon's* virtue now was seen.
He did not at their coming sleep nor start,
But speedily prepared for the fight,
And of a Chief Commander did the part,
His own Commanders first to disaffright.
His Horses and his Chariot he sent off.

T'*Eurymedon* the Son of *Ptolemy*
The Son of *Pirrus* he gave charge thereof,
And bad him with it alwaies to be nigh,
To use when labour tired had his Knees.

Through the great Army then on foot he went,
And where them hasting to the Fight he sees,
He gives them in few words encouragement.

On *Argives*, and be sure *Jove* never fights
Against good men for such perfidious knaves,
But leave them will for food to Dogs and Kites,
And to their Foes their wives and children Slaves.

But where he saw the Soldiers negligent,
His admonition was then severe.

Fie *Argives*, what d'you fear? To what intent
Stand you thus staring like a herd of Dea

Just like so many Deer that had been chased
 Ore some great Plain looking about they stay,
 So stand you here like frighted Deer amazed,
 Till to our Ships come down the Troops of Troy,
 To try if *Jove* will help you there or no.
 Thus he commanding went the Hoast throughout.
 And when the martial *Cretans* he came to,
 Where armed stood *Idomeneus* stout.
 (*Meriones* the Rear led, he the Van)
 And *Agamemnon* look'd on them with joy;
 And to *Idomeneus* thus began.
 Of all the *Greeks* that me assist at *Troy*
 I value you the most, both in the War
 And otherwise. And when at Feast we drink,
 Other mens Cups by measure stinted are,
 But yours, as mine, stands alwaies full to th'brink.
 The King of *Crete* reply'd, I shall, said he,
 Continue still your good Confederate,
 As heretofore I promis'd you to be.
 But go, and th'other Leaders animate,
 That we may with the *Trojans* quickly fight.
 Then wo be to them, sure they are to die
 Who of the Gods and Sacred Oaths make light.
 Then on went *Agamemnon* joyfully;
 And came to th' Quarters of the *Ajaxes*,
 There armed both compleat, and followed
 With a huge multitude of *Greeks* he sees,
 And ready to the Battle to be led.
 As when a Shepherd from a Hill espies
 A full-charg'd Cloud march tow'rd's him in the Deep,
 It seems as black as Pitch unto his eyes,
 And makes him seek a shelter for his Sheep;
 So black the Squadrons of the *Ajaxes*,
 And horrible with thick and upright Spears
 T'*Atrides* seem, and well it did him please,
 And both of them he thus commends and cheers.
 O *Ajaxes* expect not I should bid
 You hearten up your Army for the fight;
 'Tis done so well already there's no need.
 O *Jove*, *Apollo*, *Pallas*, that I might

Find

Find all the other Leaders such as you,
 We should not need from *Argos* long to stay
 Ere we the Town of *Priam* should subdue
 And rife. And this said, he went away,
 And came to *Nestor*, who was ordering
 His Troops and Bands of Horse and Foot, each one
 Against the Enemy encouraging.
 And with him stood *Alastor*, *Pelagon*,
Hemon, and *Chromius*, skilful men in War.
 I'th' Front the Charrets and the Horsemen were.
 The most and best Infantry placed are
 (A Hedg unto the Battle in the Rear.)
 The middle Ranks were filled up with those,
 Upon whose courage he did least rely.
 For these would fight because they could not chuse ;
 Since they could neither back nor forward fly.
 And *Nestor* to the Horsemen spake. Let none,
 Said he, before another go, to shew
 His Manhood or his Skill. But all go on
 At once. To single is to weaken you.
 Further, If any of you should have need
 To mount into anothers Charior,
 There let him use his Spear ; but still take heed
 That with the Horses Reins he meddle not.
 Our Fathers have before us us'd these Laws,
 And thereby many Cities level laid.
 Thus *Nestor* taught them. Glad *Atrides* was,
 And with great approbation to him said,
 O *Nestor*, that your Arms were but as strong
 As is your Mind ! But they're decay'd by age.
 Or could you give your age to some man young,
 And with the youngest of the Foes engage.
Atrides (then said *Nestor*) so with I.
 Would I were as when *Ereuthalys*
 I slew. But Gods gifts come successively.
 I then was young ; and age is now come on
 But as I am I'll ride amongst my horse,
 And as becomes an Old-man, give advice,
 While they that may presume upon their force,
 With Spear in hand charge on their Enemies.

Atrides

Atrides pass'd on to th' *Arbenians*

That by *Menestheus* commanded were.

And by these stood the *Cephalonians*

Ulysses Bands. Neither of these did hear

The clamour of the Battle new begun,

But stood unmov'd, because they did expect
Some greater Troop of *Greeks* should first fall on.

For this *Atrides* grievously them check't.

Menestheus (said he) Son of a King,

And you the crafty man *Ulysses*, why

When you your men should to the Battle bring,

Stand you here shrinking from the Enemy?

You hear the first when there will be a Feast,

And stay for no man. For your Messes are

Greater than other mens; your Wine the best,

And without stint. And therefore in the War

You should strive who should be the first to fight.

But now though ten Troops were before you there,
You would not be displeased with the fight.

These words came harshly to *Ulysses* ear,

And with a frowning look, What's this (said he).

Are we not making all the haste we can?

Telemachus his Father you shall see

By and by fighting in the *Trojan* Van,

And that this reprehension needless was.

But *Agamemnon* smiling then reply'd,

(Seeing his Censure did not kindly pass).

Noble *Ulysses*, I meant not to chide,

Nor to direct you, that so skilful are.

For we are both of us of the same mind.

What's said amiss I shall again repair.

But let it now away go with the wind.

Then on he went and came to *Diomed*,

Whom mounted on his Chariot he found

With *Capaneus* Son accompanied,

And other Lords that him encompass'd round.

Ay me, *Tydid*es, wherefore stand you thus,

As if you for some Bridge did look about.

You do not as your Father *Tydeus*,

Who still before his fellows leaped out.

So said they that had seen him at the War,
Which I did not, but take it upon same,
Which him above the rest preferred far.

But certain 'tis he to *Mycena* came
With *Polynices* to desire their aid

Against the *Thebans*. And they willingly
Had granted it, but that they were afraid.

For *Jove* forbid them by a Prodigy.

Then to the Brook *Asopus* back they went,
Which doth the *Theban* Territory bound.

To *Tydeus* the *Greeks* a letter sent

To enter *Thebes*, and terms of Peace propound.

To *Thebes* he went, and with *Eteocles*

He found the chief o'th' *Thebans* at a Feast.

And at all manly Games the Prize with ease,

By *Pallas* help, he carry'd from the best.

And when for spight they sent out Fifty men

With *Meon* *Hamon's* Son, and *Lycophon*

To murder him as he went back agen,

Slain by *Tydeus* they were all but one.

For he sav'd *Meon* (warned by the Gods)

Such *Tydeus* was, but left a Son behind

That less could do, but for words had the odds.

But valiant *Diomed* Reply declin'd,

Who gave t' *Atrides* what respect was due.

The other answer'd him with language rude.

You say, said he, what you know is not true.

We than our Fathers there more manhood shew'd.

For we with fewer men proud *Thebes* did gain,

By *Jove's* help, and Observances divine,

Whilst the *Cadmeans* for their pride were slain.

How from our Fathers then do we decline?

But streight reprov'd he was by *Diomed*.

My friend (said he) are you more griev'd than I?

Would you not have the Army ordered?

Atrides both i'th' loss and victory

Is most concern'd. Let us of Battle think,

And down he leapt, as soon as that was said,

In compleat Arms, with such a sudden chink,

As might a constant man have made afraid.

As when the Billows of the Sea rais'd high
 By some great wind go rolling to the Shore,
 And follow one another to the Dry,
 There stop'd and broken are, and foam and roar:
 So then the *Greeks* up to the *Trojans* come,
 Obeying each his Leader silently.
 (You would have thought them, though so many) dumb,
 In glittering Arms, and glorious to the eye.
 On th' other side the *Trojans* made a noise,
 Like Ews a milking kept off from their Lambs
 When in the field abroad they hear their cries,
 And they again bleat back unto their Dams.
 But did not one another understand;
 For few there were whose Language was the same.
 Some were of one, some of another Land,
 And most of them from far off thither came.
Pallas the *Greeks*, *Mars* *Trojans* favoured.
 Then Fright came in, with (*Mars* his sister) Strife,
 Little when born, but grew until her Head
 Was in the Clouds; for she grows all her life.
 But when the Armies were together near,
 Then Man to Man came close, and Shield to Shield,
 And mingled in the Front was Spear with Spear,
 And horrible the noise was in the field;
 Whilst some insult, and others groaning dye.
 And th' earth they stood on cover'd was with blood.
 As when great Torrents from the Mountains high
 Pour down into the Valley a great flood;
 The Streams through thousand Channels falling roar;
 The trembling Shepherds hear it to the Hills.
 So much the noise o'th' Battle the Air tore,
 And all the Region with terror fills.
 A *Trojan* was the first man that was slain,
Echepolus Son of *Thalysias*.
 He smote was with a Spear into the Brain;
Antilochus the man that smote him was.
 His Armour rattled on him as he fell,
 As if some Tow'r had fall'n. But then *Elphenor*
 (To strip him of his Arms that hoped well)
 Dragging him off was killed by *Agenor*.

For

For whilst in stooping he his Flank unhides,

Aeneas quickly his advantage spies,
And pierc'd him with his Spear through both his Sides.

Then down he fell, and darkness seiz'd his eyes.

And then about his body rose great Rife,

And one upon another falling on,

Antemnon's Son, a fair youth lost his life,

Slain by great *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*,

And *Simoisius* called was by name,

'Cause born upon the Bank of *Simois*,

Whither from *Ida* both his Parents came

To view their Flocks, lest ought should be amiss.

But had no joy of him. He was unblest

To be the first that came in *Ajax* way,

Who smote him with his Spear quite through the breast.

There dead he fell, and by the River lay.

As when a man has fell'd a Poplar-Tree

Tall, streight and smooth, with many fair boughs on,

Of which he meant a Cart-wheel made shall be,

And leaves it on the Bank to dry i'th' Sun;

So lay the comely *Simoisius*

Slain by great *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*.

At *Ajax* then a Spear threw *Antiphus*,

Bright-armed *Antiphus*, King *Priam's* Son.

Death the Spear carries, but of *Ajax* misses,

And deadly wounds the Groin of *Lencus* bold,

And well beloved Soldier of *Ulysses*,

Who dragg'd the dead, but now lets go his hold.

Ulysses angry that his friend was slain,

Went out before the rest, and coming close

To th' *Trojan* front, some fit revenge to gain.

Democoon, King *Priam's* Son he chose,

(A lawful Son where Nature is the Law)

The *Trojans* when they saw him look about,

Into the shelter of the Ranks withdraw.

Then soon his Spear *Democoon* pickt out.

And through both Temples forward went the head.

Then heavily he falls, his Armour chinks,

His Eyes with endless night are covered,

And *Hector* with his *Trojans* from him shrinks.

The

The *Greeks* then shouted, and drew off their slain,
 And on the *Trojans* pressing further were.
 But then *Apollo* cryed out amain
 From *Pergam Tow'r*, O *Trojans*, what d'ye fear?
 Go on upon the *Greeks*; no more give way.
 Their Bodies neither are of Stone nor Steel,
 Nor able are the force of Brasse to stay.
 No less than you the wounds it makes they feel.
 Nor fights *Achilles* here, but angry Iyes,
 And wishes that the *Greeks* were overthrown.
 So *Phæbus*. 'Mongst the *Argives* *Pallas* flies,
 Through Ranks and Files encouraging each one.
 And then *Diores* slain was with a stone,
 By *Pyros* whom the *Thracians* obey'd.
 Cruist of his Right Leg was the Ankle-bone,
 And in the dust upon his Back was lay'd
 Unto his fellows holding up his hands.
 Ready to dye he for assistance cries.
Pyros comes quickly in, and ore him stands,
 And wounds him in the Belly: Then he dies.
 But *Thoas* then slew *Pyros* with his Spear,
 That pass'd his Breast till in his Lungs it stopt.
 Then coming in he drew his Sword, and there
 His Belly ript till out his Bowels dropt,
 But to disarm him could not stay, because
 So many *Thracians* about him stood.
 Then back retir'd he, and well pelted was,
 Leaving two Leaders wrapt in dust and blood,
 One an *Epeian*, th'other *Thracian*,
 And many others lying by them dead.
 This Battle was well fought. Although a man
 Through both the Armies safely had been led
 By *Pallas*, and protected by her Shield,
 He had no want of courage seen that day,
 So many *Greeks* and *Trojans* in the field
 Depriv'd of Life by one another lay.

ILIAID.

LIB. V.

AND *Pallas* now t'ennoble *Diomed*;
 Amongst the *Greeks*, with force did him inspire,
 Whereby his heart and hands were strengthened;
 And on his *Shield* and *Helmet* stood a *Fire*
 Bright as th' *Arctural* Star above his Head
 And *Shoulders* flaming. And straightway he runs
 (Set on by *Pallas* and encouraged)
 Into the throng, where were the two good Sons
 Of *Dares*, who was *Vulcan's* Priest. Well skill'd
 They both were in the War. *Idæus* one,
 The other *Phægeus*. These seeing him i'th' field
 On foot, and not far from them, and alone,
 Met him; and *Phægeus* threw, but hit him not.
 For ore his shoulder flew the *Spear* in vain.
 Then *Diomedes* threw, and *Phægeus* smote,
 Clean through the *Breast*. When *Phægeus* thus was slain
 Down leapt *Idæus* from the *Chariot*;
 But durst not by his *Brothers* body stay.
 For if he had, the like Fate he had got.
 But *Vulcan* in a *smoak* took him away,
 Not willing that his *Priest* should childless dye.
Tydidæ to the *Ships* the *Horses* sent.
 To see these two, one slain, the other fly,
 To the proud *Trojans* very hearts it went.
 But *Pallas* then took *Mars* by th' hand, and said,
Mars, bloody *Mars*, to what end stay we here?
 Let's Neuters be. For I am much afraid
 We both shall too much anger *Jupiter*.
 This said, she led him out, and set him on
Scamander Bank. And then the *Trojans* fled
 Before the *Greeks*. Each *Leader* killed one,
 Pressing the m at their backs uncovered.

Then *Dalios* first his Charrer turn'd about,
And open lay to *Agamemnon's* Spear,
Which in at's Back, and at his Breast went out.

Down fell the *Alexonian* Charioteer.

Idomeneus slew *Phaësus* with a thrust,

As up into his Charriot he went.

The Spear at the right Shoulder passed just,

And back again unto the earth him sent.

And *Menelaus* slew *Scamandrius*.

That well the Art of Hunting understood.

I'th Hills and Woods none was more dexterous.

But *Diax*, and his Skill did him no good:

For *Menelaus* pierc'd him back and Breast.

Between the Shoulders with a deadly Spear.

And down he tumbled of life dispos'd.

His eyes with endless darkness cover'd were.

Meriones slew *Phrygius* the Son

Of *Harmonides* the great Architect

That (but by *Pallas*) taught had been by none.

But of his Art unhappy was the effect.

'Twas he that built thole Ships for *Alexander*.

That brought with him so much ill luck to *Troy*,

And to himself, and to his chief Commander;

Not knowing what the Oracles did say.

But he, as from the Fight he fled, was here

Overtaken by *Meriones*, and slain.

At his right Buttock enter'd the Spear;

And at his Groin the point came out again.

Meges Pedieus slew *Antenor's* Son.

Though not his Wife, yet was his Wife so kind

T' *Antenor*, that she bred him as her own,

And lookt upon him with a Mothers mind.

Him *Meges* overtaking as he fled

Slew with his strong sharp-pointed Spear, which

Behind upon the noddle of his Head

Forward he fell the senseless weapon bring.

And then *Euryphylus Euemon's* Son

Hysenor slew, new made *Scamander's* Priest,

That from him, but not fast enough, did run.

Euryphylus shav'd off his Hand at th' Wrist.

For

For at his Shoulder though he aim'd the stroke,
 The quick Sword finding there the Brains resist
 Slipt down into his hand with force unbroke,
 And there in streams of blood his Soul dismiss.
 Mean while *Tydidēs* like a man enraged
 Ran up and down the field. One could not know
 With whom and where he was in fight engaged,
 Whether amongst the *Greeks*, or with the *Foe*.
 As when a Torrent falling from the Hills
 Distends it self with fury on the Plain,
 And suddenly the River overfills
 Supply'd by *Jove* with mighty flows of Rain,
 And beareth down the Bridges as it goes,
 No fence of Vineyard can against it stand;
 But all the husbandry of men overthrow,
 And uncontrolled passes o're their land:
Tydidēs so brake through each *Trojan* band,
 And made them fly before him as he went.
 And *Pandarus* then took his Bow in hand,
 And a sharp Arrow from it to him sent:
 Which pass'd through the right shoulder of his Coat
 Of Mail, and tereht the blood, and with great joy
Trojans (cry'd he) no more stand so remote.
 For wounded is the stoutest foe of *Troy*,
 And long he cannot the sore pain endure,
 Unless my faith in *Phœbus* be in vain.
 Thus said he boasting. For he thought 'twas sure
 The wound was mortal, and *Tydidēs* slain.
Tydidēs to his Charrē did then retreat,
 And *Stentellus* alighting on the ground
 (For fitting he was on the Charrē-seat)
 Drew out the cruel Arrow from the wound.
 And out the blood gush't. Then *Tydidēs* pray'd,
 O *Pallas*, *Jove's* all-conquering Child, said he,
 If ere you did me or my Father ayd,
 Within my Spears reach let me this man see,
 That with his Arrow me prevented has,
 And boasting says, I have not long to live.
Athena to his wish indulgent was,
 And to him did more strength and courage give.

Fear not (said she) to go into the throng;
 And charge with thickest of the Enemies;
 For I have made thee as thy Father strong,
 And taken have the mist off from thy eyes,
 That thou mayst see who Gods are, who are men,
 If any God oppose thee, give him way,
 Except if *Venus* thou encounter, then
 Spare her no more than Mortals in the Fray.
 This said, away the goddess *Pallas* went,
 And *Diomed* went to the fight again,
 And though before he were upon it bent,
 His courage now was trebled by his pain,
 As when a Shepherd sees a Lion come,
 And wounds him slightly as he leaps the Pen;
 Then leaves his Sheep, and frighted runneth home,
 And dares not in the field appear agen;
 The Lion now made fiercer than before,
 Laies all his Sheep one by another dead,
 And back again the Pen once more leaps o're;
 So rag'd amongst the Trojans *Diomed*,
Astynous there, and *Hypenor* dy'd;
 One through the Breast he pierced with his Spear;
 And th'others Head did from his Neck divide
 With his broad Sword, And slain he left them there.
 And overtook *Achilles* and *Polydorus*,
 Sons of *Eurydamas*, who could tell what
 Upon a Dream should to a man betide;
 And slew them both. No Dream had told him that.
Thoon and *Xanthus* then he followed,
Phenops two Sons, gotten when he was old,
 And of them both the vital Blood did shed.
 Th'Estate to strangers came to have and hold,
 Then *Chromius* and *Echemon* he slew,
 Two Sons of *Priam* in one Chariot,
 Whelm from the seat unto the ground he threw,
 And till he had disarm'd them left them not.
 But to the Ships he sent away the Horses.
Aeneas seeing how he disarray'd
 Before him as he went the Trojan forces,
 Sought *Pandarus*, and having found him, said,

Lycans

Lycaons Son, where are thy Shafts and Bow,
 And Skill, wherein the *Lycians* yield to thee?
 See you the man that rages yonder now?
 Aim a Shaft at him whosoere he be.
 For many valiant *Trojans* he has slain.
 (Unless he be one of the Gods above
 Neglected by us) 'twill not be in vain.
 Shoot boldly then, but first invoking *Jove*:
 Then *Pandarus* replying, to him said;
 'Tis *Diomed* as far as can be guess'd.
 His Horses, and his Shield I have survey'd.
 And pleated Horse-hair hanging at his Crest.
 Though it be he, as I believe it is,
 Yet sure some God does on his Shoulders sit.
 For else of killing him how could I miss,
 When I his Shoulder with my Arrow hit?
 For I one Arrow shot at him before,
 And verily believ'd I had him slain.
 His Armour all besmeared was with gore,
 But slew him not. Now here he is again.
 I did not on a Charret hither come,
 Although *Lycaon* have eleven new,
 With handsome Curtains to each one, at home,
 And Horses fit to draw them not a few.
 The old Knight too advis'd me earnestly
 That when to Battle I the *Trojans* led,
 I from a Charre should charge the Enemy;
 But to his counsel I not hearkened,
 (Which I repent.) It came into my head
 That when within *Troy* Walls we should be pent,
 My Horses, which were us'd to be well fed
 Would there be useless wanting nourishment.
 This made me come without a Chariot,
 And march (as far as 'twas) to *Troy* on foot.
 And trust unto my Bow which helps me not,
 But faileth me as often as I shoot.
 For two of them I have already shor,
Tydidies and *Atrides*, and good store -
 Of blood have drawn from both, though killed not,
 But made them fiercer. than they were before.

In an ill hour sure I took down my Bow
 To fight for *Hector* and the *Trojan* men;
 But if I safely to my Country go,
 And to my House and Wife get back agen,
 Let any man that will cut off my Head,
 If presently my Bow I do not burn,
 That never yet my hopes has answered.
 For why not, when it doth not serve my turn?
 To *Pandarus* *Aeneas* then reply'd,
 No, say not so, but first let's to him go.
 For by th'encounter soon it will be try'd
 Whether he be indeed a God or no.
 Get up into the Seat, and you shall see
 The vertue of my horses on the plain,
 And if some God with *Diomedes* be,
 How nimbly they will fetch us off again.
 Come take the Whip and Reins in hand, and I
 Descend will from the Chariot and fight;
 Or if you please, when to him we are nigh
 I'll hold the Whip and Reins, and you alight.
 No, no (said he) keep you the Reins in hand,
 The Horses us'd thereto will you obey.
 To me, it may be, they will restive stand,
 And to the Foe themselves and us betray.
 Let me alight and meet him with my Spear.
 This said, they mounted both; and coming on
 Towards *Tydidēs* both observed were
 By *Sthenelus* *Capaneus* his Son,
 Who warning to *Tydidēs* gave. I see
 Two mighty men to fight us coming on,
 Of which I know th'one *Pandarus* to be,
 The other *Venus* and *Anchises* Son.
 Come up into your Charret and retire.
 But frowning he reply'd, I'll ne'r do that.
 It not becomes the Children of my Sire,
 When they should fight to Double nor to Squat.
 I loath to sit upon a Chariot,
 And as I am I will attend them here.
 For of my strength deprived I am not,
 And *Pallas* has forbidden me to fear.

I doubt not but to kill them both, or one.

If both, your Reins unto the two Wheels tie,

And to *Aneas* Horses quickly run,

And seize their Reins, lest frighted they should flee.

Then send them to the Ships, brave Steeds, well bred;

Of heavenly race they are, and got by those,

which *Jove* to make amends for *Ganymed*,

Was pleas'd to give unto his Father *Tros*.

Anchises privily convey'd to these,

Six Mares, and had a Colt by ev'ry one;

Whereof he gave two to his Son *Aneas*.

To take these Horses now were bravely done.

While they were talking, th'other two came nigh,

And then said *Pandarus*, O *Diomed*,

Since my swift Arrow could not make you die,

I come to try now how my Spear will speed.

And as he spake the Spear flew from his hand

And pass'd his Shield, but in his Armour staid.

Y'are hit, said he, and long you cannot stand.

But *Diomed*, nothing at all dismay'd,

No no cry'd out, your Spear is thrown in vain.

But I believe before we have done here,

That one of you, if not both, will be slain.

And as he spake he at him threw his Spear.

Which at his Nose close by his Eye went in,

And struck his Teeth out, and cut off his Tongue.

And out again it pass'd beneath his Chin.

For *Pallas* from above it downward flung.

There dead he lay. *Aneas* to defend

His body to him came with Spear and Shield,

And 'bout him went, resolv'd the man to send

To Hell, that should oppose him in the field.

Tydidtes then took up a mighty Stone

Which two men scarce could bear such as are now.

But *Diomedes* swinging it alone,

The same with ease did at *Aneas* throw,

And hit him on the Huckle bone, wherein

Into the Hip inserted is the Thigh.

And torn was by the rugged stone the skin,

And Tendons broken which the Joint did tie.

Then down upon his knees and hands he fell,
 And taken from him was his fight with pain.
 That *Venus* saw him lying thus it was well;
 Else by *Tydidēs* he had there been slain.
 For then came *Venus* down, and with the lap
 Of her Celestial Robe him covered,
 Lest any of the *Greeks* should have the hap
 To kill or wound him as from Earth he fled.
 But *Sthenelus* remembering well his Order,
 Ty'd his own Steeds up to his Charret-wheels,
 And led them out o'th' tumult and disorder,
 And to *Deiphobus* that was at's Heels,
 (His Friend) he gave the Horses of *Aeneas*
 To carry them unto the *Argive* Fleet.
 But took *Tydidēs* Horses, and with these
 To try went if *Tydidēs* he could meet.
 But he in chase of *Venus* now was gone
 (Knowing that she a tender Goddess was,
 And for the War Commission had none,
 Nor had as *Pallas* any Shield of brass.)
 And had when he came to her wounded her.
 For through her Robe, though by the Graces made,
 Without resistance quickly pass'd the Spear,
 And at her Wrist did her fair Hand invade.
 And from the Wound out sprang the Blood Divine.
 (Not such as men have in their Veins, but *Zchor*.
 For Gods that neither eat Bread nor drink Wine
 Have in their Veins another kind of Liquor,
 And therefore bloodless and immortal be)
 And *Venus* screaming then lets fall her Son.
 But by *Apollo's* hand preserv'd was he,
 Convey'd thence in a Mist perceiv'd by none,
 For fear he should be by some *Argive* slain.
 To *Venus* then *Tydidēs* whoop'd, and said,
 Away *Jove's* Daughter, from the War abstain.
 Go practise how to cosen VVife or Maid,
 For I believe if here you longer stay,
 (So many such as these mishaps there are)
 That you therein will have but little joy,
 And troubled be when men but talk of VVar.

This s

This said, away she went, not knowing where
 She was; and great the pain was of her hand.
 But *Iris* from the Fight conducted her,

And set her hand by *Mars* upon the sand.
 For there by *Pallas* placed he had been.

His Horses and his Charret by him staid
 Hid in a Mist by man not to be seen.

And *Venus* there before him kneeling said,
 Dear Brother, let me your good horses have,

To bear me to *Olympus* from the Fray;
 This cruel wound mad *Diomed* me gave,

And would wound *Jove* if he came in his way.
Mars presently his Horses to her lent.

Venus and *Iris* mount into the Seat.
Iris the Reins held, and away they went.

The time they spent in going was not great.
 When they were there, *Iris* the Steeds unty'd,

And set them up, and gave unto them meat,
Ambrosian meat, till they were satisfy'd,

Such as immortal Horses use to eat.
 But *Venus* fell into *Dione's* lap,

Her Mother, who embrac'd her lovingly,
 Stroakt her, and said, How came this sad mishap?

Who us'd you thus? What a rash God was he?
 What more could he have done, if he had found

You doing something openly amiss?
 It was a man, said she, gave me this wound,

Tydidēs; and for nothing else but this;
 I sav'd my Son *Aeneas* from his hand,

My dearest Son, whom he was going to slay.
 And now the War is all (I understand)

'Twixt *Greeks* and Heaven, not 'twixt *Greeks* and *Troy*.
 Daughter (reply'd *Dione* then) 'tis hard.

For we the Gods that in *Olympus* dwell
 Many from men as ill as you have sav'd,

And many no less wrongs have put up well.
Otus and *Ephialtes* *Neptune's* Sons

In a brass Dungeon once imprison'd *Mars*;
 And kept him in the dark there thirteen Moons.

There like he was t'have staid till now, for scarce
 Could

Could *Hermes* set him free with all his Art
 And *Juno's* help. And when to liberty
 He was restor'd, he took it in good part,
 Though with his chains he gall'd was cruelly.
 When *Hercules* shot *Juno* in the Breast,
 Though wounded sore, yet she reveng'd it not.
 And *Pluto* by the same man shot did rest
 Contented, and no reparation got.
 But to the house of *Jupiter* he went,
 And got the Arrow pluck'd out from the wound
 By *Pæon*; who with gentle Plasters lent
 The pain away, and made his Shoulder sound.
 But though no God of any wound can die,
 Yet of *Amphitryon* the peevish Son
 (Who little cares at whom his Arrows flie)
 Great mischief oft unto the Gods has done.
 Eut *Pallas* 'tis that thus has wounded you,
 Though with *Tydid's* Spear. Fool as he was
 What 'tis to wound a God he never knew.
 Not long such wicked deeds unpunish'd pass.
 Such men when they return from painful War
 Shall seldom set their Children on their Knee
 Pleas'd with their half form'd words. Let him beware
 Lest he provoke some stronger Deity.
 And then *Agila* *Diomedes* Wife
 Awake the household with her Lamentation,
 And cry, *Tydid's* thou hast lost thy life,
 O my dear Husband, best of all the Nation.
 This said, she wip'd the *Ichor* from her hand,
 And streight her hand was well, the pain was gone.
 Then *Juno* by, and *Pallas* jeering stand.
 And *Pallas* thus to *Jupiter* begun.
 Shall I say what I think? O Father *Jove*,
Venus some *Argive* Dame has courting been
 To take the *Trojans* part whom she doth love,
 And stroaking her, her hand scratcht with a pin.
Jove smil'd at this, and then to *Venus* said,
 Daughter, I gave you no command in War
 That charge on *Mars* and *Pallas* I have laid.
 Of Nuprials and Love take you the care.

While

While they were thus discoursing, *Diomed*
 Did with great speed and rage *Aeneas* follow,
 To gain his Armour and his Blood to shed,
 Knowing he was in th' hands now of *Apollo*.
 Undaunted then, with Shield before his Breast,
 And Sword in Hand, struck at *Aeneas* thrice,
 And thrice again *Phæbus* his rage repress.
 But at the fourth time gave him good advice.
 Retire (said he) *Tydidēs*, and beware
 You not your self think equal to the Gods.
 They sway the Heavens, on Earth men creeping are.
 'Twixt Mortals and Immortals there's great odds.
Tydidēs then retir'd a little way,
 Not knowing what harm might from *Phæbus* come.
 And *Phæbus* thence *Aeneas* did convey
 To a Temple of his own in *Pergamum*.
 There *Leto* and *Diana* cur'd his wound.
 And then an Image *Phæbus* like him made,
 And in like Arms, and set it on the ground,
 For which the Foes each other then invade.
 And there they one anothers Bucklers hew.
 To *Mars Apollo* speaking, VVhy, said he,
Mars, bloody, murdering *Mars*, why suffer you
Tydidēs at the Battle still to be?
 Mad as he is now, he with *Jove* would fight.
 From *Venus* hand he made the blood run down,
 And then at me he flew like any Sprite.
 This said, he sat oth' top of *Pergam Town*.
 And *Mars* the *Trojan* Bands encouraged,
 Taking the shape of valiant *Acamas*.
 VVho to the VVar at *Troy* the *Trojan* led.
 And as he through the armed Ranks did pass,
 Children of *Priam* what d'ye mean, said he;
 Shall the *Greeks* follow killing us to *Troy*?
 Fall'n is *Aeneas* the great man whom we
 Like *Hector* honor'd, Come, let's if we may
 This good Commander rescue. Thus said he,
Sarpedon likewise *Hector* sharpen'd: VVhere
 Are now your Kin you said enough would be
Troy to defend? I see none of them here.

Like

Like Hounds about a Lion off they stand.

VVe your Confederates the Fight maintain:

The labour lyeth all upon our hand;

And I my self amongst the rest would fain

Make tryal of this mighty man in fight.

At least I shall, as doth a friend become,

My peoples courage all I can excite,

Since they are here, and very far from home;

And though from me the *Greeks* can nothing get,

Neither to carry nor to drive away.

But you to th' *Trojans* have not spoken yet

So much as to defend their Wives in *Troy*

From being taken in the *Argives* net,

And plund'red be the stately Town of *Troy*.

When chiefly you on this your heart should set,

And your Confederates perswade to stay,

And not the fault on one another lay.

So said *Sarpedon*. *Hector* therewith flung,

Upon his Charret could no longer stay,

But armed down unto the ground he sprang.

And 'mongst the *Trojan* Ranks and Files he goes,

Into their hearts new courage to inspire.

And then they turn'd their Faces to their Foes.

Nor did the *Argives* from their place retire.

And then, as when on *Ceres* sacred floor

The winnowed Chaff lyes heapt together white,

So white the Troops of *Argives* were all ore

With dust their Horses rais'd had in the Fight.

And then the *Trojans* boldly marched on,

And *Mars* to aid them dark'ned had the Field,

As he was bidden by *Latona's* Son,

When *Pallas* from the *Greeks* remov'd her Shield.

And from the Temple fetcht *Aeneas* out

Alive and whole, and bold, and made him stand

Amongst the Troops, that joyful stood about.

But other work now lying on their hand,

(Made them by *Mars* and *Strife*) no time had they

To ask him questions. But encouraged

The *Argives* were by th' *Ajaxes* to stay,

And by *Ulysses* and by *Dromed*.

For of the *Trojans* they were not afraid.

But as a Cloud that resteth on a Hill,
Which in calm weather there by *Jove* is laid,
Till boisterous winds arise it resteth still.

Then up and down went *Agamemnon* there,
My friends, said he, be bold, and fight like men.
Of one anothers censure stand in fear.

Of them that do so fewer perishe then
Of those that fly and never think upon
The loss of fame. This said, he threw his Spear

And smote *Aeneas* friend *Democoon*,
Who was unto the *Trojans* no less dear
Than if he one of *Priams* Sons had been.

For with the foremost he was still in fight.
And at his Buckler went the Weapon in,
And through both that and Belt it passed quite.

And mortal in his Belly was the wound,
And with his Armour ratling down he fell.
Aeneas then two *Greeks* laid on the ground.

The Sons of *Diocles*, descended well.
For of th'immortal and fair stream *Alpheus*,
Orsilochns a great King was the Son.

And he the Father was of *Diocles*,
And he *Orsilochns* got and *Crethon*;
Brave men, who when they came to mans estate

With *Atræus* Son, his honour to regain,
To *Ilium* say'd, and there they met their Fate,
And never to their Country came again.

As when two Lions in the Mountains bred
And Woods obscure, come down into the Plain,
And Sheep and Cattle in the field leave dead,

Until at last by Hunters they are slain;
So fell these two men by *Aeneas* kill'd,
And like two Fir-trees straight lay on the Sand.

And *Menelaus* then with fury fill'd,
With Helmet on his Head, and Spear in Hand,
Advanced boldly to *Antifetes* Son,

In hope to have deprived him of breath.
And *Mars* himself it was that set him on
To bring him by *Aeneas* hand to death.

H

Antilochns

Antilochus then *Nestor's* valiant Son
 Fearing lest *Menelaus* should be slain,
 Resolv'd he should not fight with him alone,
 And all their toil at *Ilium* make vain,
 Went after him, and overtook him as
 They ready were to fight, but nothing done.

Aeneas then as valiant as he was
 Retir'd, eschewing th' odds of two to one.
 And when they had brought off the Bodies slain,
 And left them in their fellow-soldiers hands,
 Unto the skirmish they return'd again,
 And slew the Prince of *Paphlagonians*
Pylamnes. *Atrides* threw the Spear
 Which near the Shoulder pass'd into his Neck.
 By *Nestor's* Son slain was his Chariotier,
Mydon by name that did his Horses check,
 As he his Charret turning was to fly,
Antilochus him wounded with a Stone
 On th' Elbow, and benum'd his Hand, whereby
 The sense he had to hold the Reins was gone.
 The Reins fell down, and then with Sword in hand
Antilochus divides his Head in twain,
 And headlong fell he where it chanc'd the Sand
 Was very deep, and there he did remain
 With Head and Shoulders sticking in the sands.
 But upright in the Air were both his Hips.
 The Horses laid him flat. Which by the hands
 Of *Nestor's* Son convey'd were to the Ships.
Hector saw this, and in came with great cry,
 Whom Bands of lusty *Trojans* followed,
Mars and *Bellona* marching furiously
 Against the *Argives* to the Fight them led.
Bellona brought in Tumult and Affright.
 And *Mars* a mighty Spear had in his hand,
 And sometimes after *Hector* went i'th' fight,
 Sometimes before, and oft did by him stand.
Tydidies when he saw him was affraid,
 As when a man in haste has lost his way,
 And running on is at some River staid,
 That's deep and swift, he runs as fast away:

So he retir'd. And to his *Argives* said,
 No wonder 'tis if *Hector* valiant be ;
 One God or other alwaies gives him aid,
 And near him stands from death to set him free:
 Now *Mars* comes with him like a mortal wight.
 Retire. But turn your Faces to the Foe,
 Forbearing still against the Gods to fight.

This said he, but the *Trojans* near were now.
 And *Hector* there had slain two men that sat
 Together, *Mnestheus* and *Anchialus*,
 Both Warriors good. But *Ajax* griev'd thereat
 (The greater *Ajax*, *Telemachus*)
 Darted his heavy Spear at *Amphius*.

Rich was he both in Lands and Goods, and dwelt
 At *Pesus*. And fought here for *Priamus*.

But by the Spear which pass'd quite through his Belt
 Upon his Belly took a mortal wound.

And as he fell, *Ajax* ran fiercely in
 To strip him of his Armour on the ground,
 And stript him had, had he not hindred been.

For from the *Trojans* came a shower of Spears,
 Whereof his Shield received not a few.

Then to be hemm'd in by the Foe he fears.

His own Spear he recover'd and withdrew:
 Whilst they in stubborn war thus toying were,
 Unlucky fate *Ulepolemus* brought on

To charge *Sarpedon* ; and when they were near
 Together come, *Jove's* Grandson and his Son,
Ulepolemus said then, What need had you
 Unskillful in the War to tremble here ?

Jove's Son men say you are, but 'tis not true.

No such weak men by *Jove* begotten were ;
 But such as *Hercules* is said to have been

Courageous as a Lion ; with few men
 In but six Ships this strong Town he did win,
 And rifled it, and safe went off agen.

But you are weak, your men a great part dead,
 And can but little help afford to *Troy*.

And though from *Lycia* you were strengthened,
 I mean to send you now another way.

To this *Sarpedon* answered, 'Tis true
 That *Hercules* sackt *Troy*, because the Steeds
Laomedon kept back that were his due,
 And gav him evil language for good deeds.
 But you from me shall present death receive,
 For which I shall have honour truly paid,
 And you your Soul shall now to *Plato* leave.
 And this *Sarpedon* had no sooner said,
 Than from their hands their Spears together started.
Tlepolemus clean through the Neck was struck,
 And from him presently his life departed.
 But from *Sarpedon* *Jove* kept such ill luck;
 Yet on his left Thigh he receiv'd a wound.
 For through it went the Spear close by the bone.
Sarpedon by his friends born off the ground
 Was plac'd apart where Battle there was none,
 Tormented with the Spear still in his Thigh.
 To pull it out they all had quite forgot.
 In so great haste they were, the Foe so nigh,
 The time so little, and the Fight so hot.
 Mean while *Tlepolemus* his body dead
 The *Greeks* fetch'd off. The wise *Ulysses* then
 Within himself a while considered,
 Whether to charge *Sarpedon* or his men.
 But since by Fate *Sarpedon* was to die
 By other, and not by *Ulysses* hands,
Athena made him lay that purpose by,
 And turn his anger on the *Lycians*.
Alastor then he slew, and *Cæramus*,
Alcander, *Prytanis* and *Noemon*.
 And *Halius* he slew, and *Chromius*,
 And many *Lycians* more had overthrown.
 But mighty *Hector* now approached near
 In glittering Arms, and brought with him Affright.
 But glad *Sarpedon* was to see him there;
 And when he was come up unto him quite,
 Himself lamenting thus to *Hector* said,
 Leave me not *Hector* to the *Greeks* a prey,
 But let my Body in your ground be laid,
 Since I my Country must no more enjoy,

Nor

Nor my beloved Wife and tender Son.

So said *Sarpedon*. *Hector* not replies,
But to the Enemy he passeth on ;

And as he goes the ground with blood he dyes.
Under a Beech sacred to *Jupiter*

Sarpedon placed was upon the ground,
And gently *Pelagon* pull'd out the Spear ;

The pain hereof put him into a swoond.
Lost was his fight ; but by a gentle wind

And cool, that from the North upon him blew,
He soon recover'd both his Sight and Mind,

And all the company about him knew.

To *Mars* and *Hector* still the *Greeks* gave way,

And still their Faces to the *Trojans* were,

But for to charge none durst advance or stay.

For *Diomed* had told them *Mars* was there.

Now tell me *Muse*, who slain by *Hector* was ?

Trechas, *Orestes*, *Tenthras*, *Helenus*,
(Whose Father *Oenops* was) and *Oenonaus*.

And last of all wealthy *Orestus*.

In *Hyla* on *Cepheiss* Lake he dwelt,

The richest pasture of *Bœotia*,

And known was by the gayness of his Beasts.

This slaughter of the *Greeks* when *Juno* saw,

She then to *Pallas* spake. *Pallas* (said she)

If we let *Mars* still play the madman here,

Our word to *Menelaus* false will be,

That he from *Troy* return should Conqueror.

Let's courage take, and try what we can do.

Pallas contented, 'twas agreed upon.

And *Juno* ready made her self to go,

And quickly the Coach-wheels *Hebe* sets on.

Eight spokes each wheel had, and were all of Brass,

And fixed round about at th' Axle-tree.

The Axle-tree it self of Iron was.

The Circle Gold, and wonderful to see.

But arm'd it was above with Plates of Brass.

The Naves on both sides were of Silver white,

With Gold and Silver Wire extended was.

The Seat, which had two Silver rings and bright.

In which the Beam of Silver fastned staid.

At th'other end the Golden Yoke she t'rd,
And on the Yoke the Golden Reins she laid.

And *Juno* then no longer could abide,
But to the Coach her self the Horses brought,
From quarrels so impatiently she staid.

Pallas threw off her Robe, and took *Joves* Coat,
And with the same she there her self arraid.

And then her Breast with Armour covered,
And on her Shoulder hung her frightful Shield,
Wherein Strife, Force, Flight, Chase were figured,
With all the Horrour of a foughthen field.

And in the middle stood out *Gorgoes* head.

Then put she on her Golden Helmet, that
Ten thousand mens heads might have covered,

And to the Charret up she went, and sat,
And her great heavy Spear takes in her hands

The Spear wherewith, when she displeased is,
She scatters of proud Kings the armed bands,

Then *Juno* with the whip was not remiss.
And of it self flew open Heaven-gate,

Though to the Seasons *Jove* the power gave
Alone to judge of Early and of Late.

And out the Goddesses their Horses drave.
Jove on the highest of *Olympus* tops.

Sitting alone they found, and none him nigh.
The Goddess *Juno* there her Horses stops,

And spake unto him thus, his mind to try,
Pray tell me *Jove* if you contented be,

That *Mars* thus raging in the Field remain :-
For what unseemly work he makes you see,

And of brave *Greeks* how many he has slain,
While *Venus* at my grief stands laughing by,

And pleased is *Apollo* with the fight,
And set him on. But I could make him fly.

(But that I fear your anger) from the Fight.
Do't then, said *Jove* ; not you, but *Pallas* ; she.

Accustom'd is to vex him more than you.

Juno took this Commission willingly.

Feeling the whip away her Horses flew,

'Twixt

Twixt Heav'n and Earth, and went at every strain
 As far as coming one can see a Ship
 That from a Hill looketh upon the Main,
 So far the Horses of the Gods can skip.
 Arriv'd at Troy, on ground they set their feet,
 And Juno there her heavenly Steeds unt'y'd
 Where Simois doth with Scamander meet.
 And with Ambrosia Simois them supply'd.
 Then swift as Doves, to give the Argives aid
 They went to where they saw the greatest throng.
 There was Tydides, and about him staid
 Many as Lions valiant and strong.
 And Juno there in shape of Stentor stood,
 And spake as loud as any fifty men.
 Argives, said she, Cowards, for nothing good,
 Although you make a goodly show. For when
 Achilles went before you to the Fight,
 Out at their Gates the Trojans durst not peep,
 So much they of his Spear abhor'd the sight.
 But from your Ships you scarce now can them keep.
 When Juno thus the Greeks encouraged,
 To Diomed went Pallas; whom she found
 Hard by his Horses sitting, wearied,
 And cooling in the open air the wound
 Given by Pandarus; which with the sweat
 Under his Belt afflicted him the more.
 And lifting up his Belt, some ease to get,
 He from the wound was wiping off the gore.
 As at the yoke Athena leaning stood,
 Like him (said she) your Father left no Son.
 A little man was he, but Warriour good.
 Though I not bad him, he went boldly on,
 And when to Thebes alone I bad him go
 Ambassador, and with the Theban Lords
 To sit at Feast, and not provoke the Foe,
 And at their Table to forbear harsh words,
 Yet he his native Courage still retained,
 And them defy'd at manly Exercises,
 And from them all the Victory he gained,
 And won, by my assistance, all the Prizes.

But

But when I you, as I did him, defend,
 And bid you boldly with the *Trojans* fight,
 You are affraid, or weariness pretend.
 Of *Tydeus* sure the Son you are not right.
Tydidēs to her then replying said,
 Daughter of *Jove*, (*Pallas* I know you are)
 'Tis not that I am weary or affraid,
 That I stand here abstaining from the War;
 But in obedience to your own command,
 Who gave me leave if *Venus* in the Wars
 I met, to wound her; but not lift my hand
 'Gainst other Gods. Now in the field is *Mars*,
 And domineering fights on *Hectors* side.
 And that's the cause why I from fight abstain,
 And others by my Counsel here abide.
 To this the Goddess then reply'd again,
 Nor *Mars* nor any of th'Immortals spare
 That shall advance against you in the field.
 And for your safety trust unto my care,
 And know you are protected by my Shield.
 But first to *Mars* drive up your Horses close,
 And strike the Blockhead with your Spear in hand,
 That fights sometimes for these, sometimes for those,
 And with the *Trojans* now you see him stand,
 And yet to help the *Greeks* he promis'd me
 And *Juno*, but a little while before,
 And now amongst the *Trojans* fighteth he,
 And thinks upon his promises no more.
 This said, they mount into the Chariot,
 And *Sthenelus* descending left his Seat.
 The Axtree groaned under them. Why not?
 A great man he, she was a Goddess great.
 And then to *Mars* directly they drive on,
 Who had but newly slain great *Periphas*,
 Of old *Ochessus* the valiant Son,
 And far the best of all th' *Aetolians* was.
Athena then puts *Pluto's* Helmet on,
 Lest she by *Mars* should be discovered.
 When *Mars* there saw *Tydidēs* all alone,
 He *Periphas* forlook who there lay dead;

And

And turn'd to meet *Tydidēs* on the way ;
And when to one another they were near,
Mars making full account the man to slay,
Over the Yoke thrusts at him with his Spear.
But *Pallas* with her hand the point suppress't,
And made it light beneath the Seat in vain.
Tydidēs then to *Mars* a Spear addrest,
Which had he been a Mortal had him slain.
For *Pallas* in his Belly stuck the Spear,
And presently the same pluckt out again.
Mars roar'd as loud as if in battle there
Fighting had been nine or ten thousand men,
And frighted both the Armies with the noise.
Then like a black Cloud which some Wind makes rise,
He left th'unlucky field and went his ways,
And in a little time was in the Skies.
And sitting down hard by his Fathers Throne,
Shew'd him the blood that from the wound did flow,
And grievously lamenting made his mone.
Father, said he, do you such work allow ?
That we the Gods such harm from Mortals take,
While some for *Trojans*, some for *Argives* fight,
And partial be for one anothers sake,
The fault is to be laid on you by right.
For you brought forth this mad pernicious Maid,
Whose study is her malice to effect,
When by us other Gods you are obey'd.
And this you saw, but never would correct.
'Twas she that on the Gods set *Diomed*,
Who wounded *Venus* first, then flew at me.
And there in pain I lien had 'mongst the dead,
Or crippled been, had not my feet been free.
Uncertain *Mars* (then *Jupiter* reply'd)
Of all the Gods most hateful to my sight,
That quarrel lov'd to make, but not decide.
Thou hast thy Mother *Juno's* nature right,
That oft provokes me with her peevish tongue,
And by her order, I think, this was done.
But in this pain I'll not detain you long,
Seeing you are as well mine as her Son.

But

But had another got you, you had sure
 To *Pluto* and th'Infernal Gods be sent.
 This said, to *Pæon* he commits his cure :
 And *Pæon* presenly about it went.
 As quickly as the Milk is turn'd to Curd,
 When with a proper Rennet it is mixt,
 And with a Housewives hand together stir'd ;
 So quickly was the wide wound clos'd and fixt.
 Then bath'd he was by *Hibe*, and new clad ;
 And that he so came off was well content.
Juno and *Pallas* when they driven had
Mars from the Battle, up t'*Olympus* went,

ILIAD.

ILIAD.

LIB. VI.

THe Gods to neither side assistance yield,
 But on his own hand each mans fortune lies:
 Now here now there they skirmish in the field
 Betwixt the Streams *Xanthus* and *Simoeis*.
 And first great *Ajax* killed *Acamas*,
 And for his fellows opened a door
 For slaughter 'mongst the Files and Ranks to pass,
 And caus'd thereby the loss of many more.
 And by *Tydidēs* *Axylus* was slain,
 That at *Arisbe* dwelt near the High-way,
 Rich, and the *Greeks* did often entertain:
 But none of them would save him in the Fray.
 For slain he was by *Diomedes* there.
 Together with his Squire *Calestus*,
 That by him sat and was his Charioteer.
Euryalus then slew *Opheltius*
 And *Dreſus*. After *Pedafus* he runs
 And *Aesepus* sons of *Bucalion*,
 Who by *Abarbar:a* had two Sons,
 But he for Father had *Laomedon*,
 And th'eldest was, but not in Wedlock got.
 And Twins the Sons were of *Bucalion*.
 But from *Euryalus* they scaped not,
 Nor long they lay there with their Armour on.
 Then *Polypoetes* by *Astyalus*,
Pidytes by *Ulysses*, and by *Teuc*.
Er Areton, and by *Antilochus*
Abletus, by *Atrides* *Elatens*
 Was slain, that the *Pedaſians* led
 From the delightful Bank of *Satnium*.
 And *Leitus* *Philacus* slew as he fled.
Enrypylus then slew *Melanthinus*.

And

And then *Adrestus* taken was alive

By *Menelaus*. For his Horses-frighted,
Whilst to the Town they labour'd to arrive,
Upon two Branches of a Tree they lighted,
And brake the Charret pole off at the head.

The Horses loose away ran tow'rd the Town,
As did the rest that from the Battle fled.

Adrestus headlong from the Seat fell down,
And by him with a Spear *Atrides* stood.

Adrestus then laies hold upon his Knee.
Save me, said he, my Ransome will be good.

At any rate I shall redeemed be.
My Father wants nor Iron, nor Brass, nor Gold,
And any thing to set me free will give,
When he of my condition shall be told,
And that I am your prisoner and live.

This said, *Atrides* was thereto enclin'd,
And ready for to send him to the Ships.

But *Agamemnon* came and chang'd his mind
Before he had confirm'd it with his lips.
Brother, said he, what makes you be so kind
To any of these men? Is it because

You did at home the *Trojans* faithful find,
And that they had well served *Menelaus*?

No, no, we must no quarter give at *Troy*,
Nor spare the Child yet in his Mothers womb,
But utterly the Nation destroy,

And pluck up by the root proud *Ilium*.

Then *Menelaus* pity'd him no more,
But violently push'd him from his Knee,
Wherewith he backward tumbled ore and ore,
And soon by *Agamemnon* slain was he.

Then *Nestor* to the *Greeks* with voice as high
As he could raise it, cried out, Let none
Yet on the Spoil and Booty set his eye,
But follow killing now, plunder anon.

The dead will stay till back again we come.

The *Greeks* by *Nestor* thus encouraged,
Had chas'd the *Trojans* unto *Ilium*.

But that by *Helenus* was hindered.

For

For standing near to *Hector* and *Aeneas*,
 Since all the work, said he, lyes on your hand,
 And you in Fight and Counsel chiefly please
 Both *Lycians* and *Trojans*, make them stand.
 About them go, and put your selves between
 The Gates and them, lest followed by the Foe
 They should be by their loving Wives there seen,
 And th' *Argives* stand triumphing in our woe.
 And when you once have them encouraged,
Aeneas and my self will with them stay,
 And fight against the *Greeks*, though wearied.
 But *Hector* to the Town go you away,
 And bid your and my Mother take with her
 The eldest *Trojan* Matrons, and make haste
 To *Pallas* Temple, and present her there
 With the best Robe she has; and having plac'd
 It on her Knee, vow to her Deity
 (If she protect our Wives and Children will
 And City from this raging Enemy,
 And take off *Diomed*) that you will kill
 Twelve Heifers at her Altar. For in fight
 He has the great *Achilles* much outdone,
 Who never did the *Trojans* thus affright,
 Although they say he is a Goddess Son.
 Then *Hector* armed leapt down to the ground,
 And with two Spears about the Army goes,
 Courage inspiring to the *Trojans* round,
 And streight they turn'd their Faces to the Foes.
 The *Greeks* retiring then, no longer foughr.
 Some God from Heav'n descended was they thought,
 And t' *Hector* and the *Trojans* aid had brought.
 Then *Hector* to the *Trojans* cried out,
Trojans and Aids, said he, be sure to stay
 And play the men, whilst I to *Ilium*
 Return, and cause them to the Gods to pray,
 And to them sacrifice an Hecatomb.
 And as he walkt the edges of his Shield
 By turns his Ankle and his Neck did smite.
Tydidus then and *Glancus*, on the field
 Met one another, and prepar'd to fight.

Tydidēs speaking first, Brave man, said he,
Who are you? Let me know your Name and Race,
That dares so boldly thus advance on me.

I never yet in Battle saw your Face.
Men mortal to provoke me thus none dare,
But they whose Parents are condemn'd to wo.
But if some God come down from Heaven you are,
Do what you will I'll not return a blow.

Licurgus Son of *Dryas* chas'd the Train
Of *Bacchus* with a Goad at *Nyssa*, where:
The *Menades* threw from them on the plain
Their Ivy-twined slaves, and fled for fear;
Bacchus himself leapt into *Tbetis* lap,

Trembling and frighted, and the Goddess kind
Receiv'd him and defended from mishap.

But for this act *Jove* struck *Licurgus* blind,
Who dy'd soon after. For the Gods above
All hated him. And that's the cause that I
Dare not the anger of the Gods to move.

But if thou mortal art, come near and die.
O brave *Tydidēs* (*Glaucus* answer'd then)

To what end serves it you to know my race?
As with green leaves, so fareth it with men;
Some fall with wind, others grow in their place.
But since you ask me (though it be well known)

My pedigree at large I shall you tell.
Within a Creek of *Argos* stands a Town
Call'd *Ephyre*. There *Sisyphus* did dwell.
The subtle *Sisyphus* who *Glaucus* got.

Glaucus the Father of *Bellerophon*,
Than whom a fairer person there was not,
Nor valianter in all the Land, not one.

But *Prætus* sought to take away his Life.
For so enamour'd of him was the Queen
Anteia, who of *Prætus* was the Wife,
That she a Suiter to him oft had been.

But still in vain. For he would not consent.
The fury of her Love then turn'd to Hate.
And spitefully, she to her Husband went,
And weeping bitterly down by him sat,

And

And to him said, O King, resolve to dy
 Your self, or else *Bellerophon* to kill,
 For he attempted has my Chastity,
 And would have ly'n with me against my will.
 The King incens'd, to kill him did intend,
 But loath to do it there, he thought it better
 Unto the King of *Lycia* him to send
 (Who was *Anteia's* Father) with a Letter,
 Wherein he had declar'd his cruel mind,
 And many waies to bring it to effect.
 He ignorant of what was then design'd,
 The Kings commandement did not neglect.
 To *Lycia* he went, and coming thither,
 In favour with the Gods, was honoured
 And treated like a God nine days together.
 O'th' tenth his Letter he delivered.
 The Letter read, the King him first imploy'd
 The terrible *Chimæra* to assail,
 That by the Monster he might be destroy'd.
 A Lions Head it had and Dragons Tail,
 And in the midst the Body of a Goat;
 A flame of burning fire was its Breath.
Bellerophon with this foul Monster fought,
 And put it (by the aid o'th' Gods) to death.
 The next Adventure that he set him on
 Was th' Expedition 'gainst the *Solymi*.
 The third when from the *Amazons* he won
 (Those Martial Females) a great Victory.
 And as he came from thence the King had laid
 An Ambush for him on the way in vain,
 Of choicest *Lycians* whom he destroy'd,
 That not a man of them return'd again.
 The King receiv'd him then, believing now
 That he descended was of Heavenly Race,
 And gave him half his Pow'r and Land enough,
 And with his Daughters Marriage did him grace.
Bellerophon by her had Children three,
 Two Sons, *Isandrus* and *Hippolochus*,
 And one fair Daughter call'd *Laodamie*,
 On whom by *Jove* *Sarpedon* gotten was.

Her Father by the Gods forsaken then
 Liv'd up and down in the *Alean* Plain,
 And shun'd the conversation of men.
 At *Solym* Battle was *Isander* slain.
 But of *Hippolochus* the Son am I,
 And he of Noble Ancestors descended.
 To *Troy* he sent me, and especially
 Unto me th' Honour of my Race commended,
 Than which in *Ephyre* none Nobler is,
 Nor in the Land of *Lycia* more renown'd.
 And *Diomedes* joyful to hear this
 Turn'd his Spears point and stuck it in the ground,
 And to him kindly spake. There is, said he,
 Between your Ancestors and mine of old
 A mutual bond of Hospitality.
Bellerophon, as I have oft been told,
 Was by my Grandfire *Oeneus* freely treated,
 And stayed with him twenty days and nights,
 And when again he from his house retreated,
 They Tokens gave of Hospitable Rites ;
Oeneus to him a Belt most glorious,
Bellerophon to him a Golden Cup.
 Which I not with me brought, but in my house
 When I came thence I safely left lockt up.
 My Father I remember not. For he
 Left me too young when last he went from home.
 Hence forth my Guest in *Argos* you must be,
 I yours in *Lycia*, when I thither come.
 Mean t me let's one anothers Spear decline ;
 For many *Trojans* more I have to kill,
 Unless I crost be by some Pow'r divine.
 And of the *Acheans* kill you whom you will.
 And that our Friendship may the more appear,
 I will present you with these Arms of mine ;
 And you to me present the Arms you wear.
 This said, they lighted and their hands did joyn.
 But *Glauceus* surely here bewitched was,
 Or cursed by the Gods, that had forgot
 His Arms were Gold, and *Diomed's* but Brass.
 An hundred h's, nine Beeves the other bought.

Hector

Heſtor was now come to the *Scean* Gates.

To him the *Trojan* Wives and Daughters run
To ask their Husbands and their Brothers Fates,

But to those questions he answer'd none.

But to the Temples bad them go and pray,

Inquire no more for what you will lament.

Then to the Royal Palace went his way.

For great the danger was and imminent.

On every side within were Galleries

Magnificent, of square well-plained Stones,

With Fifty Lodgings for the Families

(One by another) of King *Priam's* Sons.

And for his Daughters twelve Apartments were

(In the same Court, but on the other side)

To lodge his Sons in Law when they were there,

Of the same Stone in like form beautif'd.

Here *Hecuba*, as she conducted home

Laodice her beautifullest Daughter,

Met her Son *Heſtor* that was newly come

In dusty bloody Armour from the Slaughter.

And took him by the hand, and to him said,

Why come you from the fight? Have we the worst,

And you come to sollicite *Jove* for aid,

And after that is done to quench your thirst?

A little Wine will much the strength sustain

Of one that labour'd has as you have done.

No, no, from Wine (said he) I must abstain,

Lest I forget and leave my work undone.

Besides, to *Jove* I dare not offer Wine

With bloody hands, lest I should him incense.

But, Mother, go you to *Minerva's* shrine

With other Ladies, and with Frankincense;

And of the Robes in your perfumed Chest

Take with you that which in your judgment is

Amongst them all the largest and the best,

And lay it down upon the Goddess's knees.

And vow that at her Altar you will kill

Twelve yearling Heifers of the best you have,

If at your Prayer condescend she will

Your Children with your selves and *Troy* to save,

And from the Fight this *Diomed* remove.
 To th' Temple presently go you away.
 But I to *Paris* now must go, and prove
 If he th' advice I give him will obey.
 Then *Hecuba* into the Chamber came
 Where many divers-colour'd Vestures lay,
 The work of many a *Sidonian* Dame,
 Which then from *Sidon Paris* brought to *Troy*,
 When thither he from *Sparta Helen* brought.
 Of these, to give the Goddess, she took one
 The largest and most curiously wrought,
 And that like to a Star in Heaven shone.
 And when unto the Temple come they were,
Theano opened the door; for she
 (*Antenor's* Wife) was *Pallas* Priest. And there
 She took the Robe, and laid it on her Knee.
 Then prayed she (whilst with a mighty cry
 They to the Goddess lifted up their hands.)
Pallas (said she) Daughter of *Jove* most high,
 In whose protection ev'ry City stands,
 Great *Pallas*, break the Spear of *Diomed*,
 And overthrow him at the *Scæan* gate,
 That at thy Altar may be offered
 Twelve-yearling Heifers; and commiserate
 The Wives and Children and the state of *Troy*.
 Thus prayed they; But *Pallas* would not hear.
 To th' House of *Paris Hector* went away
 That was unto his own and *Iriams* near,
 Built by himself the Citadel within,
 With all the Art the *Trojans* understood.
 There *Hector* with his Spear in hand went in,
 That was in length eleven Cubits good,
 And pointed at the Head with polish'd Brass,
 Fastned into the staff with a Gold Ring.
 Busy about his Armour *Paris* was,
 And *Helen* work to th' Maids distributing.
 Here *Hector Paris* chid. Is this, said he,
 The fittest time to manifest your spite
 Against the *Trojans*, when the Enemy
 Under our Walls is killing them in fight?

When

When none but you the cause is of the War
 And Tumult, which surrounds the Town of *Troy*.
 I think it would become you better far
 To rate those men that from the Battle stay.
 Brother, said *Paris*, What you say is right.
 But hear me too. I stayed not behind
 Because I to the *Trojans* bear a spite,
 But from their Slanders to avert my mind.
 And now my Wife too has persuaded me,
 Who of my self was ready to be gone.
 Not sure to any side is Victory.
 Stay only while I put my Armour on.
 Or go. I'll follow you and find you out.
 Thus he. But *Hector* to it nothing said.
 And to be gone his Face he turn'd about.
 But *Helen* saw about to speak, and staid.
 Brother (said she) though I unworthy am
 To call you so, I would I had been thrown
 Into the Sea the same day that I came
 Into the world, so many shames to own.
 Or that this Husband sensible had been,
 As men of Honour should be of ill fame;
 But that's not now, nor ever will be seen,
 He one day will (I fear) repent the same.
 But Brother (pr'ye) sit down and rest a while,
 That with the toil of Battle weary are;
 The cause whereof am I the Woman vile,
 That with me brought to *Troy* this cruel War.
 Unlucky day that brought me first acquainted
 With *Alexander* to our Infamy,
 Which through the world hereafter will be chanted,
 And make us loathsome to posterity.
Helen (said *Hector*) now I cannot stay,
 - The *Trojans* of my presence stand in need.
 But bid you *Alexander* come away
 While I am in the Town, and that with speed.
 For hence unto my house I must go home
 To see my Wife, my Child and Family,
 An't may be never back again shall come,
 But by the hands of the *Acheans* dye.

This

This said, home *Hector* went, and there was told
 His Wife *Andromache* at home was not.
 For with the Nurse the Battle to behold,
 Into the Tow'r on *Scea* Gate was got.
 Then *Hector* of the women askt again,
 Is she gone to some Sister or some Brother?
 Or to the Goddess Temple in the Train
 Of those that thither waited on my Mother?
 To this one of the Women said again,
 She neither went to Sister nor to Brother,
 Nor to the Goddess Temple, in the Train
 Of those that thither waited on your Mother.
 But when I know not who inform'd her had
 That th' *Argives* did the *Trojans* overpower,
 With her young Son and Nurse as one that's mad
 Ran to the Gate, and up into the Tower.
 Then back went *Hector* passing the same Streets [fight,
 Through which he went when he came from the
 Where in the way *Andromache* he meets
 That now was running home in great affright.
 The Daughter she was of *Eetion*,
 Who of *Cilicia* the Scepter carried,
 And dwelt at *Thebe* in *Hypoplacion*.
 But unto noble *Hector* she was married.
 Now *Hector* met her with their little Boy
 That in the Nurses arms was carried,
 And like a Star upon her bosome lay
 His beautiful and shining golden Head.
Scamandrius he called was by *Hector*,
Astyanax he named was in *Troy*.
 Because his Father was their sole Protector,
 The people from his Honour nam'd the Boy.
 Then *Hector* smiling look'd upon his Son.
 And to him weeping said *Andromache*,
 My Dear, You'll by your courage be undone,
 And this your Son a wretched Orphan be.
 The *Greeks* at once on you alone will fall,
 And then a woful Widow shall be I,
 And have no comfort in the world at all,
 But live in misery and wish to die.

Father

Father or Mother they have left me none,
 For by the great *Achilles* he was slain
 When he the goodly Town of *Thebe* won.
 But from disarming him he did refrain.
 Together with his Arms he did him burn,
 And with such Rites as did a Prince become.
 And having put his Ashes in an Urn
 Bury'd the same, and ore it rais'd a Tomb.
 The Mountain-Nymphs Daughters of *Jupiter*
 Planted about it many Elmen-trees.
 My seven Brothers all were killed there.
 In one day by *Achilles* slain were these,
 As they defending were their Kine and Sheep.
 My Mother with the Booty he brought hither,
 And her he at the Ships did pris'ner keep
 Until her friends her Ransome had sent thither.
 Then to her Country back they sent my Mother,
 Who shortly after there fell sick and di'd.
 Now *Hector* you my Father are and Brother,
 Husband and Mother. In you I confide.
 For pities sake then on this Turret stay,
 Lest Fatherless your Son, I Widow be.
 And set your armed people in array,
 And those that aid you at the Sycamore-tree,
 Where to the City easiest is th' access.
 For there it was the *Argives* thrice fell on
 Led by *Idomeneus*, and th' *Ajaxes*,
 The two *Atrides*, and *Tydeus* Son.
 Whether they had some God for their Director,
 Or had observ'd some weakness in the place
 I know not. And to this replied *Hector*,
 Dear Wife, this might be done. But what disgrace
 Shall I be in? How will the *Trojans* scoff
 Both Men and Women, and deride my fear,
 If on the Tow'r they saw me standing off
 When others fighting with the *Argives* were?
 Besides by Nature I am framed so,
 I am not able to abstain from fight,
 But must be 'mongst the foremost, when the Foe
 Invades my Fathers Honour in my fight.

And

And yet I know the evil day will come,
 That *Priam* and his people perish must,
 And utterly destroy'd be *Ilium*,
 And all her stately Buildings lye in dust.
 Yet am not griev'd so much to think upon
 The fate of *Troy*, of *Priam*, of my Mother,
 Or all my Brothers, as for you alone
 When by a proud *Achean* one or other
 You drag'd are weeping into Slavery,
 And when t' *Achea* he has brought you home,
 To fetch in water you imploy'd shall be,
 And made to labour at anothers Loom.
 And one that sees you weeping, there will say,
 This Woman was the Noble *Hectors* Bride,
 The bravest man of all that fought for *Troy*,
 And of your tears bring back again the Tide.
 But dead may I be first and buried
 Before I see you drag'd or hear you cry.
 And when he thus had said, his arms he spread
 The Child to take, who terrifi'd thereby,
 And unacquainted with a glittering Crest
 And Horses Mayn that nodding at it hung,
 Turn'd his face crying to the Nurfes breast,
 And with his little arms close to her clung.
 Which made his Father and his Mother smile.
 Then *Hector* on the ground his Helmet laid,
 And took the Child and dandled him a while,
 And then to *Jove* and all the Gods he pray'd.
 O *Jove* and gods, Grant that this Son of mine
 No less in *Troy* may honour'd be than I,
 Nor from his Fathers vertue ere decline,
 But hold the reins of *Ilium* steadily.
 That men may say when he hath slain his Foe,
 And bringeth with him home his Spoil to *Troy*,
 In Battle he his Father doth outdo,
 And fill his loving Mothers heart with joy,
 This said, he gave the Child t' *Andromache*,
 Which she receiving hug'd, and laugh'd and cry'd.
 Which *Hector* with compassion did see,
 And thus with gentle words h's Wife did chide.

Dear

Dear Wife, do not afflict your self for me.
 No man can die before his hour is come ;
 And when 'tis come, put off it cannot be
 By weak nor strong. Therefore I praye go home,
 And tend your work, and give your Women theirs,
 And sit still at your Spindle and your Loom,
 And leave to men these Martial affairs,
 And me that have the charge of *Ilium*.
 Then up he takes his Helmet and departs,
 And homewards she ; but often turn'd her head.
 At home with grief she fill'd her womens hearts,
 And made them mourn for *Hector* not yet dead.
 Nor *Paris* at his house did longer stay
 Than he must needs his Armour to put on,
 And up and down the streets went every way,
 To see if he could *Hector* light upon.
 As when a Horse i'th' Stable pampered,
 And used to be washed in the River
 His Headstall breaks, or be delivered
 From that which held him by what means soever ;
 Then proudly he sets up his Tail and Head,
 And beats the Plain, and with the wind he makes
 His Mane play in the air dishevelled,
 Then to the Pasture known the way he takes :
 So from his house went *Paris* through the Streets
 With shining Arms, and Courage at his heart ;
 And quickly with his valiant brother meets,
 Turning from where he and his wife did part.
 And first to *Hector* *Paris* thus began.
 Brother I fear I've made you stay too long.
 No (he reply'd) your courage no man can
 Accuse, but such as mean to do you wrong.
 But when you, out of humour, will not fight,
 The *Trojans* that much suffer for your sake
 Speak all the ill they can of you in spite.
 Which when I hear, it makes my heart to ake.
 But now let's go. If ere the Powers Divine
 Displace th' *Achaean* Host, and give us Peace,
 That freely to them we may offer Wine,
 Your quarrel with the *Trojans* soon will cease.

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LIB. VII.

THis said, they went together to the Fight,
 For *Paris* now no more the War declin'd,
 And welcome to the *Trojans* was the fight,
 As to a weary *Rower* a good wind.
 There *Paris* slew *Meneſſebius*, the Son
 Of the great Clubman *Areithous*
 Of *Arne*. And by *Hector* overthrown
 And struck clean through the Neck was *Eionus*.
Iphinous the Son of *Dexias*
 As to his Charre he mounted to have fled,
 By *Glaucus* through the Shoulder wounded was,
 And to the ground again fell backward dead.
 When *Pallas* saw the *Argives* fall so fast,
 She from *Olympus* leapt to *Ilium* :
Apollo then to meet her made great haste,
 That saw her from his Tow'r in *Pergamum*.
 And when they were together at the Beech,
 He for the *Trojans*, for the *Argives* she,
Apollo to her thus addrest his Speech :
 Daughter of *Jove*, what great necessity
 Brought you to *Troy* ? Was it to please your mind,
 Or give unto the *Greeks* the Victory ?
 For well I know to *Troy* you are not kind.
 But for the present be advis'd by me.
 Let th'Armies both give over fight to day,
 And fight it out hereafter till they know
 What end the Fates assigned have to *Troy*,
 Since you and *Juno* needs will have it so.
 Your Counsel's good (said *Pallas*) and the same
 I thought upon. But tell me how to do it.
 For to that end I from *Olympus* came.
 Tell me but how, and I'll consent unto it.

Why

Why then, said *Phæbus*, *Hector* I'll excite
In Duel all the *Argives* to defie ;
And they some one will choose with him to fight,
And both the Armies quietly stand by.
This counsel was by both agreed upon ;
And known to *Helenus* by Augury,
To *Helenus* that was King *Priam's* Son.
And he to *Hector* did himself apply.
Hector, said he, will you do that which I
That am your Brother shall advise you to?
Go to th' *Achean* Army and defie
The best of all the *Argives* ; Boldly go ;
For in this Combat you are not to die :
The Gods have told me so ; Then never fear.
Then to the Front came *Hector* joyfully,
With both his hands o'th' middle of his Spear
To keep the *Trojans* back and make them stand ;
And streight King *Agamemnon* seeing it,
Unto the *Argives* gave the like comand.
Then on the ground both *Greeks* and *Trojans* sit.
Phæbus and *Pallas* flew up to the Tree,
The high Beech-tree that sacred was to *Jove*,
I'th' likeness of two Vulturs, thence to see
How the two Armies looked from above.
As when a West-wind ruffled has the Main,
It black and horrid to the eye appears ;
So lookt the *Greeks* and *Trojans* on the Plain,
Grisly and dark with Helmets, Shields and Spears.
Into the midst between them *Hector* slept.
You *Trojans* and well-armed *Greeks*, said he,
Since 'twas *Jove's* will our Oath should not be kept,
But that the War continued shall be
Till either you shall win the Town of *Troy*,
Or we your Army and your Ships confound,
Fighting till one another we destroy ;
I to you *Argives* somewhat will propound.
The best of all the *Greeks* are present here.
Let one of them come forth and fight with me,
On these conditions (witness *Jupiter*)
If by h's hand I slain in Combat be,

Let him do with my Armor what he will,
But send my Body into *Ilium*.

But if *Apollo* grant me him to kill,
His Armour I will have and carry home,
And in *Apollo's* Temple dedicate.

His Body to the Ships shall rendred be,
That on his Urn the *Greeks* may elevate

A Mount of Earth for Passengers to see
Upon the Shore of *Hellefont*; and say,

Here lies a valiant *Greek* by *Hector* slain
Long since, when th' *Argives* were besieging *Troy*.

My honour thus for ever will remain.

So *Hector* said. The *Greeks* all silent were.

For shame the Challenge they could not refuse;
And to accept it ev'ry one did fear.

But *Menelaus* then his Valour shews,
And rising up in anger thus he said,

Women of *Argos* what a shame is this
That you should all of *Hector* be affraid!

What now become of all your threatenng is?
There, (dust and water, heartless, nameless) sit.

My self I'll arm (for I perceive no odds)
And will this sturdy Champion *Hector* meet.

For Victory comes only from the Gods.

This said, he rose and arm'd himself; and there
Depriv'd of life had *Menelaus* been

(So much too weak he was) by *Hector's* Spear,

But that the Princes starting up came in.

And *Agamemnon* seizing on his hand,

Why *Menelaus* are you mad, said he,
In fight you cannot against *Hector* stand,

How much soever you concerned be.

Avoid him in the Field as others do.

Achilles who than you much stronger is,
Strong as he is, considers *Hector* too,

And cooler grows as oft as he him sees.

Therefore, good Brother, sit still at your Troop.

Some other we'll oppose to *Hector's* might,

That, haughty as he is, shall make him stoop,

And thank the Gods if safe he come from fight.

To this good counsell yielded *Mentelaus*.

Whereat his Servants not a little joy'd,
Came in, and soon by them unarm'd he was,
And to the *Greeks* then *Nestor* rose, and said,
O how unwelcome will this Story be
To *Greece*, and *Peleus* King o'th' *Atymidons*,
Who at his house the names enquir'd of me
Both of your selves, your Fathers, and your Sons?
If he should know how much you *Hector* dread,
How oft would he hold up his hands, and pray
The Gods to send him down amongst the dead,
And from his body take all sense away!

O that I were as young as I was then
When war was 'twixt *Arcadia* and *Pyle*,
And at the Walls of *Phia* stood the men
Ready for bloody fight in Rank and File!
Amongst them stood one *Ereuthalion*,
And of the great man *Arcithous*
Upon his Shoulders had the Armour on,
Who Clubman commonly surnamed was,
Because he used neither Bow nor Spear,
But with an Iron Club the Battles brake.
Lycurgus slew him though he weaker were,
(When at advantage great he did him take)
By craft, not strength. For in a narrow way
He watch'd him at a turning with his Speary
And on a sudden took his life away,
So that the Club had nothing to do there.

Then took he off his Arms, and wore the same
In Battle when there was occasion,

But gave them when old age upon him came

To this his Squier *Ereuthalion*.

Who wearing them our Army did despise,

At which when others trembling stood and shook

Although the youngest of them all was I,

Great as he was, the man I undertook,

And slew him by the Goddess *Pallas* aid,

The strong'st and tallest that I ever slew,

As when upon the ground he stretcht was laid,

The place he covered did plainly shew.

If I were now as young and strong as then,
 The *Greeks* for *Hector* soon a match should find,
 Though none of you that are their bravest men
 To try your fortune with him have a mind.
 Thus *Nestor* th' *Argive* Lords did reprehend,
 And nine of them in number (all that durst
 In single fight with *Hector* to contend)
 Armed, and *Agamemnon* was the first.
 And next the strong and valiant *Diomed*,
 And then the greater *Ajax*, then the less,
 Then King *Idomeneus*, of *Creet* the head,
 And with him his good Squire *Meriones*,
 Who as the God of Battle valiant was,
 Besides *Eurypylos* *Enaemon's* Son,
 And of *Andromon* the stout Son *Thoas*,
 And wise *Ulysses* last of all made one.
 So many *Greeks* durst *Hector* undertake.
 Ering in your Lots, said *Nestor* then, and we
 Will in a Helmet them together shake.
 And who by Lot our Champion shall be
 Shall please us all, but please himself much more
 When back again he cometh from the fight.
 Then brought they in their Lots; which ore and ore
 He shook in *Agamemnon's* Helmet bright.
 Mean while the people lift their hands, and pray,
 O *Jove*, let now the Lot to *Ajax* fall,
 Or that on *Diomedes* light it may,
 Or on *Atrides* our great General.
 The Helmet shaken threw out *Ajax* Lot,
 Which th' Herald took and carried about
 To th' *Argive* Princes, but they own'd it not,
 Till to the hand of *Ajax* it was brought,
 Who sign'd it had, and into th' Helmet thrown.
 He took it, and a while consider'd it;
 And when he was assured 'twas his own,
 Rose up, and lets it fall before his feet.
 And to the Princes said, This Lot is mine,
 And glad I am, and hope for Victory.
 But send your Prayers up to the Pow'rs divine,
 While I put on my Arms; and silently,

So that (at least) the *Trojans* may not hear.
 Or (now I think on't) plain and openly.
 For I see nothing that I need to fear.
 I am not forc'd to fight unwillingly,
 Nor rashly undertook the enterprize.
 For I was born and bred in *Salamis*,
 And hope I am not so weak or unwise.
 As soon as mighty *Ajax* had said this,
 The people looking up to Heav'n pray'd.
 O *Jove*, said one, grant *Ajax* Victory,
 Or if you be inclin'd *Hector* to aid,
 Then let their strength and glory equal be.
 When *Ajax* had his Arms put on compleat,
 He walkt away with a Majestique pace,
 As *Mars* goes to the War: His strides were great,
 And scornful smiles with terror in his face.
 And as he went he shook his mighty Spear,
 Which joyfully the *Argives* did behold;
 But by the *Trojans* lookt on was with fear;
 And *Hector* at the heart himself was cold:
 But was ashamed back again to fly,
 Since he provok'd him had into the field.
 And *Ajax* now was come unto him nigh,
 As from a Tower looking ore his Shield:
 By *Tycheus* of *Hyla* made it was,
 And cover'd with sev'n fat Bulls hides well tan'd,
 And over them an eighth of shining Brass,
 And at his Breast he held it with his hand,
 And threatning said, *Hector* I'll make you see,
 That in the Army many yet remain,
 Though from us angry gone *Achilles* be,
 And discontent from Battle now abstain,
 That fear not *Hector*. Do the worst you can:
Ajax (said *Hector*) I am not a Child
 Nor Woman to be threatned, but a Man
 That understands the bus'ness of the Field,
 And can my Buckler bear from Left to Right,
 And have whereon in Battle to rely,
 And how to guide my Horses in a fight,
 And move my feet to *Mars* his Melody.

But no such cunning will I use with you.
 My Spear I'll send unto you openly.
 And at that word the long Spear from him flew,
 And pierc'd his Target to the seventh ply.
 But there it staid. Then *Ajax* threw his Spear,
 Which *Hector's* Shield, Armour & Coat went through.
 But *Hector* shrunk his Belly in for fear.
 For else it pierc'd had his Belly too.
 Then from their Shields the Spears they plucked out,
 And them no more at one another threw,
 But came unto each other close and fought.
 And like two Lions on each other flew.
 And *Hector* made a thrust at *Ajax* Shield
 Which entred not, resisted by the brass:
 But *Hector's* Shield to *Ajax* Spear did yield,
 Which pierc'd it through; and so far in did pass,
 That grazing on his Neck it fetch'd the blood.
 But *Hector* not dismay'd took up a Stone.
Ajax took't on his Shield and firmly stood,
 And with his hand took up a greater one
 And rougher, which did *Hector's* Buckler tear,
 And with the weight unto the ground him threw,
 But up again *Apollo* did him rear.
 Then both of them (the Combat to renew)
 Their Swords were drawing. But the Heralds then
Idæus and *Talibibius* came in,
 The sacred Messengers of Gods and men,
 And put themselves the Combatants between.
Troy's Herald then *Idæus* to them spake.
 Good Sons, belov'd of *Jove*, give over fight.
 For all men of your Valour notice take.
 And now 'tis late; we must submit to Night.
Idæus (then said *Ajax*) let these words
 From *Hector* come, from whom came the Defie.
 'Twas he that Challeng'd all the *Argive* Lords.
 Let him give over first, and then will I.
 Then *Hector* spake. *Ajax* since you, said he,
 The Gods indued have with Strength and Wit,
 Let for to day the quarrel ended be.
 Hereafter let the Gods determine it,

And

And give which side they please the Victory.

For now 'tis late. To Night we must submit,
That you the *Greeks* may cheer, and specially

Your own friends, and companions at your Fleet :

And I the *Trojans* from their fear relieve,

And Wives, that for my safe return do pray.

But come, let's t'one another Tokens give,

That *Greeks* and *Trojans* seeing them may say,

These two men fought and fought each others death,

Yet parted friends. This said, he to him gave

His Belt with his good Sword and Iv'ry Sheath ;

Ajax to him his shining Girdle brave.

Thus parted, *Ajax* to the *Argives* went ;

And *Hector* back into the Troops of *Troy* ;

Who mightily rejoyc'd at the event

That past all hope they saw him come away.

The Lords conducted him to *Ilium*,

The *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* *Ajax* led.

And when they all unto his Tent were come,

He for them sacrific'd a Bull well fed.

Which flay'd, divided, roasted, taken up

The Carvers into Messes cut. This done

King *Agamemnon* and the Princes sup.

The Chine at *Ajax* Table was set on.

And when their thirst and hunger was subdu'd,

Nestor whose counsel still had been the best,

What further was to be consider'd shew'd,

And to the Princes all his Speech address.

Atrides, and you other Princes know

How *Mars* with *Argives* strowed hath the Plain,

And sent their Souls down to the Pow'r's below,

Whose bloody Bodies in the Field remain.

Tomorrow therefore let us cease from War,

And early in the Morning fetch the dead,

And burn them somewhere from the Ships not far,

That t'*Argos* back they may be carried,

When we depart from hence ; that their Bones may

By their own Friends and Children buried be.

Let's raise a Mount upon the Shore of *Troy*,

One for them all, for Passengers to see,

And fortifie our good Ships with a Wall,
 And Turrets in it, and a Ditch without,
 Lest unawares the *Trojans* on us fall,
 And Gates for Chariets to go in and out.
 Mean while the *Trojan* Lords at Counsel were
 Loud and discordant. Then *Antenor* said,
Trojans and Aids I pray to me give ear;
 For of the worst I greatly am affraid:
 Let *Menelaus* have his Wife again,
 And all the goods she brought with her. Take heed;
 Against our Oath we shall but fight in vain.
 Then let her go, or never look to speed.
Antenor (then said *Paris*) this is not
 The best advice you could have given, or
 (If what you say dissent not from your thought)
 You are not now so wise as heretofore.
 Thus much to you, But to the *Trojans* this.
 Her wealth Ile render, with more of mine own.
 But my Wife *Helen* I will not dismiss.
 And when he that had said again sat down.
 Then *Priam* rose: *Trojans* and Aids, said he,
 Now take your Supper as you us'd to do,
 And Sentinels set such as careful be;
 To morrow I will send *Idæus* to
 The *Greeks* with *Paris* answer, and to try
 If they from Battle for so long will cease,
 That we may burn our slain men quietly,
 And fight again hereafter when they please.
 This said, the *Trojans* to their Suppers went.
 Next Morn *Idæus* found the *Argive* Lords
 Together met at *Agamemnon's* Tent,
 And coming in; unto them said these words:
Atrides, and you *Argives* all, I come
 With Terms from *Paris*, and by *Priam* sent,
 On which you may depart from *Ilium*,
 And end the War, if thereto you consent.
 The wealth which he with *Helen* brought ashore:
 (I would before he brought it he had dy'd)
 To *Menelaus* he will give and more.
 But his wife *Helen* shall with him abide.

Besides,

Besides, the People have commanded me

To ask you if you will the War suspend,
Until our dead fetcht off and burned be,

And after fight till *Jove* the War shall end.

So said *Idæus*. The *Greeks* silent were

A while. At last *Tydidēs* rose and spake.

Let not the *Greeks* so much the *Trojans* fear

As *Helen's* goods, or her herself to take

At *Alexander's* hands. The hour is come

(As any Child may manifestly see)

That must overthrow the State of *Ilium*.

So said *Tydidēs*, and much prays'd was he.

Then *Agamemnon* answer'd to *Idæus*,

You hear what th' *Argives* say. I say the same.

As for the dead men burn them if you please;

They're good for nothing, I contented am.

And of this Truce let *Jove* a witness be.

This said, to *Jove* his Scepter up he heav'd.

Idæus back to *Troy* went speedily

The Answer to relate he had receiv'd.

Mean while the States of *Troy* in Council sat,

And there their Heralds coming back expected.

Idæus then went in, and told them that

The offer made by *Paris* was rejected.

But that a Truce was granted for a day.

Next Morn the *Trojans* early as they could

Went some to th' field to fetch their dead away,

And others to the Hill to fetch down wood.

So did the *Argives* some to *Ida* go

For wood, and others to the bloody field.

But could not then distinguish friend from foe.

But by and by the Sun began to guild

Stamander Plain; then washt they off the gore

And duff, and laid their dead men upon Carts.

But *Priam* had forbidden them to roar,

Or cry outright, though grieved at their hearts.

When they had burnt them, back they went again.

The *Greeks* too, when they had coustum'd with fire

And done their lamentation for the slain,

Unto their Ships did back again retire.

But

But this th' *Achaens* did at break of day,
 And rais'd one mighty Monument for all.
 And the incursion of the Foe to stay,
 Their Navy they inclosed with a Wall.
 With Turrets high and a great Ditch without,
 (Upon the sides whereof sharp Pales they fix)
 And Gates for Charrets to go in and out.
 And all the day thus toying were the *Greeks*.
 Mean while the Gods together sat above,
 And wondring lookt upon this work of men;
 And *Neptune* then addrest his Speech to *Jove*.
 What mortals will the Gods consult agen?
 See you not what a Wall the *Greeks* have rear'd,
 And what a ditch about it made, said he,
 The same whereof mongst people will be heard
 As far as the Sun-beams extended be?
 Yet to the Gods they Hecatomb gave none.
 Whereas the Walls that I and *Phæbus* rais'd
 About the City for *Laomedon*
 Obscur'd by this no longer will be prais'd.
 Then answer'd *Jove*. *Neptune*, I never thought
 That such a word would e're have come from you
 That have the pow'r to bring their work to nought.
 A lesser God might have complain'd, 'tis true;
 But of your power *Aurora* sees no bound.
 Stay only till the *Greeks* be gone away;
 Then break their Wall, and throw it to the ground,
 And hide the place with Sand. Thus talk'd they.
 The Sun now set, and finisht was the Wall.
 The *Greeks* went back then each man to his Tent,
 And many good fat Beeves they made to fall;
 And Wine they had great store from *Lemnos* sent.
 For Ships abundance laden were come in,
 Which by *Euneus* (th' Hero *Jason's* Son
 Got on *Hypsiphile*) thither sent had been,
 For which the Army barter'd. Hides gave one,
 Another th' Ox it self, another Brass,
 One Iron, and another gav'd a Slave;
 Beside what by *Euneus* given was
 To th' two *Atrides* of free gift to have.

When

When Supper ready was they all sat down,
And all night long the Feast continued,
Greeks in their Tents, and *Trojans* in the Town.
And all night long aloud *Jove* thundered,
Meaning no good to th' *Greeks*. Then pour'd they on
The ground the offer'd wine, *Jove* to content.
And no man durst to drink till that was done.
And when they had well drunk to sleep they went.

ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. VIII.

THe Morning now was quite display'd, and *Jove*
 Upon *Olympus* highest top was set :
 And all the Gods and Goddesses above
 By his command were there together met.
 And *Jupiter* unto them speaking said,
 You Gods all and you Goddesses d'ye hear,
 Let none of you the *Greeks* or *Trojans* aid ;
 I cannot do my work for you. Forbear.
 For whomsoever I assisting see
 The *Argives* or the *Trojans*, be it known
 He wounded shall return and laugh at be,
 Or headlong into *Tartarus* be thrown,
 Into the deepest pit of *Tartarus*,
 Shut in with Gates of Brass, as much below
 The common Hell, as 'tis from Hell to us.
 But if you will my pow'r by trial know,
 Put now into my hand a Chain of Gold,
 And let one end thereof lye on the plain,
 And all you Gods and Goddesses take hold ;
 You shall not move me howsoere you strain.
 At th'other end, if I my strength put to't,
 I'll pull you Gods and Goddesses to me
 Do what you can, and Earth and Sea to boot,
 And let you hang there till my pow'r you see.
 The Gods were out of countenance at this,
 And to such mighty words durst not reply,
 Till *Pallas* said, Well known, O Father, is
 Your mighty Pow'r. But do not us deny,
 When we so many *Argives* falling see,
 To show we have compassion, and grieve.
 And though in fight we no Assistants be,
 Yet let us sometimes counsel to them give,

Lest

Left in your anger they be all destroy'd.

Dear Child (said *Jove*) it goes against my mind.
I would not have my Orders disobey'd.

'Tis granted though. For I'll to you be kind.

This said, he set his Horses to his Charre,

Hard hoof'd, swift-footed Horses two. Like Gold
Their Mains profound well-combed shined farre.

Then arm'd himself, and on the whip laid hold.

No sooner had the Horses felt the Whip,

But up they start, and 'twixt the Earth and Sky-

The winds themselves with swiftness they outstrip,

And came unto the top of *Ida* high

To *Gargarus*, and there *Jove* took them out,

And hiding them with air on th'Hill sate down,

And as he sat he cast his eyes about

With great content upon the Fleet and Town.

The *Argives* at their Tents short Break-fast make,

And arm'd themselves as soon as they had done.

The *Trojans*, for their Wives and Childrens sake,

(Though fewer) arm'd and made haste to be gone.

Then open'd were the Gates, and to the Field

Out came they Horse and Man; and being met,

They Man to Man came up with Shield to Shield,

And Spear to Spear; and on each other set.

Some groan'd, some vaunted, mighty was the din

Of those that kill, and those that falling cry.

And this condition they continued in

Until the Sun had mounted half the Sky.

Then *Jove* took up a pair of Scales of Gold,

And weigh'd the fates of both the Nations,

And equally suspended them did hold;

But not so equal were their inclinations.

For th'*Argive* Scale sat still upon the ground,

While th'other list'd was up to the skies.

Heaven and Earth did then with Thunder sound,

And *Jove* threw Lightning in the *Argives* eyes.

Then all the *Greeks* amazed ran away.

Idomeneus and *Agamemnon* ran;

Nor either of the *Ajaxes* durst stay:

Except old *Nestor* they fled ev'ry man.

And *Nestor* too had fled, had he known how :
 For of his Horses *Paris* one had shor,
 And pierc'd his Forehead just above the Brow
 Into the Brain, so that his Chariot
 Now useles was, and the Horse troublesome.

Then cuts he th' *Harness* ; but so long did stay,
 That *Hector* now was almost to him come,
 And th' Old man surely had been cast away,
 But that *Tydid*es saw him in this pain,

And terribly t' *Ulysses* cryed out,
 Whither d'ye fly *Ulysses* ? Come again,
 - Help to defend old *Nestor* ; face about.

While he said this, *Ulysses* still ran on,
 Not minding what he said. And *Diomed*,
 To succour *Nestor*, to him went alone,
 And with him stood before his Chariots head,
 And said, O *Nestor*, youthful is the Foe

That cometh on, and you now very old,
 Your Charioteer not strong, your Horses slow,
 Come up into my Charrer, and behold

My *Trojan* Horses how well they can run
 When there is cause t' approach or shun the fight.
 From *Venus* Son *Aeneas* I them won,

A man of much experience in flight :
 Send back your Horses, and with mine we'll go
 And fight the *Trojans*. 'Twill not be amiss

To let the mighty Champion *Hector* know,
 A Spear as mad is in my hand as his.

This said, both *Sthen'ius* and *Eurymedon*
 With *Nestor's* Horses went to *Nestor's* Tent :

Nestor and *Diomed*, both mounted on
*Tydid*es Charrer, up to *Hector* went.

And when they were to one another near,
 At *Hector* *Diomedes* threw in haste,

And miss'd of him, and kill'd his Charioteer ;
 Clean through his Breast the Spear well driven past.
 Down dead he fell, but *Hector* lets him lye,

And turns aside to seek a Charioteer
 The place of *Heniopeus* to supply.

And *Archptolomus* then being near,

(Call'd

(Call'd up by *Heſtor*) on the Reins laid hold.

Then mighty work and ſlaughter there had been,
And *Trojans* ſhut like Lambs within a Fold.

In *Troy*, but that it was by *Jove* foreſeen.
For in a Clap of Thunder *Jove* down threw
His Bolt at *Diomedes* Horſes feet.

And th'Earth with Sulphur flaming looked blew.
Neflor himſelf aſtoniſh'd was to ſee't ;

Lets go the Reins, and down the Horſes fell.

And *Neflor* then to *Diomedes* ſaid,
'Tis *Jove* (you ſee) that doth our force repel,
And *Heſtor* (for this day) intends to aid.

Another day to us he will be kind,
If he ſee cauſe ; for no man can him tie,
Nor able is to make him change his mind.

And therefore now our beſt courſe is to flie.

'Tis true, O *Neflor* (ſaid *Tydid*es then)
But what a pain then at my heart will lie,

When *Heſtor* ſpeaking to the *Trojan* men,
Shall brag he made *Tydid*es from him flie ?

Then ſhould I wiſh the Earth would ſwallow me.

Though *Heſtor* ſaies ſo (*Neflor* then reply'd)
Believed by the *Trojans* 'twill not be,

So many of them by your hand have dy'd.
And at this word his Steeds he turn'd about.

A ſhow'r of Spears then from the *Trojans* flies,
Who them purſued with a mighty ſhout.

Then *Heſtor* loud unto *Tydid*es cries,
Ho ! *Diomed*, by th' *Argives* honoured

Above the moſt, ſerv'd with a greater Meſs,
And higher Seat, and Wine unlimited,

You will hereafter be eſteemed leſs.
Unmanly *Diomed*. Fly, Baggage, fly.

You ne'er ſhall come within the Walls of *Troy*
To freight your Ship with Women here ; for I

Intend to ſend you firſt another way.
Thiſ ſaid, *Tydid*es was a while in doubt

Whether to turn or no and *Heſtor* meet,
And thrice to turn his Horſes was about,

And *Jove* thrice thund'ring turn'd them tow'rd the
[Fleet,
Shewing

Shewing that he the honour of that day
 Had granted to the *Trojans*. *Hector* then
 Pursu'd them close, and roaring all the way,
Trojans, said he, and Aids now play the men.
 For sure I am that *Jove* is on our side,
 And give us will the Victory this day.
 And fools they are that in their Wall confide ;
 For through their Trench our Horse shall find a way.
 When we are at the Ships let one or other
 Have fire to burn them ready, and then fall
 Upon the Men confounded in the smother.

This said, he did upon his Horses call.

Xanthus, *Podargus*, *Aethon*, *Lampus*, see

You pay now what you owe me for your meat
 Laid in your Mangers by *Andromache*,
 Who alwaies served you with pleasant wheat,
 And steep'd sometimes (when she thought fit) in Wine;
 And very oft (though I her Husband be)
 Your dinner was made ready before mine

Now, now pursue the *Argives* lustily,
 That *Nestor's* Shield of Gold I may obtain,
 Nor of *Tyrides* Armour must we fail
 By *Vulcan* wrought. If we but these can gain,
 The *Argives* will this very night holse Sail.

At *Hector's* speech *Juno* upon her Throne

Unquiet sitting made *Olympus* shake.

For mov'd she was with his presumption,

And looking upon *Neptune* to him spake.

Neptune, said she, are you not stir'd at this ?

You know at *Aege*, and at *Helice*

Their liberality abundant is.

And sure I am you wish them victory.

What ! Cannot we who with the *Argives* side,

If we our pow'rs together join in one,

Drive back the *Trojans* and abate their pride,

And leave *Jove* here to sit and chafe alone ?

Juno (said *Neptune* griev'd) these words are bold.

I'll not rebel. For we shall have the worst ;

And so we have by *Jupiter* been told.

Thus *Neptune* and the Wife of *Jove* discours't.

And

And now between the Walls and Ships, the place
 With Horses and with armed Men was fill'd,
 And cramm'd were within a narrow space
 By *Hector* that was Master of the Field.
 And had not *Agamemnon* been inspir'd
 By *Juno* to put courage in his men,
 The *Argive* Ships had certainly been fir'd,
 And never had the *Greeks* gone back again.
 Then 'mongst the Ships he went, and stay'd at
Ulysses Ship, which was the middlemost
 Of all the Navy, and the tallest; that
 He might be heard to both ends of the Host,
 Both to *Achilles* and to *Ajax* Tent,
 Clad in th' Imperial Robe that all might see:
 For these two being the most confident,
 Had plac'd themselves at th' utmost of the Fleet.
 And with a mighty voice to th' *Argives* cry'd,
 Disgrace of *Greece*, meer out-sides, where are row
 Your Brags, that any of you durst abide
 An hundred *Trojans*, and yet dare not show
 A Face to *Hector* who our Ships would fire?
 But this was said at *Lemnos* in your Wine,
 Which rais'd your language than your nature higher;
 But cool'd now the Battle you decline.
 Was ever King afflicted as I am,
 O *Jove*, or lost a Victory so near?
 And yet at all your Altars as I came,
 My Sacrifices duly pay'd were,
 In hope that I the Town of *Troy* should sack.
 But grant at least, O *Jove*, that we may come
 Our selves into *Acha* safely back,
 And not be here destroy'd at *Ilium*.
 This said, *Jove* grants them safely to depart.
 And from him presently his Eagle came,
 And brought the tender issue of a Hart,
 And near unto his Altar dropt the same.
 The *Argives* when they saw the Bird of *Jove*,
 Were to the Fight again encouraged,
 And who should first repass the Trenches strove.
 And he that first cam forth was *Dionides*.

And much before that any of the rest
 Had any slain, he killed *Agelaus*,
 Whom with his Spear he pierc'd from Back to Breast,
 When from him he his Charret turning was.
 Then *Agamemnon* came, and *Menelaus*,
 And then the greater *Ajax*, then the Less.
 The sixth the King *Idomeneus* was,
 And with him came his Squire *Meriones*.
 And next *Eurypylus* *Euemon's* Son.
 The ninth was *Teucer* with his Bow unbent,
 Hid with the Shield of *Ajax Telamon*
 His mighty Brother to the Field he went,
 Which *Ajax* listing, *Teucer* chose his man,
 And having at him aim'd, and shot, and kill'd,
 As Children to their Mothers, back he ran,
 And hid himself behind his Brothers Shield.
 How many were the men he killed thus?
Orfiochus, *Opblestus*, *Lycophon*,
 And *Melanippus*, *Detor*, *Ormeus*,
 And *Chromius*, and last *Amopaon*.
 All those lay dead together on the Sands.
 When *Agamemnon* saw what work was done,
 By *Teucer's* Arrows on the *Trojans* Bands,
 He to him came, and said, O valiant Son
 Of *Telamon*, so so your Shafis bestow,
 Unto the *Argives* all an honour be,
 And to your Father *Telamon*; For though
 Unto your Mother marry'd not was he,
 Yet has he still maintain'd you as his own.
 And if it please *Jove* and the Pow'rs divine
 To make me once the Master of this Town,
 Your share shall be the next set out to mine,
 And to your honour shall receive from me
 A Tripod, and two Horses with the Charre,
 Or if you will, your bed shall honour'd be
 With some fair Woman taken in the war.
Teucer to this then answer made and said,
 Of this encouragement no need have I.
 Since we came forth I have no time delay'd,
 But done as much as in my pow'r did lie.

Eight

Eight Shafts already have gone from my Bow,
 And in as many *Trojans* fix'd have been.
 Of this mad dog I miss I know not how.
 Then took he out another Arrow keen,
 And aim'd at *Hector*, but he hit him not,
 But wounded on the Breast *Gorgythion*
 Who on fair *Cassandra* was begor,
 And of King *Priam's* valiant Sons was one.
 Who falling on his knees hung down his head.
 Just as a Poppy charg'd with fruit and rain,
 So had his Cask his Head oreburthened.
 And *Teucer* then at *Hector* shot again,
 And miss'd again. *Apollo* put it by.
 But *Archeptolemus* his Charioteer
 He miss'd not. *Hector* scap'd narrowly,
 And *Archeptolemus* expired there
 Shot through the Breast. *Hector* was sorry, but
 Lest him. *Cebriones* chanc'd to be nigh,
 And in his hands *Hector* the Reins did put,
 And from his Chariot leapt down suddenly,
 And took a heavy Stone into his hand.
Teucer the while again his Bow had bent,
 But drawing did so long, and aiming stand,
 The Stone from *Hector* th'Arrow did prevent.
 And near the Shoulder on the Breast him struck.
 And broken was the Bow-string with the blow,
 And his benumbed Arm all sense forsook,
 And sinking on his Knees he dropt the Bow.
 Then *Ajax* stept before him with his Shield.
Mecistheus and *Alastor* him convey'd
 Unto the *Argive* Ships from off the Field,
 Grievously bruised, groaning and dismay'd.
 The courage of the *Trojans* now renew'd,
 They chas'd the *Argives* back unto their Wall,
 And till the Trenches they had past, pursu'd,
 And *Hector* at their heels the near'st of all.
 As when a Hound pursueth a wild Bore,
 Or Lion, and presuming on his Feet
 Pinches his Hanch or Side, and then gives ore,
 Not daring if he turn the Beast to meet;

So *Hector* chaling them still flew the last.

And many of them had the *Trojans* slain
Ere they the Trenches and the Pale had past.

But being in they there themselves contain,
And comfort one another all they can,

And to the Gods and Goddesses they pray,
Lifting their hands to Heaven every man,

And *Hector* then turn'd off and went his way.
Which *Juno* seeing, unto *Pallas* said,

Daughter of *Jupiter* do you not see
What *Greeks* one mad man *Hector* has destroy'd?

Shall we sit still in this extremity?
To *Juno* then *Athena* thus reply'd,

Had not my Fathers wits been at a loss,
This furious *Hector* by the *Greeks* had dy'd.

But he my counsel alwaies loves to cross.
He has forgot how oft his Son I sav'd

Oppressed by *Euristhenis* tyranny.
For alwaies when his Fathers help he crav'd,

Down to the Earth from Heaven sent was I.
But had I known as much as I do now,

When for the Dog he went to *Pluto's* gate,
He had for me till this time staid below,

And by the odious *Styx* for ever fate.
But now he hates me. And by *Thetis* led,

He must *Achilles* honour. But my hope is,
The time will come I shall be favoured

By him again, and call'd his dear *Glaucopis*.
But make you ready now your Chariot,

While I put on my Arms; that we may see
If *Hector* will thereof be glad or not,

Or if some *Trojans* rather shall not be.
Lest dead for Dogs and Vulturs to devour.

Then *Juno* to her Charre the Horses brought.
To *Jove's* house *Pallas* went, and on the floor

Threw down her long Robe, and put on *Jove's* Coat.
And then her Breast with Armour covered,

And on her Shoulder hung her fearful Shield.
Then took her heavy Spear with Brazen head,

Wherewith she breaketh Squadrons in the Field.

Then

Then open of it self flew Heaven-gate,
 (Though to the Seasons *Jove* the power gave
 Alone to judge of early and of late)

And out the Goddesses the Horses drave.

Then *Jove* to *Iris* said, Go, to them speak.

Tell them an ill match they will have of me.

I'll lame their Horses and their Charret break,

Unto the ground they both shall tumbled be;

And with my Thunder wounded shall be so,

That ten years after they shall not be well.

For I would have *Glaucopis* well to know

What 'tis against her Father to rebel.

But *Juno* is so us'd to cross my will,

That towards her my anger is the less.

Then *Iris* went her way from *Ida* hill,

And near *Olympus* met the Goddesses,

And as she bidden was did to them speak,

What fury's this? Whither d'ye go, said she.

Jove will your Horses lame, your Charret break,

And to the ground you both will tumbled be;

And with his Thunder wounded will be so,

That ten years after you will not be well.

For you *Glaucopis* he will make to know

What 'tis against your Father to rebel.

But *Juno* is so us'd to cross his will

That he affronts from her can better bear;

But *Pallas*, at your hands he takes it ill

That you should dare against him list a Spear.

Iris, her errand done, no longer stay'd,

And to *Minerva* thus said *Juno* then,

Jove shall no more for me be disobey'd,

By taking part in War with mortal men.

But let One live, and let another die,

As by the chance of War it shall fall out,

And let him do what he thinks Equity.

This said, her Chariot she turn'd about.

The Horses by the Seasons freed and fed,

The Charret was set up against the Wall.

The Goddesses themselves then entered,

And took their places in the Council-Hall

With

With th'other Gods. And *Jove* himself from *Ide*
T'Olympus came, and lighted from his Charre,
 And *Neptune* from the same his Steeds unty'd,
 And set them up, and of them had a care.
 The Charrer he set to the Altar near
 Cover'd with Linnen fine, Then to his Throne,
 His Throne of Gold mounted the Thunderer,
 And made *Olympus* shake as he sat down.
 But *Juno* and *Athena* silent sat
 Together by themselves from *Jove* apart
 And discontent. But *Jove* knew well for what;
 And answer made to what was in her heart.
Juno, said he, and *Pallas*, why so sad?
 Your fight against the *Trojans* was not long.
 And more you had been vexed if it had;
 So much for th'other Gods I am too strong.
 The danger scarce begun was when you fled.
 But had you dar'd the Battle to maintain,
 You had been by my hand so thundered,
 You never had *T'Olympus* come again.
Juno at this and *Pallas* grumbling fate,
 And *Pallas* from replying did abstain,
 Although no less the *Trojans* she did hate.
 But *Juno* was not able to contain.
 O cruel *Jove*, said she, what words are these?
 Must we unto our friends be so ingrate,
 Because we know you can do what you please,
 As not the *Argives* to commiserate?
 We are content since you will have it so,
 No longer in the War to give them aid:
 But let us give them counsel what to do,
 Lest in your anger they be all destroy'd.
Juno (said *Jove*) to morrow you shall know
 If you'll be pleas'd the Battle to behold,
 How many martial *Greeks* I'll overthrow.
 For *Hector* shall not be by me controul'd
 Until *Achilles* be fetch'd back again,
 And at the *Argive* Ships the Battle be
 About the Body of *Patroclus* slain.
 For so it is ordain'd by Destiny.

And

And for your anger *Juno* I not care,
 Though to the end of Earth and Sea you go,
 (Where pent *Tæteus* and *Saturn* are
 In horrid darkness) and complain; yet so
 I will not for your anger care a jot.
 For you are grown extremely insolent.
 Thus *Jupiter*; and *Juno* answer'd not.
 Then down the Sun into the Ocean went,
 Drawing upon the Fields a cloudy Night,
 Which gave the *Trojan* Army no content,
 But to the *Greeks* more welcome was than Light.
 The Army *Hector* call'd to Parliament,
 And led them to a clean place free from blood,
 And there they all on foot about him throng.
Hector unto them giving Orders stood
 With Spear in hand eleven Cubits long.
 Hear me you *Trojans* and you Aids, said he,
 I thought we should have now the *Greeks* destroy'd,
 And lodged in the Town with Victory.
 But this my hope is by the Night made void,
 Nor can we help it. Let us now provide
 (For Supper) Beeves and Sheep, & Wine and Bread
 From *Troy*; and let the Horses be unty'd,
 And care be taken that they be well fed.
 Then fetch in wood, and fires abundance make,
 That with the flame lightned may be the Sky,
 Lest th' *Argives* in the dark advantage take,
 To go aboard and safe to *Argos* fly.
 Let them imbarck at least in haste, and bear
 Along with them their wounds uncured home,
 That others who shall see't may stand in fear,
 And say, This 'tis to fight 'gainst *Ilium*.
 And let great Boys and old Men all night wake
 Upon the Walls and Tow'rs, and Guards be set,
 And every Wife at home a great fire make,
 Lest into *Troy* the Foe by Treason get.
 This (valiant *Trojans*) let be done to night.
 To morrow I shall further order give.
 I doubt not but to put these Dogs to flight
 By th' help of *Jove*, and *Ilium* relieve.

But

But while 'tis Night have on your Guards a care,
 To morrow early arm your selves for fight.
 For to the *Argive* Ships I'll bring the War,
 And trial make of *Diomedes* might,
 If from the Ships he drive me shall away,
 Or with my Spear I him shall overthrow
 And send his bloody Armour into *Troy*.
 To morrow he his strength will better know.
 I would I were as certain not to die,
 And of old age live still free from the sorrow,
 As *Phæbus* and *Athena* do, as I
 Am sure we shall defeat these *Greeks* to morrow.
 Thus ended he. The *Trojans* full of joy
 Their sweating Horses soon took out and fed,
 And some were sent into the Town of *Troy*,
 To bring in Beeves and Sheep, and Wine and Bread,
 While others fetcht in Wood. Then to the Sky
 Arose the pleasant vapour of the Rost.
 The *Trojans* confident of Victory
 Sat chearful at their Arms throughout the Host.
 As many Stars as in a Heav'n serene
 Together with the Moon appear i'th' Night,
 When all the tops of Hills and Woods are seen,
 And joyful are the Shepherds at the sight :
 So many seem'd the Fires upon the Plain.
 A thousand Fires, and at each fifty men,
 That by their Horses there all night remain
 Expecting till *Aurora* rose agen.

I L I A D.

LIB. IX.

THUS Watch the *Trojans* kept. But at the Fleet
 Distracted was with fear the *Argive* Host,
 And their Commanders ; as when two Winds meet,
 The Sea between them into heaps is tost.

And *Agamemnon* grieved at the heart,
 Bad th'Heralds forthwith to th'Assembly call
 The prime Commanders ev'ry one apart,
 And not make proclamation once for all ;
 And some of them himself he summoned.

When met were all the Leaders of the *Greeks*,
 They sat them down with hearts discouraged,
 And tears ran down on *Agamemnon's* Cheeks,
 As Springs of Water issue from a Rock,

So fell the tears from *Agamemnon's* eyes,
 And to th'Assembly thus he weeping spoke.

My friends what help can any man devise ?
Jove told me I should conquer *Ilium*,

And unto *Argos* safe return agen,
 And now deceiv'd me has, and sends me home
 With shame when I have lost so many men.
 And thus he loves to do to shew his might.

Therefore my Counsel *Argives* all obey :
 Let's hoise our Sails and save our selves by flight ;
 For we shall never take the Town of *Troy*.

This said, the Princes long time silent sit.

At last *Tydidēs* rising thus reply'd,
 King *Agamemnon* so far as 'tis fit

In such a publick place I must you chide.
 Take it not ill, because not long ago

You me with want of courage did upbraid
 Before the *Greeks*, as old and young well know.

Jove giv'n you has the Right to be obey'd,

And grac'd you with the title of our King,
 But has deny'd you a courageous Spirit,
 Which now is the most necessary thing.
 You think too meanly of your peoples merit ;
 As for your self, if you will needs away,
 Go. That's your way. Your Ships there ready lye
 That from *Mycene* brought you unto *Troy*,
 But leave the rest their fortune here to try.
 If none else stay, yet *Sthenellus* and I
 Will not give over fighting till we know
 To what side *Jove* will give the Victory.
 The Gods (I'm sure) will favour to us show.
 This Speech the Lords commended very much.
 Then *Nestor* rose and to *Tydid*es said,
 There is not of your age another such,
 For Counsel wise, in Battle not afraid.
 None will deny but what you say is right ;
 But you have not said all you could have done ;
 And no great wonder, since for age you might
 (So young you are) have been my youngest Son.
 Yet the advice you given have is best ;
 I that am elder what wants will supply,
 Adding thereto what you have not exprest,
 To take from *Agamemnon* all reply.
 For none but such as have no Law, nor Kin,
 Nor House, in civil discord can delight.
 But let us first our chiefeſt work begin, [Night
 And make the Youngmen keep good watch all
 And let them all from you (*Atrides*) take
 Their Orders. For you are our General.
 And for the Princes a good Supper make,
 And all the eldest Captains to it call.
 It best becomes you that can do it best.
 For in your Tents of Wine you have good store,
 And easlier provided than the rest,
 So many Ships you have to bring in more.
 Hear their advice, and do what you think fit.
 Good Counsel now we need the most of all,
 Since our insulting Foes so near us sit.
 By this nights Counsel we must stand or fall.

Thus

Thus Nestor said, and 'twas agreed upon.

The Captains of the Watch then streight went forth;
First *Thrasymedes* that was Nestor's Son;

And after him *Philoctetes* more of worth,
Ascalaphus, and then *Talmentis*,

Then *Aphyres*, and then *Meriones*,
And *Lycónedes*, and *Dipyrus* :

The seven Captains of the Watch were these.
And with each one an hundred Spearmen went.

Between the Palace and Wall, and supped there.

And the old Leaders of *Agamemnon's* Tent,
And by him nobly entertained were.

But when they had an end made of the Feast,

Nestor his Counsel further open laid,
Which formerly had alwaies been the best ;

And looking to *Agamemnon* thus he said.

King *Agamemnon* I'll with you begin,

And with you end, since you the Scepter bear,

And in your care it lies to lose or win.

You chiefly should good Counsel give and hear:

Hear then what now is my opinion,

Than which a better I think you'll not find,

Nor is it now the first time thought upon.

But heretofore I was of the same mind,

When from *Achilles* you *Briseis* took,

And I advised you to let her stay,

Though my good Counsel then you could not brook,

But to your own great heart too much gave way,

Dishonouring the man of greatest might

In all the Army, and most honoured

By all the Gods, and contrary to Right

Taking the Prize which he had purchased.

So that the business we have now to do

Is how to reconcile him if we can,

What Gifts to give him, who shall with them go,

And with sweet language pacific the man.

This said, *Atrides* penitent reply'd,

O Nestor, all you charge me with is true,

And for *Achilles* sake (tis not deny'd)

Jove does th' *Achaean* Army now subdue.

He whom *Jove* loves worth a whole Army is.

But since, I made *Achilles* discontent,

I'll make amends for what I did amiss,

And send a noble Present to his Tent.

I'll name the Gifts I'll give him one by one.

Seven fire-new Trevels. Talents ten of Gold.

Twenty black Cauldrons. Twelve Steeds that have won

Each one their Prizes, and yet are not old.

A man that hath so many and so fleet

I think not poor, but Gold may quickly win,

When I consider with their nimble feet

How many Prizes they have brought me in.

And Women seven, the best of women kind

For Beauty and for works of Housewifery.

And unto these *Briséis* shall be joyn'd,

And I'll be sworn she goes untoucht from me.

And all this shall be sent him presently.

Hereafter, if we win the Town of *Troy*,

Let him before the prey divided be,

Come in and carry to his Ship away

As much as it can bear of Gold and Brass.

And twenty *Trojan* women which he please,

Helen except. But if it come to pass

That safe to *Argos* we repass the Seas,

My Son in Law he shall be if he will,

And as my Son *Orestes* honour'd be;

Within my house three Daughters I have still,

Iphianassa and *Laodice*,

And fair *Chrysothemis*, take which he list

And to his Fathers house convey. For I

On settling of estate will not insist,

But of my own do that sufficiently.

Seven Cities he shall have: *Phere* divine,

Enope, *Ire*, and *Cardamyle*,

And *Pedafus* that fertile is of Wine,

Anthia, *Apia*, all on the Sea

Of sandy Pyle; and rich in Sheep and Kine

The people are, and will his Laws obey,

And Tribute pay as to a Pow'r divine.

All this I'll give his anger to allay.

And

And this content him may if any thing
 Inexorable none but *Pluto* is,
 But hated for't. I am the greater King,
 And elder man ; he should consider this.
 Thus *Agamemnon*. And then *Nestor* said,
 The Gifts, O King, no man can reprehend.
 The next thing to be thought upon and weigh'd,
 Is whom we shall unto *Achilles* send.
 I think that *Phoenix* ought to lead the way,
 Then *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, and with these
 The publick Heralds two, *Eurybates*
 And *Odinus*, and here no longer stay
 Than to bring water for our hands, that we
 May first send up our Prayers unto *Jove*,
 That our Embassage may successful be.
 This said by *Nestor* all the rest approve.
 When water was brought in they wash'd and pray'd ;
 The Youngmen fill'd the Temperers with Wine ;
 And round about the full Cups were convey'd,
 And offer'd up unto the Powers divine.
 When they had offer'd, and drunk what they would,
 And parting were from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
 Old *Nestor* to instruct them how they should
Achilles best persuade, out with them went.
 And one by one advis'd them what to say,
 Especially *Ulysses*. Then they went
 Saying their Pray'rs to *Neptune* all the way
 Until they came unto *Achilles* Tent.
 Who sitting, in his hand had a Guitarre
 To pass the time, and sung unto the same
 The noble Acts that had been done in Warre
 By th'ancient *Herods* men of greatest fame.
Patroclus sat before him looking when
 He should have done. *Ulysses* then led in
Ajax and *Phoenix*. And *Achilles* then
 Leapt up as one that had surprized been.
 And them receiving kindly to them said,
 Welcome my friends, what ere your business be.
 To see you I am not a little joy'd,
 Although th' *Acheans* have provoked me.

And to his friend *Patroclus* order gave.

A larger Temperer (said he) set up,
For these the dearest friends are that I have.

Pure be the Wine, and give each man a Cup,
Patroclus did so. And sets on a Pot

Upon the flaming fire, and puts into't
A good Sheeps Chine, another of a Goat,
Besides the Chine of a fat Bore to boot.

The Blood boyl'd out *Automedon* it takes

And holds it to *Achilles* to divide,
Who of it many equal portions makes.

Patroclus makes a fire of wood well dry'd ;
And when the flame was spent, the Coals he rakes .

Till they lay even ; Then, the meat he spits
And rostes ; and when 'twas roasted up it takes,
And on clean Dresser-boards the same he sets ;

And brought (in Baskets) to the Table Bread ;

And by *Achilles* was set on the Meat.

Who when he saw the Table furnished

Over against *Ulysses* took his Seat.

And bad *Patroclus* sacrifice, who then

The first cut took and threw into the fire,

And freely to their meat then sell the men.

But when of food they had no more desire,

Then *Ajax Phœnix* jog'd, which was the signe.

When to begin, for which *Ulysses* staid.

Ulysses then fill'd up his Cup with Wine,

And speaking to *Achilles*, thus he said.

All health t' *Achilles*. Noble is your fare,

And by *Atrides* treated well we were.

Your Tables plentifully furnisht are.

But that's not it for which we now are here.

Our Ships in danger are to be destroy'd ;

The *Trojans* are encamp'd near our Wall,

Unless you condescend to give us aid,

By *Hector* they are like to perish all ;

Who threatens he will set them all on fire,

And is encourag'd to't by Signs from *Jove*.

To see the morning rise is his desire,

And feareth neither Men nor Pow'rs above.

And

And like a Dog enrag'd, and looking grim,
 Assures the *Trojans* he our Ships will burn,
 And either put us for our lives to swim,
 Or never to *Athæa* to return.
 I am affraid the Gods perform it will,
 And so to perish here will be our fate.
 Rise then; if but a little you sit still,
 All you can do for us will come too late.
 And then I am assured you will grieve
 (When remedy there can be none) in vain:
 Therefore, while yet you can, the *Greeks* relieve;
 Your Fathers Counsel call to mind again.
 My Son, said he, (when you took leave for *Troy*)
 May *Juno* and *Athæna* strengthen you.
 But this one Lesson take from me. I pray
 Remember still your Anger to subdue.
 Decline all contestation of the Tongue,
 And let your Conversation gentle be.
 So shall you win the hearts of old and young
 In the *Athæan* Host. Thus counsell'd he.
 Though you have this forgot, yet now be friends,
 And since he sorry is, forget th'offence
 And take the Gifts he offers for amends,
 Which we esteem a worthy recompence.
 I'll name the Gifts he offers one by one.
 Seven fire-new Treves. Talents ten of Gold.
 Twenty black Cauldrons. Twelve Steeds that have won
 Their sev'ral Prizes, and yet are not old.
 A man that has so many and so fleet
 I think not poor, but Gold will quickly win,
 When I consider with their nimble feet
 What Prizes to *Atrides* they brought in.
 And seven fair Women best of all the kind
 For Beauty and for works of Housewifery,
 And unto these *Briseis* shall be joyn'd;
 And swear he will, she is from blemish free.
 And all this shall be sent you presently.
 Hereafter if we take the Town of *Troy*,
 You may before the Prey divided be
 Come in and carry to your Ship away.

As much as it can bear of Gold and Brass ;
 And twenty *Trojan* Women which you please,
Helen except. But if it come to pass
 That safe to *Argos* we get ore the Seas,
 His Son-in Law you shall be if you will,
 And as his Son *Orestes* honour'd be.
 Within his house three Daughters he hath still
Iphianassa, and *Laodice*,
 And fair *Chrysothemis*, take which you list,
 And to your Fathers house convey her ; he
 On settling of estate will not insist,
 But of his own do that sufficiently.
 Seven Cities you shall have. *Phere* divine,
Enope, *Ire*, and *Cardamyle*,
 And *Pedafus* that fertile is of Wine,
Anthraia, *Epia*. All on the Sea
 Of sandy Pyle ; and rich in Sheep and Kine
 The people are, and will your Laws obey,
 And Tribute pay as to a Pow'r Divine.
 All this he'll give your Anger to allay.
 And though *Atrides* and his Gifts you hate,
 Honour'd you are by th'other *Argives* all,
 And should have pity of their sad estate,
 Who in such numbers before *Hector* fall.
 Whom you may have the honour now to kill ;
 For now he will your Spear no longer shun,
 But stand you in the open field he will ; [none.
 For 'mongst the *Greeks* he thinks there's like him.
 To this *Achilles* answer'd, and thus said,
Ulysses, I perceive I must be plain.
 For if I be not so, I am afraid
 I shall be put to speak my mind again.
 But to prevent more importunity,
 What once I say I'll do. Those men I hate
 Whose Tongues and Hearts I find to disagree,
 As much as I abominate Hell-gate.
 I will no more perswaded be to fight
 By *Agamemnon* or by any *Greek*,
 Since they my labour do so ill require,
 And they that fight, and fight not fare alike.

For

For good and bad are equal when they die:

Then for my pain and danger in the Wars,
What more than any other man have I?

With me, as with a Bird i'th' field it fares,
That to her unfledg'd young ones bringeth meat.

She has it in her mouth and hungry is,
Yet she forbears and gives it them to eat.

With the *Atrides* twain my case is this,
In blood by day I lead a weary life,

And sleepless am the great'st part of the night,
And why? That *Menelaus* may win his Wife

Achilles must against the *Trojans* fight.
I did so; and from *Troy* twelve Cities won

Upon the Shore i'th' Land eleven more,
And all the Prey I sent to *Atreus* Son,

Wherein of precious treasure was great store.
A small part he divided 'mongst the Host.

Somewhat he gave for honour to the best;
But to himself made sure to keep the most.

And firm is whatsoever he gave the rest.
From none but me his gift he takes away.

I am content, and let him keep her still.
And her enjoy. But why then came to *Troy*

Atrides with such strength? What was his will?
Was it not only for fair *Helens* sake?

What then must no man love his Wife but they?
Yes, all men of their own Wives much should make,

If they have either wit or honesty.
And I love mine as well as he loves his,

Although she be my Captive. But since she
By *Agamemnon* from me taken is,

Ne'er think (*Ulysses*) to prevail with me.
He shall not twice deceive me. But provide

(*Ulysses*) that your Ships not burned be.
I know a Wall, a Ditch pal'd, deep and wide

Is made by *Agamemnon* without me.
But all this will not *Hector* long keep out.

But with the *Greeks* when I went to the fight
He never durst to show his face without

The *Scæan* gate, save once. And then by flight
He

He scap'd. And since I am no more his so,
 To morrow to the Gods I'll sacrifice,
 And lanch and lade my Ships, and homewards go:
 And you shall see me ere the Sun shall rise
 Upon the *Hell:spont* if you think fit.
 And how my lusty *Myrmidons* can row.
 And so (if *Neptune* please) the Wind may fit,
 As in three days we may to *Phthia* go,
 Where Treasure plenty I behind me left:
 And now shall carry thither Gold and Brass,
 Iron and Women fair, although bereft
 Of her that giv'n me by *Atrides* was.
 Tell him all this, and speak it openly,
 Lest other *Greeks* put up the like disgrace.
 As for my self, though impudent he be,
 He dares no more to look me in the face,
 I will no more in Battle or Advice
 With *Agamemnon* joyn: Let him be glad
 He could deceive me once. He shall not twice.
 There let him rest. The Gods have made him mad.
 I hate his Gifts. And him I value not.
 Though he would twenty times as much bring forth
 As now he has, or to him shall be brought,
 Or all that's at *Orebomenus* is worth,
 Or *Thebe* that *Egyptian* Town that can
 Send twenty thousand Charrers to the field,
 And all provided well with Horse and Man;
 Yet so I will not t' *Agamemnon* yield;
 No, nor for Gold as much as here is sand,
 Till he has smarted for this injury,
 Nor any Wife will I take at his hand.
 Though she should fairer smueh than *Venus* be,
 Nor though she could like *Pallas* work, or better,
 I'll not his Daughter take. B'd him bestow her
 Upon some Prince he thinks more worthy. Let her
 For Husband have a King of greater power.
 For if the Gods to *Hellas* bring me home,
Peleus will there provide me of a Wife.
 Kings Daughters not a few there are; of whom
 I shall chuse one, and with her lead my life,

And

And with my Father live contentedly.

For all the wealth of stately *Ilium*,
Which they enjoyed in tranquillity

When yet the *Argives* were not hither come,
And all *Apollo's* sacred Treasury

Laid up at *Pytho* is not price enough
The Life of any man though poor to buy.

Horses, and Kine, and Sheep, and Household-stuff
May be recover'd, but mans Life can not.

My Mother *Thetis* told me has my end,
That if I fight 'gainst *Troy* 'twill be my lot

To dye there, but that Fame would me commend.
But on the other side assured me,

That if 'gainst *Ilium* I warred not,
But back to *Phthia* went, my Fate would be
Long time to live, and after be forgot.

And I advise you and the rest to sail

As soon as may be to your native Land;
For you will not at *Ilium* prevail,

Since *Jupiter* protects it with his hand.
And now go tell the Princes what I say,

That they may better counsel take to save
Their Ships and Men by Sea, because the way
Which now they take no good effect will have.
Let *Phœnix*, if he will (not else) stay here.

This said, th' Ambassadors were mute, and sorry
They from him could no better answer bear
Than a denial flat and peremptory.

At last unto *Achilles* *Phœnix* spake;

If you, said he, resolv'd are to be gone
And leave the War for *Agamemnon's* sake,

In what estate shall I be here alone?
When you to *Agamemnon* first were sent,

You were a Child and understood not War,
Unable to say clearly what you meant,
Which the first principles of Honour are:

And by your Father I was with you sent

To show you how you were to speak and do:
So that if you to go be fully bent,

You need not doubt but I shall be so too,

And

And should be though I were as young as when
 I *Hellas* left, and from my Father fled
Amyntor Son of *Orminus*, who then
 A Concubine had taken to his bed.
 My Mother, to the end to make her hate
 In such a way the old mans company,
 Was with me oftentimes importunate
 To court her, and I did thereto agree,
 And got her love. Which when my Father knew,
 He fell into a mighty passion,
 And many bitter curses on me threw,
 And pray'd the Gods I ne'er might have a Son.
 His Pray'r by *Pluto* and by *Proserpine*
 Was heard, and I no longer would abide
 At home ; but cross'd, a while was my designe,
 By Friends and Nephews that my purpose spy'd,
 Who pray'd me and retain'd me with good chear ;
 Many good Kine they kill'd and lusty Sheep,
 And many Swine were dayly findged there,
 And much Wine spent, and nightly watch they keep
 By turns nine Nights together ; and fires twain,
 One in the Court against my Chamber-door,
 Another in the Porch they kept in vain.
 For on the tenth the Court-wall I leapt ore,
 And undiscerned to King *Peleus* fled
 Who us'd me as a Father would his Son,
 His only Son far off begot and bred ;
 Enrich'd and gave me the Dominion
 Of the *Dolopians*, who are a part
 Of *Peleus* Realm. Now no man like you is,
 Divine *Achilles*, whom I love at th'heart,
 And joy that I have brought you up to this,
 Though painful to me were your Infancie,
 Who not at Feast nor in the House would eat,
 If first I did not set you on my Knee,
 And into little pieces cut your meat.
 And often on my Breast you puk't your Wine.
 But since I knew my Line with me would end,
 To take you for my Heir was my design
 Who in my feeble age might me defend.

Master

Master your heart *Achilles*. For you know
 The Gods, though stronger and more fear'd than you,
 With Incense and with Pray'rs are made to bow,
 Although from men they not receive their due.
 For Prayers of high *Jove* the Daughters are;
 Though lame their feet, and squinting be their eyes;
 And follow wrath (though she runs faster far)
 And to the hurt it does, give remedies,
 And cure all those that show them due respect.
 But when an angry man they cannot move
 That reconciliation alwaies will reject,
 They call for Judgment from the r Father *Jove*.
 Therefore, *Achilles*, give respect unto
 These Goddesses the Daughters of high *Jove*,
 As other mighty men and Princes do.
 Had not *Atrides* to redeem your love
 Offer'd you Presents great, and promis'd more,
 I never had advis'd you to agree
 To save their Ships from burning on the Shore.
 Till that were done you could not be blamed be.
 But since he does so amply make amends,
 And chosen has good men to intercede,
 Who are of all the *Greeks* your greatest friends,
 Refuse them not the grace for which they plead.
 Such was the Heroes custom heretofore,
 When one had done another injury,
 The damage they had done first to restore,
 And then with Gifts and Pray'rs buy Amity,
 But I will tell you how it came to pass
 At *Calydon* long since, not yesterday.
 War 'twixt the *Curets* and th' *Atolians* was,
 These to defend, the other to destroy.
 For *Oeneus* having got his Harvest in,
 To all the Gods made a great Sacrifice.
 Only *Diana* had no part therein,
 Forgot she was; he did not her despise.
 But she in anger sent a great wild Bore,
 That wasted and made havock of his field,
 And up by th' roots his goodly Fruit-trees tore.
 This Bore *Meleager* Son of *Oeneus* kill'd,

N

Assisted

Assisted by the Youth of many a State
 That to the Chase with Men and Hounds came in.
 Between them then *Diana* rais'd debate
 About who was to have the Head and Skin.
 While *Meleager* with them went to War,
 The *Curets* never durst approach the Wall,
 Although they were the greater number far.
 But when with Choler swelled was his Gall,
 (Which often happens to a man though wise)
 He kept his Chamber and abstain'd from fight,
 Offended with his Mothers injuries,
 And of all company eschew'd the fight,
 But *Cleopatra* Consort of his Bed,
 Child of *Marpissa*, who (by stealth) was Bride
 Of *Idas*, who at that time carried
 For Strength the reputation far and wide.
 This *Idas* Child was *Meleager's* wife.
 But *Idas* rashly for his dear wife's sake.
 Against *Apollo* did engage his life,
 And him at Bow and Arrows undertake.
 But *Cleopatra* then surnamed was
Halcyone, that was not so, before
 Her Father with *Apollo* fought, because
 She did her Mother's death so much deplore.
 With her now grieving *Meleager* lay,
 And angry at the Curses of his Mother ;
 Who to the Gods continually did pray
 Against his life for killing of her Brother ;
 And from her eyes the tears ran down her Breast,
 And often with her hand the ground she smote,
 Making to *Pluto* and his Queen request
 To kill her Son ; which they rejected not.
 Mean while the uproar heard was at the Gates,
 And thumping of the Towr's of *Calydon*.
 To *Meleager* then came Priests and States
 Intreating him his Armour to put on,
 And save the Town, and offer'd for his pain,
 As much good Land (to take it where he would,
 One half for Wine, the other half for grain)
 As fifty able Oxen labour could.

Then

Then came his Father ratling at his door,
 His Brothers, and his angry Mother too:
 But he persisted in his will the more;
 His dearest friends could with him nothing do.
 But when the cry and danger now was nigher,
 And on the Tow'rs the *Curets* mounted were,
 And ready now to set the Town on fire,
 Then *Cleopatra* to her Husband dear
 Shew'd th'Image of a Town won by the Foe
 How butcher'd are the men, the houses burned,
 Their Wives and Children drag'd away; and so
 Her Husband's heart again to pity turned.
 Then went he and repell'd the Enemies,
 Though what they promis'd him they never gave.
 But that's not it to which I you advise;
 But first the ships, and then the *Greeks* to save;
 But not without these gifts to go to War:
 For more unto your honour it will be
 To give them aid when satisfi'd you are,
 By *Agamemnon* for the injury.
 Thus *Phœnix* said. *Achilles* then repli'd,
 Such honour I seek none. *Jove* honours me,
 Since by his will I at my ships abide,
 And will do till I dead or strengthless be.
 No more molest me for *Atrides* sake,
 But stay with me, and equal to me reign,
 And such as are my friends for your friends take,
 And do not loose my friendship his to gain.
 Stay then this night, and take your lodging here;
 My answer t' *Agamemnon* these will carry;
 As soon as morning shall again appear
 We'll talk of whether we shall go or tarry.
 And as he spake those words, he winkt upon
Patroclus to give order for his bed,
 That he himself prepare might to be gone.
 Amongst them then great *Ajax* spake and said,
Ulysses come, our labour here is lost;
 Let's carry back his answer, such as 't's
 To *Agamemnon* and the *Argive* Hoast,
 Who us expect; since obstinate he is,

And can a thought so savage entertain,
 Unkind and unregardful of his friends,
 When others for a Son or Brother slain
 Can be contented to receive amends,
 And let the man that slew him live in rest,
 As soon as they have paid for their misdeed.
 But you *Achilles* harbour in your breast
 An everlasting anger without need,
 And hurtful to your friends no less than Foes,
 For 'tis but for one maid he took away;
 And for her now he seven on you bestows,
 And much beside your anger to allay.
 Regard your house. We your domesticks are,
 Nearer than any of the *Greeks* beside,
 And in your honour more concern'd by far.
 Thus *Ajax* said. *Achilles* then repli'd,
 O *Ajax*, noble Son of *Telamon*,
 I not deny but all you say is well,
 But always when that man you mention,
 My choler rising makes my heart to swell.
 He made me has to th' *Argives* despicable,
 As if I were a Fool or Inmate who
 Of honour in a Town is incapable,
 And with the Publick nothing has to do.
 Go therefore let *Atreides* know my mind.
 I will no more against the *Trojans* fight,
 Till *Hector* at my Tents and Ships I find,
 And th' *Argive* Fleet be flaming in my sight.
 But if he come unto my Ships, I think,
 Keen as he is I shall his fury stay.
 This said, unto the Gods above they drink,
 And then they with his answer went away.
Patroclus then gave order for a bed
 With woolly Coverings soft and Linnen fine
 For *Phoenix*, where he lay till day was spread.
 But with *Achilles* slept a Concubine,
 Fair *Diomedes* whom he brought away
 From *Lesbos* when he had that City sackt,
 And in another part *Patroclus* lay.
 Nor he a beautiful Bed-fellow lackt

Fair *Iphis* whom *Achilles* gave him when
 He newly rifled had the Town of *Scyros*,
 And now th' Ambassadors were come agen,
 And to them store of people flock'd, desirous
 To hear the news, and Wine unto them brought.

But *Agamemnon* first inquir'd and said,
Ulysses, will he save the Fleet or not,
 Or is his choler not to be allay'd?
 And he *Achilles* answer then related.

The man, said he, retains his anger still.
 And now 'tis greater rather than abated,
 And says, to morrow put to Sea he will.

And your Alliance and your Gifts rejects,
 And says he would advise us to go home,
 Since *Jupiter* himself the Town protects,

He says in vain we stay at *Ilium*.
 And bids you order take to save the Fleet.

Thus said he, as these know as well as I,
Ajax and both the Heralds men discreet,

Who all the while he spake were standing by,
 And *Phœnix* too. But he lies there all night,

That ore the Sea together they may go,
 If *Phœnix* will, as soon as it is light;

But forc't is not whether he will or no.
 When thus *Ulysses* ended had his story,

All silent were a while and much dismay'd
 With his denial flat and peremptory.

At last *Tydidēs* to them spake and said,
 O King *Atrides*, we have done amiss.

With Gifts and Prayers thus to seek his aid;
 That proud before, by this made prouder is.

Let him go when he will. Be not afraid,
 But let's refresh our selves to night with Bread

And Wine. For that gives men both strength & heart,
 And see your men ith' morn imbattell'd,

And at the head of them do you your part.
 This said, the Princes of the Host admir'd.

The gallant Speech of valiant *Diomed*;
 And every one unto his Tent retir'd,

With a good will to sleep, and went to bed.

I L I A D.

L I B. X.

ALl night the Princes of the *Argives* slept,
 Save *Agamemnon*, who could take no rest,
 But with unquiet thoughts was waking kept,
 And casting for his safety what was best.
 And frequent as the Lightning flashes are
 When *Jove* is making Rain or Hail i'th' Skies,
 Or somewhere punishing the proud by War;
 So frequent then were *Agamemnon's* sighs.
 And when the fires he saw upon the Plain
 Made by the Foe, and th'Acclamation
 And Shouts he heard, he wondred. But again
 When he his Ships and People look'd upon,
 Then by the roots he pluck'd off from his Head
 Handfuls of Hair, and sigh'd and groaned more;
 And thought it best then to be counselled
 By *Nestor* how he might himself restore.
 And rising up his Coat he first puts on,
 And to his smooth white feet his Shoes he ty'd;
 And then above his Coat, he cast upon
 His Back a great and tawny Lions hide.
 And *Menelaus* too that waking lay
 And trembling in his bed all night, for fear
 The *Greeks* that for his sake were come to *Troy*
 Should fall into some great disaster there,
 Rose up and to his Brothers Tent went in.
 A Spear he had in's hand, and armed was,
 Having upon his back a Leopards skin
 And on his Head a Helmet good of Brass.
 And said to *Agamemnon*, Brother, Why
 So early up? Have you a mind to send
 Into the Army of the Foe some Spy?
 I fear you will not find so bold a friend

As thither dares to go i'th' night alone.

Brother (said *Agamemnon*) you and I
Must better counsel take than we have done,
Since *Jove* now favoureth the Enemy,
And takes in *Hector's* Sacrifice delight.

For so much harm so soon was never done
As he to us has done in one days fight ;

Yet nor of God nor Goddeſs is the Son.
His this days Acts the *Greeks* will ne'er forget.

But go you to the Princes quickly. Run.
Call up *Idomeneus* the King of *Crete*,

And the great *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*.
While I call *Nestor* up and bring him to

The place which is appointed for the guard,
T'instruct the men with what they have to do,
Because his Counsel they will most regard.

For by his Son the Watch commanded is,
And with him we *Meriones* have join'd.

Then *Menelaus* farther askt him this

(That he might fully understand his mind)
When they are call'd, what next is to be done ?

Must I stay here till you come back again,
Or after you about the Army run ?

No, no, said he, where you are now, remain.
But going call upon each one aloud,

And by the name he from his Father takes,
And praise them all, let them not think you proud ;
Pain is no shame when 'tis for our own sakes.

This said they part, and *Agamemnon* went
To seek out *Nestor* ; whom he found abed,

And all his Armour by him in his Tent,
His Shield, two Spears, and Helmet for his Head,
And Belt of many Colours finely wrought,
Which alwaies he was wont in War to use
When he his people unto Battle brought.

No Labour would he on his age excuse.
Now raised on his Elbow, Who, said he,
Are you that walk abroad when others sleep ?
Stay there I say and come no-nearer me,
Until your name you tell, at distance keep.

Seek you some Officer or Cameradè?

I *Agamemnon* am, said he, your friend
Whom *Jove* to bear such miseries hath made
As while I live will never have an end;

And in my bed no sleep at all I take

For fear of some unfortunate event.

Unsettled is my Heart, my Limbs all shake;

And in this plight I wandred to your Tent ::

And now I pray you, since you waking lye

Come with me to the Watch; for since the Foe
Unto our Wall encamped is so nigh,

They charge us may by night for ought we know.
To this old *Nestor* answer made and said,

Think not *Atrides Jove* will all things do
As they are now in *Hector's* fancy laid?

For harder work he would be put unto
If we *Achilles* can but once appease.

But go, I'll follow you, and call upon
Idydes and *Ulysses* if you please,

Ajax the less, and *Meges Phyleus* Son.

I wish some other man of nimbler feet

Were to great *Ajax* sent to make him rise,

And to *Idomeneus* the King of *Crete*,

Whose quarter from this place a great way lyes ::

But *Menelaus* I intend to chide,

That sleeps and leaves the work to you alone.

'Tis no fit time within his Tent t'abide,

But to the Princes should himself have gone:

To *Nestor Agamemnon* then reply'd,

O *Nestor*, he is often negligent,

And often I have pray'd you him to chide:

Yet 'tis not sloth; but my Commandement

He always looks for though there be no cause.

And yet to night he has prevented me.

For up and arm'd before me now he was;

And when he came I sent him presently

To call up *Ajax* and the King of *Crete*.

And at the Watch we both of them shall see;

Where I appointed have the rest to meet.

Nestor again reply'd: 'Tis well; said he;

The

The *Greeks* will of him have a better thought,
 And readier obedience he will find.
 This said, he put himself into his Coat,
 And ty'd his Shoes on, and his Cloak well lin'd,
 And took his Spear in hand. Then on they went
 Amongst the *Argive* Ships upon the sand.
 And when they came unto *Ulysses* Tent,
 To call and waken him, they made a stand.
 And *Nestor* with his voice stretcht to the height
 Call'd to him by his name. *Ulysses* streight
 Came forth and said, Why come you in the night?
 Your bus'ness sure must be of mighty weight.
 O *Laërtiades*, said *Nestor* then,
 Take it not ill. Such is our misery.
 But come with us to call up other men,
 That we may Counsel take to fight or fly.
Ulysses then return'd into his Tent,
 And on his shoulder hung his painted Shield;
 And with them first to *Diomed* he went
 Whom they found armed in the open field,
 His Soldiers sleeping lay about him round,
 And on his Buckler each one had his head,
 The Butt-ends of their Spears fixt in the ground,
 Whereof the points like Lightning glittered.
 But he himself slept on a good Cow-hide,
 His Head upon a gaudy Carpet laid.
 Then *Nestor* came and standing at his side
 Awakt him with his foot and to him said,
 Awake *Tydidēs*, hear you not how nigh
 The *Trojans* are encamped to the Fleet?
 This said, *Tydidēs* leapt up suddenly,
 And when he rais'd was upon his feet,
Nestor (said he) unhappy restless man
 That aged as you are take not your ease,
 When younger men there are that better can
 Call up the *Argive* Princes if they please.
 'Tis true (said *Nestor*) I have at my Tent
 Sons of my own, and others can command,
 Who might upon such Errands have been sent,
 But that upon the very brink we stand

Of

Of Life and Death. And since you pity me,
Call little *Ajax* up, and *Phyleus* Son.

For young you are, and can do't easilie.

Tydidēs then a Lions skin puts on

Tauny and reaching to his heels, and then

Into his hand he took a heavy Spear,

And out he went and called up those men.

When to the Watch they come together were,

The Captains of the Watch were not asleep,

But all were sitting at their Arms awake.

As Dogs that guarding are a Fold of Sheep

Hearing the noise the Hounds and Hunters make

When in the Woods they chace some savage beast,

And nearer still and nearer hear the cries,

They doubt the worst, and cannot take their rest,

But list'ning stand and sleep forsakes their eyes ;

So watchfully spent they the tedious night,

And ever when of Feet they heard the tread

'Twixt them and *Troy*, that way they turn'd their sight ;

So much they *Hectors* coming on did dread.

When *Nestor* coming by, observ'd them had,

So, so (said he) brave Lads, continue so,

And give no cause to *Hector* to be glad.

He and the Princes then together go

(All that to Counsel had been made to rise

Except *Meriones* and *Nestor's* Son

Whom they thought worthy with them to advise)

And part the Ditch, and sitting down upon

The place to which they were pursu'd before

By *Hector*, who retiring thence left clear

The ground from dead mens Carcasses and Gore,

Of what they next should do consulted there.

First *Nestor* spake. Who dares (said he) to go

Unto the *Trojan* Camp that lies so near,

And kill, or bring thence some outlying Foe ?

Or what they shall resolve upon to hear ?

Whether (since they have worsted us) to stay

So near us or retire into the Town.

If this he do and safely come away,

He to himself acquire will great Renown,

And

And by each one that has of Ships command,
He for his service shall be well requited.

Each one an Ewe and Lamb shall give him, and

He to our publick Feastings be invited.

This said, they paus'd a while, but by and by

Tydidēs rising spake. *Nestor*, said he,

To go into the *Trojan* Camp dare I.

But 'twould be best some other went with me,

More hope and courage is where there are two ;

What one observeth not the other may.

A man alone can little see or do,

And single Judgments see but little way.

At these words many with him would have gone,

Ajaxes both the greater and the less

And stout *Antilochus* old *Nestor's* Son,

And *Menelaus* and *Meriones*.

But most of all *Ulysses* long'd to see

What projects in the *Trojan* Camp were laid.

For none adventure farther durst than he.

Then to *Tydidēs* *Agamemnon* said,

Tydidēs, whom I love, now chuse your man ;

Regard not Birth nor Scepters, but the cause.

Take him that you think best assist you can.

And this he said in fear for *Menelaus*.

To this *Tydidēs* answer made agen,

Since of my fellow I the choice must make,

Ulysses I prefer before all men,

And him for my assistant I will take ;

So much in diligence he doth excel,

And so much care *Athena* of him has,

That I believe we both should come off well

Though through a flaming fire we were to pass.

Then said *Ulysses*, Speak no more of me

Nor good nor ill. The *Argives* know me well.

Let's go. Two thirds o'th' night are spent you see,

As any man that sees the Stars can tell.

Then put they on their Arms. And *Thrasymed*

Gave *Diomed* a Sword (who had forgot

To bring his own) and to defend his Head

A leather Cap without crest, call'd a Pot.

Meriones

Meriones unto *Ulysses* gave

His Bow and Quiver, Sword and Dogskin Cap
Pleated with thongs within his Head to save

If need should be in Combat, from mishap.
For 'twixt the leathers tough inserted were
Guards of thick felt; of Bores teeth was the brim.

Eleon was the first that did it wear,

But taken by *Antolycus* from him.

And given 'twas unto *Amphidamus*,

Which he to *Molon* gave that was his guest,

And to *Meriones* then left it was,

And now upon *Ulysses* head did rest.

And being both thus armed, forth they went

And by the way a Heron Dexter flew,

A lucky signe and by *Athena* sent,

As by the sound made by her wings they knew.

Ulysses then unto the Goddess pray'd,

Hail Virgin-Daughter of Almighty *Jove*,

That all my labour seest and giv'st me aid,

Now more than ever let me find your love.

Grant me that I some good exploit may do

To vex the *Trojans*, and come safe from thence.

And then *Tydidēs* pray'd unto her too.

Celestial Maid that with my Father went'st

When he Ambassador to *Thibis* was sent

With words of Peace, and coming back atchieved
By your assistance and encouragement

Such noble Acts as scarce will be believed,

If you will aid me as you aided him,

O Goddess, I will to you sacrifice

A Heifer, and with Gold her horns I'll trim.

This said, their Suit the Goddess not denies.

When their Devotion now was at an end,

Away they went 'mongst Carcasses and Blood,

Like Lions that on slaughter love attend.

Nor *Hector* and the *Trojans* idle stood.

But call'd a Counsel of the Chiefs, and said,

Who's he will undertake what I'll propound,

And for his pains be honourably paid,

And for his Valour far and near renown'd?

I give him will two Horses and a Coach
 The best that shall be taken from the Fo,
 That will unto the *Argive* Fleet approach,
 And bring me word what they intend to do ;
 Whether their Ships they guard as heretofore,
 Or mean to quit the Siege at *Ilium*.
 And beaten thus haul down their Ships from Shore,
 And ere their work be finished go home.
 This said, they silent sat. But one there was
Dolon by name, the Squire *Eumedes* Son
 That master was of store of Gold and Brass,
 A sorry fellow, but that well could run.
Hector, said he, I'll to the Fleet approach.
 Swear now by *Jove*, and hold your Scepter high,
 I shall *Achilles* Horses have and Coach,
 And I for you will be a faithful Spy.
 For down to *Agamemnon's* Tent I'll go,
 Where they consult whether to Fight or Fly :
 For there their resolution I shall know.
 Then *Hector* held his Scepter up on high.
 O *Jove*, betwixt us witness bear, said he,
 No *Trojan* shall these Horses have but you,
 And yours they shall perpetually be.
 Thus *Hector* swore, although it prov'd not true.
 Upon his Shoulder then his Bow he hung.
 His Cap of Cat, a Wolf's skin was his Coat.
 And when he gotten clear was from the throng,
 With Spear in hand he fell into his trot.
 And first *Ulysses* heard the sound of feet.
 I hear one come, said he to *Diomed*,
 Perhaps a Spy that sent is to our Fleet,
 Or one that has a mind to strip the dead.
 'Tis best t'avoid him till he past us be.
 And then to follow him and drive him on.
 But lest he swifter be of foot than we,
 And to the City back again should run,
 Rise and be sure to turn him with your Spear.
 And when he was a lands length past them gone
 They follow'd him. And he their feet did hear,
 And thought some *Trojans* had been coming on

By *Hector* sent to call him back agen.

But when they from him were scarce a *Spears* cast,
He knew then they were *Agamemnon's* men,

And frighted was; and then his Feet mov'd fast.
As two Hounds in a Wood obscure and dim

Pursue a fearful Doe or Hare, just so
Tydidēs and *Ulysses* hunted him

When back into the Herd he could not go.

When *Dolon* to the Watch was very near,

Athena puts into *Tydidēs* head,

That some man else might at him throw a *Spear*,

And be thereby before him honoured.

To *Dolon* then *Tydidēs* spake and said,

Stay, or my *Spear* shall make you stay. For long
I am assur'd you cannot death avoid.

And as he spake the word his *Spear* he flung;
And miss'd on purpose, but it lighted near.

Dolon affrighted pale and trembling stands,

And in his head chatter'd his Teeth with fear.

Then in they came and seiz'd on both his hands.

And *Dolon* weeping then for *Quarter* pray'd,

Great Ransome for me will my Father give,

For Gold he has enough; and will, he said,

Give any price, when here he knows I live.

Then to him said *Ulysses*, Do not fear,

Nor think of death. But see you tell me true

Upon what weighty bus'ness you are here,

When others sleep, and at a time undue.

Meant you to rifle any of the dead?

Or were you sent by *Hector* as a Spy,

Or undertook the same of your own Head?

T'*Ulysses* *Dolon* then did thus reply.

I was by *Hector's* promises set on,

And should have had *Achilles* Chariot

And Horses, if I to the Fleet had gone,

And good intelligence to *Hector* brought

Whether the Ships be guarded as before,

Or that the *Greeks* now beaten mean to fly,

And weary of their labour watch no more.

To this again *Ulysses* made reply,

And

And smiling said, It was no small reward
 You aimed at. *Achilles* Horses say ye?
 To rule them for a mortal man 'tis hard.
 The Goddess *Thetis* Son they'll scarce obey,
 But tell me further; When you came away
 Where you left *Hector*, where his Horses are;
 And where his Arms, where other *Trojans* stay
 To sleep or watch, and whether they prepare
 To go into the Town, or mean to abide
 Always so near our Ships as they are now.
T'Ulysses Dolon then again reply'd,
 This also I will let you truly know.
I Hector left at *Ilus* Sepulcher
 With other Lords in consultation,
 The rest about the Bonfires waking were;
 But certain Watch appointed there was none:
 But those Confederates that came from far
 Slept at their ease all night and watched not.
 For that they trusted to the *Trojans* care,
 Having no Wives nor Children with them brought.
Ulysses then examin'd him again,
 How lye the Strangers? Mixt with those of *Troy*
 Or by themselves? Inform me and be plain.
 Nothing (said *Dolon*) but the truth I'll say:
Paons, Pelasgians, Caucons, Leleges,
 And cars lye by the Sea-side on the Sands,
 The rest near *Thymbra* quarter, and are these;
 The *Maons, Myrians, Lycians, Phrygians.*
 But there's no need to tell you ev'ry thing;
 For if upon our Quarters you would fall,
 There lye the *Thracians* new come, and their King
Rhesus by name, and utmost lies of all.
 Such Horses yet I never did behold,
 Swift as the Wind, and than the Snow more white,
 With Silver cover'd is his Charre, and Gold;
 Gold are his Arms and make a gallant sight,
 And fitter for a God than man to wear.
 But try now whether I say true or no,
 And send me to the Ships, or bind me here:
 Then said *Tydidēs* with a frowning Brow,

Think not to scape though all you say be true.
 For if I let you loose, for ought I know
 You may return agen to Fight or View ;
 But hurt us cannot if I kill you now.
 As *Dolon* then beginning was to pray
*Tydid*es sword lighted on's Neck so just,
 That from his Shoulders fell his Head away
 As he was speaking, and lay in the dust.
 And from him then they took his Cap of Cat,
 His Spear and Wolfes-skin Coat, and Bow unbent,
 And in his hands *Ulysses* took all that,
 And to *Minerva* up his Prayer sent.
 Hail *Pallas*, whom we pray'd to for success
 Before all other Gods, receive these Gifts,
 And us unto the *Thracian* Tents address.
 This said, the Spoils of *Dolon* up he lifts
 And laies them in a Tree ; and for a mark,
 They near the way laid store of Boughs and Reeds
 To find them coming back because 'twas dark.
 Then with *Tydid*es onward he proceeds,
 And ev'ry step on Arms or Blood they tread,
 And soon amongst the *Thracians* they were,
 That sleeping lay as if they had been dead,
 And by each one his Buckler and his Spear.
 Their Horses to the Charret-seats were ty'd.
 Thus in three Rows the *Thracians* were laid,
Rhesus i'th' midst ; which first *Ulysses* spy'd,
 And to *Tydid*es speaking softly said,
 See there the Horses, and see there the Man
Rhesus, of whom we were by *Dolon* told.
 Untie the Horses ; or kill all you can,
 And I upon the Horses will lay hold.
*Tydid*es then made by *Minerva* bold
 Amongst them killing went, and never staid
 (Like Lion fierce in a neglected fold)
 Till he a dozen of them dead had laid.
 And whomsoever *Diomedes* slew,
Ulysses following took him by the Foot
 And from the place a little way him drew,
 For fear the Steeds not yet accusom'd to't

Should

Should boggle, tremble, and refuse to pass.

To *Rhesus* last of all went *Diomed*,
And kill'd him too. So he the thirteenth was.

And panted as he slept; for at his Head
He dreamt *Tydidēs* all night standing was.

Ulysses to the Horses went; And now
Seiz'd, and their Heads together tyed has.

But for a Whip he made use of his Bow.
And gotten forth whistled to *Diomed*

To come away, who gave no ear thereto,
But staying with himself considered

What further hurt he might the *Trojans* do.
To draw away the Charrēt by the Pole,

Wherein the Golden Arms of *Rhesus* lay,
Or thence upon his Shoulders bear the whole;

Or whether he more *Thracians* should destroy.
While thus he studied *Pallas* by him stood.

Contented be, said she, with what is done.
To go unto the Ships I think it good,

For fear you thither should be forc'd to run.
Some other God awake the *Trojans* may.

Th's said, that *Pallas* to him spake he thought,
And from the *Thracian* Quarter came away,

And on one of the Horses backs he got,

And row'ds the Ships at full speed then they ride,

Ulysses with his Bow still switching on.

But *Phæbus* with *Tydidēs* *Pallas* spy'd,

And angerly call'd up *Hippocoon*.

Who when he came and empty saw the ground

Where th'horses stood, & dy'd with blood the field,

And sprawling in their blood the *Thracians* found,

Ay me, said he, they have my Uncle kill'd.

The *Trojans* then in haste and frighted rise,

And at the place in great disorder meet,

And gaze upon the mischief with their eyes,

But they that did it fled were to the Fleet.

When flying they were at the Tree, where lay

The Spoils of *Dolon*, there a while they tarry,

Until *Tydidēs* fetch'd them had away,

And to *Ulysses* given them to carry.

And mounted was upon his Horse agen.

Agan *Ulysses* switch'd them tow'rd's the Fleet ;
And when they near it were, Old *Nestor* then
Who was the first that heard the Horses Feet
Cry'd out, The sound of Horses feet I hear ;

I wish *Ulysses* 'twere and *Diomed*.

But somewhat else and worse it is I fear ;

So many sad mishaps run in my Head.

He scarce had spoken this but they came in.

When they alighted were and welcomed

With Hands and Speeches of their Friends had been,

Then *Nestor* thus *Ulysses* questioned.

Ulysses, Glory of the *Greeks*, said he,

Whence are these Horses beauteous as the Sun ?

Won from the *Trojans* ? But that cannot be,

For such amongst the *Trojans* I saw none,

Though I amongst them were in ev'ry fight.

Or given by the Gods ? Which may be true.

For both of you are gracious in their fight,

And *Jove* and *Pallas* have a care of you.

O Noble *Nestor*, said *Ulysses* then,

Gods can give better Horses if they please.

For richer much are they than mortal men.

Idides from a King of *Thrace* took these,

Who was come newly to the *Trojans* aid ;

And slain him has, besides a dozen more,

And besides these a Spy that them betraid,

By *Hector* sent, your purpose to explore.

This said, *Ulysses* with much people went

Triumphing, and the milk-white Horses drave

Over the Trenches to *Idides* Tent.

There sets them up, and Wheat unto them gave ;

But *Dolon's* Spoils after his Ship he plac'd,

Preparing for *Athena's* Sacrifice.

And then into the Sea they went and wash'd

The sweat from off their Shoulders, Legs & Thighs,

And after bath, and 'noint themselves with oyl,

That done, they sit down to their meat and dine.

And being thus refreshed from their toil,

Unto the Goddess *Pallas* offer Wine.

ILIA D.

LIB. XI.

Aurora rising from *Tithonus* bed
 Before both Gods and Men to hold her light,
Eris from *Jove* the Signal carried
 Unto the *Argive* Fleet of bloody Fight.
 And down unto *Ulysses* Ship she went
 That was the middlemost and high'st of all
 That heard she might be to *Achilles* Tent,
 And *Ajaxes*, that they might hear her call.
 At th' outsides of the Fleet they quarter'd were ;
 For they upon their Prowels most reli'd :
 Then *Eris* with her voice the Air did tear,
 And horribly to the *Achæans* cri'd.
 Come quickly forth into the Field and fight ;
 Be bold *Achæans* ; to the Battle come.
 Incurag'd thus the *Greeks* took more delight
 In staying at the War than going home.
 Fellows, to Arms, then *Agamemnon* cri'd,
 And to put on his Arms the first man was ;
 His Leg-pieces he down to th' Anckles ti'd
 With silver Buckles, Leg-pieces of Brass ;
 And then puts on an Armour on his breast,
 That had been given him by *Cinyres*
 (His antient acquaintance and his Guest)
 Whilst he preparing was to pass the Seas :
 For long before the *Greeks* for *Troy* set sail,
 Their purpose was at *Cyprus* known by fame,
 And thinking such a Gift might him avail,
 In kindness t' *Agamemnon* sent the same.
 The colour was by Pales distinguished,
 Ten Black, twelve Gold, and twenty were of Tin :
 And in it three black Serpents figured
 As if they creeping were unto his Chin.

Their sides like Rainbows lookt which in the Sky
 Are shewn by *Jove* for men to wonder at.
 Then from his shoulder down upon his thigh
 He hung his Sword. Studded with Gold was that.
 Then took his Shield which finely varied was ;
 Bossed in twenty places with white Tin ;
 And round about them were ten Orbs of Brass ;
 And black the Circle was enclos'd within.
 There *Gorgo* painted was with killing Eyes,
 And with her standing Terror and Affright :
 His Belt of silver was, and to the Skyes
 Returned back agen the glittering light :
 Wound up lay on it painted a great Snake,
 Which had three heads, and crowned was each one,
 And last into his hand two Spears did take,
 Having his Helmet on his head put on.
 Thus *Agamemnon* armed was. And then
Juno and *Pallas* both rais'd such a sound
 (To honour him before the *Greeks*) as when
 A man that's slain falls suddenly to th' ground.
 Then every one unto his Chariotier
 Commandment gave upon the Ditch to stay
 And ready be. The foot all armed were,
 And forth into the Field were march'd away.
 But soon again the Horses with them stood.
 Then *Jove* amongst them Noise and Tumult sent ;
 And mingled was the Morning dew with Bloud,
 For on that day much bloud was to be spent.
 Upon a rising ground now *Hector* was,
Aeneas with him, and *Polydamas*;
 And three Sons of *Antenor*, *Acamas*,
Agenor, *Polybus*, and th' Army was.
 And *Hector* with a round Shield at their head.
 As when a Star does through the Clouds appear,
 And presently again is covered ;
 Sometimes i'th' Front was, sometimes in the Rear
 Giving command ; his Arms like Lightning show.
 As Mowers standing one Rank 'gainst another,
 A field of Barley or of Wheat to mow ;
 So *Greeks* and *Trojans* mow down one the other.

On neither side thought any man of flight,
But like to Wolves on one another fly
In number equal;— and gave great delight
To *Eris*, who (and no God else) was by.
The other Gods stay'd on *Olympus* Hill,
Within whose folds they dwell, and murmur'd at
Their Father *Jove* for bearing such good will
To *Ilium*. But he car'd not for that.
And by himself he from them went; and then
Took pride to see the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fight,
And look on killing and on dying men,
And of their Arms to see the flashing light.
Now all the while that mounting was the Sun,
The number slain on both sides was the same.
But when the Woodman half his work had done,
And willingly unto his Dinner came,
The *Greeks* then brake the *Trojan* Ranks, and on
Fell *Agamemnon*, and *Bienor* slew,
Both him and *Ocles* his Companion
That drave the Horses which the Charret drew.
He lighting and assailing him was slain;
And *Ocles* had no time his Spear to throw:
For *Agamemnon*'s Spear had pierc'd his brain,
Passing both through his Helmet and his Brow.
These there he left stript both of Arms and Coat,
And *Antiphus* and *Isus* then drew near,
Both *Priams* Sons, one legal, th'other not,
Upon one Seat, and *Isus* Charretier.
Once by *Achilles* taken were these men
As they were feeding Sheep in *Ida* hills,
And for their Ransome were set free agen;
But both of them now *Agamemnon* kills.
For *Isus* Breast he pierc'd through with his Spear;
The other with his sword he overthrew,
And seen him had when he was Prisoner,
And that 'twas *Antiphus* (when stript) he knew.
As when a Lion with his mighty Teeth
Crusheth the tender issue of a Hinde,
Which the afrighted Dam stands by and seeth,
And grieveth, but no remedy can finde;

And

And skipping in the Woods for shelter seeks
 To save her own life ; So the Trojans fled
 Pursu'd by *Agamemnon* and the *Greeks*,
 And thought not on their fellows they left dead.
 T' *Hyppolochus* then comes he and *Pisander*,
 Sons of *Antimachus*, a person noted
 For having Gold receiv'd of *Alexander*,
 And for it in the Common-Council voted.
 And these two *Agamemnon* took alive.
 For by mischance the reins slip't from their hands ;
 And then they saw it was in vain to strive,
 And *Agamemnon* now before them stands.
 Then as they sat together on one Seat,
 Save us (said they) *Atrides*, let us live,
 For we redeem'd shall be with Ransome great,
 Our Father for us what you please will give.
 Are you *Antimachus* his Son, said he,
 That gave advice to murder *Menelaus*,
 Contrary to the Laws of honesty,
 When of the *Greeks* Ambassador he was,
 And with *Ulysses* sent into the Town ?
 You for your Father's evil deed must pay.
 Then from his Char *Pisander* he struck down ;
 With Breast pierc'd through upon his Back he lay.
Hyppolochus was lighted and on foot,
 And with the sword of *Agamemnon* slain,
 Who cuts his Head off, and his Hands to boots
 And then upon the Trojans prest again.
 And great the slaughter was of them that fled,
 And wonderful the Dust that raised was,
 And both the Field and Army covered,
 Forc'd up by Troops of Horses shod with Brasse.
 As Boughs fall in a Wood that's set on flame,
 And shaken by the violence of wind ;
 So fast unto the ground the Trojans came,
 When *Agamemnon* follow'd them behind.
 And many Horses made their Charrers rattle,
 Which empty ran about when no man drives.
 For they that drave them (sain) were in the Battle,
 A lovelier fight to Vulturs than their Wives.

But

But *Hector* was by *Jove* set out of fight
 Of all this dust and slaughter and disorder :
 But *Agamemnon* still with all his might
 Pursuing killed, and to kill gave order.
 Then they that were encamp't at *Ilius* Tomb
 Retir'd in haste unto the *Sycamore*,
 Half the Plain over towards *Ilium*,
 And after them *Atrides* cover'd ore
 With Blood and Dust. But when the *Trojans* were
 Got back unto the Beech near *Scea* gate,
 A while they for their fellows stay'd there
 (Who swiftly ran fearing to come too late.
 As when a Lion falleth in the Night
 Upon a herd of Kine, and one must die,
 And all the rest are put into a fright,
 So *Agamemnon* made the *Trojans* fly.
 And all the way he went the hindmost kill'd.
 And from their Chars some forward fell, and some
 Upon their Backs, and lay dead on the field.
 But when unto the Wall they near were come,
 Then *Jove* came down to *Ida* from the Sky
 With Thunder in his hand, and t'*Iris* said,
 Go *Iris* quick'y, and tell *Hector* I
 Command him *Agamemnon* to avoid
 As long as in the Front he raging is,
 And let the Fight by others manag'd be.
 But when he *Agamemnon* wounded sees
 And leave the Field, I'll give the Victory
 To him, and he shall put them all to flight,
 And to the Fleet go killing all the way,
 Until the Sun be set, and dark the night.
 This said, away she went without delay ;
 And down from *Ida* came to *Ilium*,
 And finding him upon his Char, To you
 From *Jove* (said she) O *Hector*, I am come
 To warn you *Agamemnon* to eschew,
 As long as in the Front he raging is.
 And let the Fight by others manag'd be ;
 But when by Spear or Bow he wounded is
 And leaves the Field, he'll give the Victory

To

To you, and you shall put them all to flight,
And to the Fleet go killing all the way,
Until the Sun be set, and dark the night.

Having thus said, she did no longer stay.
Then *Hector* armed leapt unto the ground,
And with two Spears well pointed in his hand
Exhorting went about the Army round.

Their Faces then the *Trojans* turn, and stand.
The first that did advance *Atrides* was.

But tell me *Muse*, Who first came in his way?
One of *Antenor's* Sons *Iphidamas*,

That was brought up in *Thrace* (though born at *Troy*)
By *Cisseus* who his Mothers Father was,

From childhood till to mans estate he came,
And made his Son in-Law. But then, because
The coming of the *Greeks* was known by Fame,
Was thence, although but new espoused, sent

To th'aid of *Priam* and his Sons at *Troy*,
And at *Percopa* landing *Ilion* went,

And now was standing in *Atrides* way.
First *Agamemnon* threw his Spear and mist.

Iphidamas then at *Atrides* threw,
And hit his Belt which did the stroke resist,
For massy Silver was the Belt and true,
And bent the point as if it had been Lead.

Then *Agamemnon* with his Sword came on,
And smote him on the Neck, and laid him dead.

Thus dy'd *Iphidamas* *Antenor's* Son.

And much to be lamented was his case,
That far from his espoused Virgin Wife
Without receiving from her any grace

Should fighting for his Country lose his Life.
He given for her had a thousand Kine,

And promis'd Sheep and Goats a thousand more.
Now slain, and stript was of his Armour fine

By *Agamemnon* and triumphed ore.
But soon then, *Antenor's* eldest Son

Incensed by his Brothers death came in,
And pierc'd *Atrides* Arm close by the Bone

(Unseen) the Elbow and the Wrist between.

Then

Then cold was *Agamemnon's* heart with fear,
 But gave not over. For as *Cicō* drew
 His Brother off, He came on with his Spear,
 And with a thrust, beneath his Shield him flew,
 And (on his Brother) then cuts off his head.
 Thus these two Brothers finished their Fate.
Atrides still the slaughter followed
 With Spear, and Sword, and Stones of mighty weight,
 Not giving over whilst the wound was warm.
 But when 'twas cleans'd, and stay'd was the Bloud,
 So cruel then the pain was in his Arm,
 That on the ground no longer stay he cou'd.
 Then mounted on his Chariot, he said,
 Drive to the Ships. For he was in great pain.
 And on the Princes then the charge he laid,
 The Fight against the *Trojans* to maintain.
 My friends, said he, 'tis your part now to stay
 The fury of the *Trojans* from our Ships;
 Since *Jove* not suffers me to fight all day.
 This said, the Chariotier his Horses whips.
 Which when they felt, away they swift'y went,
 And stain'd with Sweat and Powder of the Plain
 Brought wounded *Agamemnon* to his Tent,
 From off the Field bestrow'd with Bodies slain.
 As soon as *Hector* saw *Atrides* gone,
 Now *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians* (he cry'd)
 Now charge the *Greeks* with resolution,
 For he is gone on whom they most rely'd,
 And *Jove* assures me that the day is mine.
 This said, like Hounds encourag'd by the Hunter
 Against a Lion or a tusk'd Swine,
 The *Trojans* boldly marched to th'encounter,
 And on them fell with *Hector* at the head.
 And as a down-right Wind the Sea, so lie
 The *Argive* Ranks and Files disorder'd,
 And them that fled pursued furiously.
 But tell me *Muse*, whilst *Hector Priam's* Son
 By *Jove* assisted did the *Greeks* pursue,
 And great renown amongst the *Trojans* won,
 Who and how many were the men he slew.

Assens first, and then *Autonous*,

Oplites, *Dolops*, and *Opheltius*,

And then *Asymnus*, and *Agelaus*;

Then *Orus*, and the last *Hipponous*.

All these were Princes in the *Argive* host.

But look how many are the drops of Dew,

When into th' Air the Sea by Winds is tost,

So many private Soldiers *Hector* slew.

And then incurable their loss had been,

And fled had to their Ships the *Greeks* dismay'd,

Had not *Ulysses* then the same foreseen,

And to *Tydid*es not far from him said,

*Tydid*es, to what purpose stand we here?

Come hither man and stand close to my side.

To let our Ships be lost great shame it were.

*Tydid*es to *Ulysses* then repli'd.

Yes, yes *Ulysses* I will with you bide,

Though we shall take but little pleasure here.

For *Jove* I see inclineth to their side.

This said, he at *Thynbraus* threw his Spear,

Which lighting on his left Pap pierc'd him through.

Ulysses slew *Molion Priams* man;

Upon the Field unstript they left these two.

And then into the *Trojan* throng they ran,

(Whilst th' other *Greeks* from *Hector* swiftly fly)

Like two wilde Boars that turn upon the hounds

That know they may upon their strength rely,

And scatter 'mongst the *Trojans* death and wounds.

And there two valiant Sons of *Merops* kill'd

As they together on one Charriot sare.

This *Merops* was in Prophecy well skill'd,

And bad them stay, and told them had their Fate.

But the two forward Youths would not obey.

But led unto the War by Destiny

Unluckily came in *Tydid*es way,

Where by his hand their Fortune 'twas to die.

Hippodamas was by *Ulysses* kill'd

As also was *Pyrrichus*; and now

None knew who had the better in the Field

But *Jove*, who looked on from *Ida* Brow,

And

And then *Agastrophus* King *Pæons* Son
 Was by *Tydidēs* wounded in the Thigh,
 And would have fled, but Horses he had none.
 His man that held them for him was not nigh.
 Yet fought he 'mongst the formost till he did.

This *Hector* saw, and towards *Diomed*
 His Horses turn'd, and to the *Trojans* cri'd,
 Come follow me, and they all followed.
 And *Diomed* as soon as he saw this,

Though chill with fear, unto *Ulysses* said,
 To us this plaguy *Hector* rolling is ;

But stand, and let him see we are not afraid.
 This said, he straight at *Hector* threw his Spear,
 Which hit his Helmet, but glanc'd from the Brass,
 And never to his tender Skin came near.

This Helmet giv'n him by *Apollo* was.
 But stunn'd he was, and resting on his knees,
 He kept himself from falling with his hand.
 Dark are his eyes, nothing at all he sees,
 And for a while unable is to stand.

But whilst *Tydidēs* on the plain advanced
 To get into his hand agen the Spear,
 Which from the place he aim'd at far was glanc'd,
Hector was mounted, and his Senses clear.

Tydidēs then upon him lookt and said,
 Thou Dog escapt an evil death thou hast ;
 And twice been saved by *Apollo's* aid.

But sure I shall dispatch thee at the last :
 For of a God I also have the aid.

But now to other *Trojans* I'll go on
 Such as shall come into my way. This said,

Away he went to strip King *Pæons* Son.
 And then as *Diomed* was taking from

Agastrophus the Armour of his Breast,
Paris that leaning stood at *Ilus* Tomb,
 To him an Arrow unperceiv'd addrest.

Which hit him on the Foot above the Toes,
 And to the ground clean thorough went the Shaft.

Then openly into the Field he goes,
 And coming nearer to him spake, and laugh't.

Y'are hit, said he, *Tydidēs*. Wou'd it had
 Been on your Belly, that you might have died,
 The *Trojans* would of that be very glad,
 That are so often by you terrified.

Proud boasting Archer (said *Tydidēs*) know
 If in your Armour you before me stood
 To try your Valour and your Force, your Bow
 And Arrows would not do you any good.
 You value such a Scratch as this too much.

The Weapons of the strength'eds blunted are :
 Mine is not so ; but whom it does but touch,
 His Wife lamenting tears her Cheeks and Hair :
 His Chi'dren Orphans are ; and red the ground
 Whereon he rotting lies ; and Vulters more
 Than Women standing by him will be found.

Ulysses then that neer him was before
 Steer'd in, and stood betwixt him and his Foes
 Whilst from his Foot the Arrow he pull'd out,
 He to his Charret up *Tydidēs* goes,
 And left the Field where he had nobly fought.
 And now *Ulysses* left was all alone,

For from him all the rest were fled for fear.
 And then unto himself he made his moan.

Ay me, said he, what now shall I do here ?
 Though many be the Foes, 'tis ill to flee
 But yet since *Jove* saves all the rest by flight,
 It would be worse if I alone should die.

But why dispute I when I ought to fight ?
 None but a Coward from the Fight will run.

But he that Honour loves will stand his ground,
 And be content with what he cannot shun,
 Whether it be to give or take a wound.

While thus *Ulysses* argu'd in his minde,
Hector was near him, and enclos'd him had
 With Targetiers before him and behinde,
 Whereof they had no reason to be glad.

As when the Hounds by Hunters are set on
 A wild Boar as he comes out from the Wood,
 He whets his Teeth, they from him will not run ;
 Even so *Ulysses* 'mongst the *Trojans* stood ;

Where

Where by him slain first *Deiopites* was,
 And *Thoon* then and *Ennomis* he kill'd ;
 And after these he slew *Cherfidamas*
 As from his Char he lighted in the Field
 Then leaving these, slew *Charops* with his Spear,
Socus his Brother, *Hippasus* his Son.
 Then *Socus* to him came, and standing near
 Unto *Ulysses* with a Speech begun.
Ulysses much renown'd for Craft and Pain,
 This day you either must the Honor wear
 Of having *Hippasus* his two Sons slain,
 Or lose your own life wounded by my Spear.
 Then threw his Spear and pierc'd *Ulysses* Shield.
 His Breast-plate, and his Coat, and tore his Skin.
 But *Pallas* him preserv'd from being kill'd ;
 For to the Vital parts it went not in.
Ulysses knew the wound not mortal was ;
 Made a step back, and then to *Socus* said,
 Fool that thou art, that wou'dst not let me pass
 On other *Trojans* hast thy self destroy'd,
 I do not think you shall this hour outlive,
 But from my Spears sharp point receive your death,
 And unto me more Reputation give,
 And leave your Soul unto the Pow'rs beneath.
 Then *Socus* turn'd himself about to fly.
 But overtaken by *Ulysses* Spear,
 That pierc'd him Back and Breast, he fell down dead.
 Then scornfully *Ulysses* did him jeer.
 O *Socus*, gallant man at Arms, said he,
 By death prevented is your Enterprize ;
 Your eyes shall not by Parents closed be,
 But shall be pecked out by Crows and Pyes.
 Then from his Shield and Body he pull'd out
 The Spear which at him was by *Socus* thrown.
 The Bloud then from the Wound did freely spout.
 Which when the *Trojans* saw, they straight came down,
 And all together tow'rd's him went the Rabble,
 Then he retir'd, and as he going was
 Thrice called out as loud as he was able
 For help ; and voice was heard by *Mentelone*,

Who *U'Ajax* said, *Ulysses* voice I hear,
 And like the voice of one that is distressed.
 He hem'd in by the *Trojans* is I fear,
 Come let us to him go, and do our best
 To fetch him off. For valiant though he be,
 I fear unless we aid him with great speed,
 He by the *Trojans* will be slain, and we
 Loose a good man, of whom we oft have need.
 Then up they went, and found him by the Foes
 Environ'd round. As when a Stag is shot
 By some young man, he swiftly from him goes
 Whilst strong his knees are and his blood is hot.
 But when he by the Arrow tamed is,
 The Wolves feed on him in the gloomy Wood ;
 Then comes the Lion and the Prey is his.
 About *Ulysses* so the *Trojans* stood,
 Till *Ajax* with a Target like a Tower
 Came to his aid ; then sev'ral ways they fled,
Ulysses now no longer in their Power
 Was from the Field by *Menelaus* led,
 And mounted on his Chariot agen.
 But on went *Ajax*, and flew *Pandocus*
 King *Priams* Son, and wounded three good men,
Lisander, *Pyrrhus*, and *Pyrrhus*.
 Then as a River coming to the Plain,
 And swell'd by *Jupiter* with show'rs of rain
 More than the Banks are able to contain,
 Bears Oaks and Pines before it to the Main ;
 So *Ajax* charg'd the *Trojan* Troops. But this
Hector knew nothing of. For far off now
 Upon *Scamander* Banks he fighting is,
 And to the ground doth many an *Argive* throw.
 There was the noise, there aged *Nestor* stood,
 And there *Idomeneus*, with their Steeds.
 And *Hector* that the use well understood
 Of Spears and Horses, there did mighty deeds.
 And yet the *Greeks* retir'd nor ; nor had done
 If *Paris* had not with an Arrow smot
Machaon on the shoulder to the Bone.
 Three-forked was the Arrow which he shot.

And

And mightily the *Argives* were afraid

Since now the Foe prevail'd, he would be slain.

To *Nestor* then *Idomeneus* said,

O *Nestor* to your Charrēt mount again,

And with *Machaon* make haste to the Ships.

A Surgeon many other men is worth.

For many other men alive he keeps

By making Salves and drawing Weapons forth.

Then *Nestor* mounteth and the Horses whips,

Which they no sooner feel than they are gone.

And quickly brought unto the hollow Ships

Machaon *Asculapius* his Son.

Mean while *Cebriones* the Charetier

Of *Hector* saw the *Trojans* were distress'd,

And to him said, To what end stay we here

Since yonder by the *Greeks* our Friends are prest?

'Tis *Ajax* that disorders them, I see,

I know him by the largeness of his Shield.

Now where they fighting are most furiously,

Let us go down to that side of the Field.

This said, he clackt his Whip, his Horses ran

Unto the place where greatest was the Cry,

Ore many a Shield, and over many a man,

That gasping on the bloody Field did lye.

The Horses Bellies and the Charrēt-wheels

And Axletrees with bloud were cover'd ore

Forc'd up in drops by the swift Horses heels.

And *Hector* rushing in, their Battles tore.

But *Hector* still took heed of *Ajax* Spear.

And fought in other places of the Field.

But *Ajax* struck by *Jupiter* with Fear

Amazed, at his shoulder hung his Shield;

And staring on the Foe a while he stood,

Then turn'd and softly from them went away.

As when a Lion coming from the Wood

Down to a Pasture on a Cow to prey,

Is hu'd by Dogs and Pefants in the night,

And hungry sometimes goes and sometimes stands,

But cannot have his Will for all his might,

So many Spears are flying from their hands,

And flaming Brands which put him in a fright
 (Keen as he is) then sullenly he goes
 Back to the Wood and comes no more in fight;
 So then retired *Ajax* from his Foes.
 Or as an Ass in sight of many Boes
 Is got into the Corn, and there abides
 Though they upon him fall with Blows and Noise,
 And many Cudgels break upon his sides
 (For he the force of Boys but little feels)
 He hardly will be driven out though fill'd,
 And now and then kicks at them with his heels:
 So *Ajax* at the last went off the Field
 By *Hector* and the *Trojans* still pursu'd
 Upon his Shield received many a Spear;
 Sometimes his Back sometimes his face he shew'd,
 So that they could not to the Ships come near.
 Thus he between the *Greeks* and *Trojans* stands
 While Spears abundance at him hurled were;
 Some in his Shield stuck driven by strong hands,
 Some on the ground fell short and fixt were there.
 But then *Eurpylus* *Euemon's* Son
 That saw him thus oppress came to his side,
 And wounded with his Spear *Apisaon*
 The Liver through; and on the place he dy'd.
 But as he stript him lying on the ground
 Was shot by *Alexander* in the Thigh,
 And broken was the Arrow in the wound,
 And much increased was his pain thereby.
 Then went *Eurpylus* into the croud,
 And cry'd out to the Princes of the Host,
 Turn and save noble *Ajax* from this cloud
 Of *Trojan* Spears, or else he will be lost.
 This said, the best Commanders to him go
 with Spears advanc'd, and Bucklers turn'd before,
 And place themselves between him and the Fo.
 And then again the Fight was very sore.
 Mean while *Achilles* as he sitting was
 On high after his Ship to see them fight
 Perceived *Nestor* and *Machaon* pass,
 And to *Patroclus* call'd with all his might,

Come

Come hither friend. *Patroclus* heard him call,

For he was sitting in *Achilles* Tent,
And (which was the beginning of his fall)

Immediately rose up and to him went,
And said, *Achilles* what's your will with me?

Achilles then reply'd, *Patroclus* now
The *A-gives*, I believe, will bend the knee.

For their condition never was so low.

But go to *Nestor* and informed be

Who 'tis that he brought with him from the Fight.

Machaon by his Back he seem'd to me,

But of his Face I could not have a sight,
So many Chars and Horses cross'd the way.

This said, unto the Ships *Patroclus* went;

But at the Ships arriv'd now were they,

Alighted and gone in to *Nestor's* Tent:

The Horses by *Eurymedon* unty'd

Were cooled by the Sea-side in the air,
And of their sweat well cleansed were and dry'd,

And in the mean time *Ecamedea* fair

That was the Daughter of *Arsinous*,

And taken by *Achilles* was when he

Conquer'd and sack'd the City *Tenedus*,

And by the *Greeks* to *Nestor* giv'n; and she

To *Nestor* and *Machaon* setteth up

A Table with a Black Foot smooth and fine,

And on it set a Basket, and a Cup,

And to each one before him set on Wine.

The Cup with nails of Gold was studded ore;

Four ears it had, and two Doves at each ear,

And those were Gold, and at the foot two more

In posture such as if they feeding were.

Nestor to *Troy* had with him brought this Cup.

Another scarce could lift it from the Table

When fill'd with Wine; Though he to take it up,

Old as he was, and easily, was able.

And in the same the Woman made the Drink,

With Goats-milk Cheese, & white flour sprinkled ore,

And left it on the Board full to the brink.

Then quenched they their thirst, and drank no more,

But

But talking far, to put out of their thought
 Their ill success. Now at the door o' th' Tent
Patroclus was, and in by *Nestor* brought,
 And pray'd to sit, but he would not consent,
 But said, *Achilles* had me ask you who
 It is whom you brought with you from the Fight.
 And this already I can answer to.

Machaon 'tis that sits there in my fight.
 What need then is there of my longer stay ?
 Return I will with all the speed I can,
 For fear he should some blame upon me lay
 Though I deserve it not. You know the man.
 What makes *Achilles* (aged *Nestor* said)
 Of th' *Argive* wounded men to take such care ?
 He knows not how the Army is dismay'd,
 Nor yet how many of them wounded are.
Ulysses wounded is and *Diomed*,
 And *Agamemnon*, and *Eurypylus*,
 And this man whom I with me hither led.

Achilles pity has on none of us ;
 Although our safety now lye in his hands.
 Intends he to sit still till *Hector* burn
 In spite of us our Ships upon the Sands,
 And ev'ry one of us kill in his turn ?
 For now my strength decayed is with age.
 O that I were as strong as I was then
 When War 'twixt us and th' *Eliaus* did rage,
 And we our Cattle fetcht from them agen,
 And slew *Itymoneus* that took our Kine.
 For I then went his Cattle to distrain,
 And take amends for those he took of mine.
 There he defending them by me was slain,
 And all his people from him ran away.
 And there we took of fifty Herds of Kine
 And of as many Herds of Goats a prey,
 As many Flocks, as many Herds of Swine,
 And Horses three times fifty, females all
 Of colour sandy mixt with sparks of light ;
 And most of them had Foals, and to the Wall
 Of Pyle I brought this booty all by night.

My

My Father *Neleus* joyful was to see's
 For yet he thought I was for War too young.
 Next morn the Criers make the people meet,
 (All those to whom the *Elians* had done wrong)
 The Lords amongst them then divide the prey.
 Many there were that had been injured,
 And with their shares contented sent away,
 Though *Pylus* were not well inhabited.
 For *Hercules* not many years before
 Had kill'd the best of them. And *Neleus* then
 Had twelve good Sons, whereof he left no more
 Alive but me. This made th'*Epeian* men
 Despise our number small, and do us wrong.
 And *Neleus* now unto himself did keep
 The best Herd of the Kine, and from among
 The Flocks chose one that had three hundred sheep,
 And justly, since so great a loss had none.
 For he four Steeds unto the Games had sent
 Of value great, which all had Prizes won.
 But by *Augias* his Commandement,
 When for a Tripod they prepar'd to run,
 Together with the Charrs were there detain'd.
 The Charretiers related what was done.
 And *Neleus* then the best o'th' Prey retain'd ;
 And ev'ry man had of the rest his share.
 This done, unto the Gods we sacrifice.
 Mean while the *Elians* for War prepare,
 And two days after all together rise,
 And forth o'th' Town went they both Foot and Horse;
 And with them *Molions* two Sons, not yet
 Arrived at the age of Martial Force,
 And round about the Town *Colone* sit.
Colone is a Frontier-town between
Elis and *Pyle* upon *Alpheus* side ;
 Passing the Plain they were by *Pallas* seen.
 And she aloud unto the *Pylians* cri'd,
 To Arms you men of *Pyle*. Then in the night
 We put on Arms, and to the Field we hi'd ;
 And chearfully went ev'ry one to fight.
 My Horses only were convey'd aside.

For

For *Neleus* thought I was in War unskill'd :
 But I at home could not be made t'abide,
 But with the rest on foot went to the Field,
 For on the Goddess *Pallas* I rely'd.
 Near to *Arene* falls into the Main
 A little Brook. All night by that we lay,
 And in the Morn betime we march'd again,
 And to *Alpheus* came in half a day.
 And there to *Jove* his sacred Rites we paid.
 To *Neptune* and *Alpheus* each a Bull ;
 An Heifer to the heav'nly martial Maid
 We gave ; and when the Bands of Foot were full,
 Then lupt we in our Ranks, and armed slept.
 Th'*Epeians* still the Town besieging lay ;
 But seeing the War was now so near them crept,
 They rose ; then presently began the Fray.
 And there the first man that was slain I slew,
 Which *Molius* was *Augias* Son in-Law.
 He wedded *Acamedea* had who knew
 As many Med'cines as the world ere saw.
 Him first I slew, and to his Charret mounted.
 Then fled th'*Epeians* scatter'd here and there :
 For he the best amongst them was accounted.
 And as they fled I follow'd with my Spear,
 And fifty Charrets took, and at each one
 Two men I kill'd ; for like a Storm I went ;
 Nor had I left to *Molius* any Son,
 If *Neptune* had not hindred my intent,
 That took them up and sav'd them in a Cloud.
 Great honour won the *Pyleans* that day ;
 For on the Plains we chac'd th'*Epeians* proud,
 Killing and gath'ring Armour all the way
 Until we came unto *Buprastum*,
Alesum, and *Rock Clere* ; and there
 Advis'd we were by *Pallas* to go home.
 To *Pylus* then we went and welcome were.
 And thanks were given to the Gods, but most
 To *Jupiter* the greatest God. And then
 In general were thanked all the Host,
 And *Nestor* namely above other men.

Thus

Thus I behav'd my self amongst the *Greeks*,
 whereas *Achilles* sitting in his Tent
 Neglecting us his own contentment seeks ;
 Though if our Fleet be lost he will repent.
 But, O *Patroclus*, the advice was good
Meneceus your Father gave you then
 When I at *Phthia* was and by him stood,
 By *Agamemnon* sent to levy men.
 To *Peleus* house *Ulysses* came and I,
 And there we found *Meneceus* and you.
 And you upon *Achilles* waited nigh,
 And *Peleus* to the Gods fat Cattle slew
 T'h' Court o'th' grass (a Gold Cup in his hand)
 And pour'd Wine on the burning Sacrifice.
 And you then saw us in the Gate-house stand,
 Though busie you were then to burn the Thighs.
Achilles to us came and led us in,
 And made us sup, and Supper being done,
 To tell our bus'ness then did I begin,
 Which was to bring with us to *Troy* his Son.
 Both he and you desirous were to go ;
 And *Peleus* then unto *Achilles* said,
 Strive still to be the best, and let the Foe
 Be always of your Spear the most afraid.
 Then to you spake your Father, Son (said he)
Achilles is a better man of War
 Than you, and higher in Nobility
 Of Bloud ; but you in age before him are.
 Give him good counsel therefore and suggest
 What's for his good although he see it not :
 He will obey when for himself 'tis best ;
 Thus he advis'd you though you have forgot.
 But do it now. For 'tis not yet too late.
 Who knows but you may make him change his mind ?
 Or if he still continue obstinate,
 Or in some Oracle a scruple find,
 Or *Thetis* told him somewhat has from *Jove*,
 Yet let him send his *Myrmidons* with you,
 The *Trojans* from the Navie to remove,
 And give th' *Achaens* time to breathe anew.

Q

But

But let him give you his own Arms. Then they
 (When like unto *Achilles* you appear
 Leading fresh Forces) fly will into *Troy*

And rid th' *Achæans* of their present fear.
 This said, *Patroclus* grieved went his way,
 And tow'rd's *Achilles* Tent ran back apace
 Passing by where *Ulysses* Vessel's lay.

There were the Altars, there the Market place,
 There were the Courts of Justice. There he met

Eurypylus with th' Arrow in his wound,
 And from his head and shoulders dropt the sweat,
 And bled apace, but still his Sense was sound.

Then pitying him *Patroclus* spake and said,
 Ah poor Commanders of the *Achæan* Host,
 Must we be all so far from home destroy'd,
 And lye for Dogs-meat on the *Trojan* Coast ?

But say *Eurypylus*, is there no way

To keep off *Hector*, but must perish all ?
 Nothing I know (said he) can *Hector* stay,
 But in our flaming Ships we all must fall.

For all the best of us here wounded lie,
 And still the *Trojan* power grows more and more.

But, O *Patroclus*, cut out of my Thigh

This Arrow head. For it torments me sore ;
 And with warm water wash away the blood,
 And Salves apply, the same that *Chiron* knew,
 (The best of Centaurs) to be very good,
 And taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* you.

For of two Surgeons in the Army, one
 As much need of a Surgeon hath as I,
 And *Podalirius* to the fight is gone.

Patroclus to him then made this reply.
 How can this now be done, *Eurypylus*,

Since to *Achilles* I must go with speed
 With *Nestors* Answer ? yet to leave you thus
 In torture, were but an ungentle deed.

Then in his arms he bears him to his Tent,
 And there, upon a many Cow-hides spread
 Laid him, and with his Knife to work he went,
 And from his Thigh cuts out the Arrow-head.

And

And in his hands he bruise'd a bitter Root ;
And wash'd away the blood. when that was done,
He cleans'd the Wound, appli'd the Med'cine to't,
And streight the blood was stop'd, the pain was gone.

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LIB. XII.

THUS was *Eurypylus* of pain releas'd.
 Mean while the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fiercely fought,
 Nor could the *Argive* Wall and Trench (unblest,
 For on a Hecatomb they never thought)
 Though made their Ships and Boory to defend,
 Keep *Hector* and the *Trojans* long time out.
 For very quickly cometh to an end
 Whatere without the Gods Men go about.
 I deed while *Hector* liv'd ; and angry lay
Achilles at his Tent and would not fight,
 And standing were the Walls and Town of *Troy*,
 The great Wall of the *Argives* stood upright.
 But when the bravest *Trojans* once were slain,
 And many *Greeks*, and burnt was *Ilium*
 That had almost ten years held out in vain,
 And what remained of the *Greeks* gone home,
 Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* both devise
 The Wall to ruine, and the Rivers all
 That in this spacious Mountain *Ida* rise
 Upon this *Argive* mighty work make fall.
Aresus, *Rheus*, *Heptaporus*,
Astypus, *Rhodius*, *Scamander*, and
 Besides these six, the River *Granicus*,
 And *Simoeis*, upon whose Banks of Sand
 Many a Shield and Helmet scatter'd lay,
 And many a Demi-God. These Rivers all
Apollo turned from their wonted way,
 Directing them unto the *Argives* Wall.
 Nine days perpetually they thither run,
 And *Jove* nine days together pour'd down rain,
 To th'end the work might be the sooner done.
 And *Neptune* with his Trident from the Main

Before

Before them went and wrenched out the Stone
And Timber which had there been laid with pain
The deep'st of all for the Foundation,

And made it to the Sea all smooth again.
And strow'd again with sand the ample shore.

And made the Brooks in their own Channels run
No otherwise than they were wont before.

But this not yet, but afterwards was done.
For *Hector* had the *Greeks* with show'rs of Spears

Constrain'd to quit their Walls and Tow'rs so high
That rattled terribly about their Ears,

And back unto their hallow Ships to fly.

As when a Lion or a Boar beset

With Hounds, and Hunters, this and that way tries
(Close as they stand) through them by strength to get,

And passing on their Spears prevails or dies,

And as he goes still makes them to give way ;

So *Hector* 'mongst his friends went here and there
Exhorting them the Trenches to assay.

The Horses when upon the Brink they were

Begg'd and whinny'd, and refus'd to pass.

For broad it was and not to be leap'd o're ;

And to descend into, too deep it was,

And on each side bristled with stakes good store

Fix'd by th' *Achaens* to keep off the Foe,

So that for Horse and Charres there was no way.

But very willing were the Foot to go,

And only to receive command did stay.

And then to *Hector* said *Polydamas*,

Hector, and you the Princes of our friends,

We strive in vain to make our Horses pass

O're such great stakes so sharp'n'd at the ends,

Having above our heads the Enemy.

Where (though we could get down) we cannot fight

Though *Jove* unto our side inclined be,

And to the *Greeks* should bear as much despite,

As I, that wish their Name were rooted out.

Yet if the *Greeks*, when we encumbred were

For want of room, should turn and face about,

And set upon us in the Ditch, I fear.

A man of us would not be left alive
 To tell at *Troy* what is become of us.
 But if you mean to have the bus'ness thrive,
 Then hear my Counsel, Let us all do thus.
 Till of our Horse and Charrets we have need
 Let Servants hold them to the Trenches nigh,
 And we on foot fight ; for if *Jove* indeed
 Intend us Victory the *Greeks* will fly.
 Thus he advis'd ; and *Hector* thought it best,
 And from his Charret leapt unto the Sand
 Arm'd as he was ; and so did all the rest,
 And to their Charretiers they gave command
 All in their order near the Trench to stand.
 The *Trojans* in five parts themselves divide.
 And *Hector* of the first took the Command.
 But with himself he joyned two beside,
Polydamas and stout *Cebriones*,
 And left a meaner man to hold his Charre.
 Of all the *Trojan* Hoast the best were these.
 O'th' second Party *Paris* had the care
 Joyn'd with *Agenor* and *Alcathous*.
 The third commanded was by Leaders three,
 First *Helenus*, and then *Deiphobus*,
 The third was *Asius*. From *Arisbe* he
 With mighty Horses colour'd like to flame
 Bred on the bank of *Sellis* came to *Troy*.
 The fourth Command unto *Aeneas* came ;
 And he likewise two Seconds had, and they
 Two Sons were of *Antenor* (both well skill'd
 In War) *Archelochus* and *Acamas*.
 Lastly, *Sarpedon* led into the field
 The *Trojan* aids ; and he assisted was
 By valiant *Glaukus* and *Asteropaeus*.
 For of the *Lycians* which he led thither
 The ablest and the best men he thought these.
 And then with Bucklers joyned close together
 Away they march directly to the Foe,
 And to the Combat had a great desire.
 The *Greeks* (they thought) as fast as they could go
 Would presently unto their Ships retire,

But

But *Asius* would not his Horses leave
 And Man, without the Trench, as others did.
 Fool as he was himself so to deceive.
 Upon his Charret tow'rd's the Ships he rid.
 But never came Triumphant back again
 For all his flaming Horses and his Charre,
 But by *Idomeneus* h's Spear was slain.
 When *Hector* to the Ships had brought the War
 The *Greeks* had in their Wall a Gate whereat
 Their Horses to the Field were us'd to pass,
 And *Asius* with his Charret drove to that.
 Which now left open by the *Argives* was
 Their people chas'd by *Hector* to let in.
 And all h's Party with a mighty cry
 Marcht after him as if they sure had been
 The *Argives* to their hollow Ships would fly.
 But were deceiv'd. For at the Gate they found
 Two mighty men that like two great Oaks stood
 With deep and large Roots fixed in the ground,
 That many Winds and Storms had long withstood.
 And *Lapiths* they were both; *Leontes* one,
 The other *Polypætes* gotten by
Pirithous. Both saw them coming on,
 And staying on their hands and strength rely.
 The *Trojans* led by *Asius* came on
 With mighty noise, *Orestes*, *Adamas*,
 (This *Adamas* of *Asius* was the Son)
Thoon, *Iameneas*, and *Oenomaus*,
 And ore their heads they held their Shields on high,
 For fear of Stones and Spears from off the Wall.
 The *Greeks* within to one another cry
 To save the Ships, the Tents, Themselves and All.
 But when they saw the *Trojans* went about
 To scale the Wall they roar'd and frighted were;
 But the two *Lapiths* presently leapt out,
 And furiously fell on the *Trojans* there.
 As if two Boars the Men and Hounds withstood,
 You'd often hear the Boughs before them snap
 While with their bended necks they tear the Wood;
 So thick they did the *Trojan* Armour's rap.

For valiantly they fought, in part relying
 Upon their strength, and partly on the Showrs
 Of mighty Stones perpetually flying
 Upon the *Trojans* from the Wall and Tow'rs
 As thick as to the ground fall flakes of Snow
 When by a cold wind stirred is the Cloud,
 Their Weapons from their hands on both sides go,
 And Shields and Helmets crack apace and loud.
 But *Asius* at this vent to the heart
 Then spake to *Jove*, and clapping of his thigh,
 Ay me, said he, Thou too a Lier art
 That mad'st us to believe the *Greeks* would fly ;
 Who like so many motly Wasps or Bees
 That in the hollow way their Houses build
 And for their young resist their Enemies,
 Till they repel them or themselves be kill'd,
 Still sharply fight and will not quit the place.
 Thus *Asius* said, but *Jove* unmoved sate,
 And none that day but *Hector* meant to grace.
 And as at this, they fought at ev'ry Gate.
 I cannot like a God relate it all,
 The flaming Stones that from the *Trojans* flew
 With fire divine up to the *Argive* Wall
 On ev'ry side. How th' *Argives* no way knew
 To save themselves but for the Ships to fight ;
 And how the Gods that with the *Greeks* took part
 Sate discontent in Heav'n and full of spight
 To see *Jove* so severely make them smart.
 But for the fight without, 'twas first begun
 By the bold *Lapiths*, though but two they were.
 For *Polypates* *Pirithous* Son
 At *Damafus* threw first a heavie Spear,
 And through his Helmets brazen cheeks it went,
 And through the Bone into the Brain went on ;
 And when unto the Shades he him had sent,
 He killed *Orminus* and *Pytoon*.
 And then a deadly Spear *Leontes* threw,
 Which through the body pierc'd *Hippolochus*.
 And on *Antiphates* his Sword he drew
 And killed him, and then *Iamennus*,

Oristes :

Orestes, Menon, one upon another.

But whilst they stay'd to strip these and the rest ;
Hector, *Polydamas*, and many other

That of the *Trojan* Army were the best,
Were at the Trench, and stood upon the brink
The Wall to break, and set the Ships on fire.

But as they stood a little while to think
There came a Bird not suiting their desire.

An Eagle in his Pounces held a Snake,
And over *Hectors* Soldiers carri'd it
Alive, but that could yet resistance make,
And by and by the Snake the Eagle bit.

The Eagle smarting cri'd and flew away,
And 'mongst the *Trojans* lets the Serpent fall,
And there amazed they, and gaping stay
To see *Joves* Prodigy before them crall.

O *Hector*, said *Polydamas*, though you
In Courts and Councils cross whatere I say,
How good soere it for you be and true,
Unless in ev'ry thing I go your way,

(Which is not well done, for your Counsel ought
In Peace and War to have their Voices free,
And never give advice against their thought,
But always for the publick good to be ;)

Yet now I'll tell you, if this Bird be sent
Unto the *Trojans* as a Prodigy,

'Tis not uneasie to foresee th' vent.

For this I think the end of it will be :
As th'Eagle in his Pounces bore the Snake,
But could not to her young ones bear it home ;
So if the *Trojans* this attempt shall make,

They'll back unto the City smarting come,
And many good Companions leave behind,
Whom th'*Argives* to defend their Ships will kill.

And this (I think) will any Augur finde
That in's profession has any skill.

Then *Hector* sowerly looking thus repli'd.

Polydamas, this counsel I like not ;
You have a better which you from me hide.
But if indeed it be your very thought,

The

The Gods have sure depriv'd you of your Sense,
 That bid me not on *Jove* so set my rest,
 But feather'd Fowls, that fly I care not whence,
 Nor whither, right or left, or East or West.
 But we to *Jove* the greatest God will trust,
 That all the other Gods excels in might.
 He one B'rd has, that still observe we must,
 And that is, For our Country well to fight.
 But why are you so much afraid? For though
 You ne're so many see before you slay,
 You of your self will have a care I know
 And not adventure where you may abstain.
 But if you stay or counsel other men
 To stay behinde, my Spear shall strike you dead.
 This said, he led them further on; and then
 They all with mighty clamour followed.
 And *Jove* a mighty wind from *Ida* sent,
 Which to the Ships directly blew the dust,
 That to the *Trojans* gave encouragement,
 But to the *Argives* horror and distrust.
 Encourag'd thus unto the Wall they go
 And brake down Battlements, and Posts pluckt out,
 And Piles that had been planted by the Foe
 With Leavers strong they wring up by the Root.
 Thus at the Wall the *Trojans* laboured,
 And hope they had the same to overthrow.
 Before the Battlements the *Argives* spread
 Cow-hides, and thence threw stones on them below.
 The *Ajaxes* then ran from Tow'r to Tow'r
 Endeavouring to give the *Argives* heart,
 Some with sweet words, and some of them with sowl,
 According as they each one did his part.
 Fellows (said they) you that excel in War,
 And you that great strength have, and you that small
 (For well you know, all men not equal are)
 Now play the men, there's bus'ness for you all.
 Fear not the clamour of this threatening man;
 Indure this brunt, which if you overcome,
 As (if *Jove* hinder not) I know you can,
 We'll course him to the Gates of *Ilium*.

Thus

Thus they encouraged the *Greeks*. And now,
 As when great *Jove* to show his Armory
 Upon a Winters day sends down his Snow,
 Innumerable are the flakes that fly
 And cover Hills and Woods and Pastures green,
 And all the fruitful works of Husbandry,
 And cover would (but that the Sea comes in)
 Both Ports and Shores ; for there Snow cannot lye.
 The Wall with Stones resounded round about.
 Yet *Hector* ne're had broken Wall nor Gate
 But by the *Greeks* had still been kept without,
 Had not *Jove* sent (the *Trojans* t'animate)
 His Son *Sarpedon*. With his Shield of brails
 Lined with many folds of strong Cow-hide,
 And which with golden Circles strength'ned was,
 And two Spears in his hand to th'Wall he hi'd.
 And as a Lion that had fasted long
 Comes from the Hill upon a flock of sheep,
 Will try what he can do, for all the throng
 Of Men and Dogs that them are set to keep ;
 So boldly goes *Sarpedon* to the Walls
 With mighty hand the Battlements to tear.
 And as he going was to *Glaucus* calls.
Glaucus, said he, what cause think you is there
 That we in *Lycia* more honour'd are
 Than other men, and lookt upon like Gods,
 And higher set at Feasts, and better Fare,
 And drink best Wine, and more Land have by odds ?
 Is't not because we foremost are in fight ?
 'Tis not in vain (they'll say) our Princes have
 More honour, since they are of greater might,
 And their lives venture other men to save.
Glaucus, if we could death eschew and age
 By running from the Battle cowardly,
 D'ye think I foremost would my self engage,
 Or ever counsel you to follow me ?
 You know the ways to death are infinite.
 Though we ne're fight we cannot always live.
 Therefore come on and let us bravely fight,
 And either honour gain or honour give.

So said *Sarpedon*. *Glaucus* him obey'd;
 And tow'rd's the *Greeks* well followed they went.
 Then *Mnestheus* was terribly afraid,

For to assault his Tower he saw them bent,
 And lookt about what *Heroes* he could spy
 On other Towers unto his aid to call.

He saw th' *Ajaxes* two, and *Teucer* by,

But too far off to hear. For at the Wall
 Of Shields and Helmets so great Thumping was
 That 'twas impossible to hear him call.

The Gates resounded no less than the Brass;
 For fiercely they were fighting at 'em all.

Then *Mnestheus* to the Squire *Thootes* said,

Run quickly call the *Ajaxes* to me,
 Both, if they can be spar'd. I am afraid
 Against these men I shall not able be
 To keep my place. Keen Warriours they are.

But if they be themselves distressed there,

Let *Telamonius* of this place take care,

And *Teucer* use his Bow and Arrows here.

Thootes then unto th' *Ajaxes* ran

Along the *Argive* Wall, and to them said,

Mnestheus entreats both of you, if you can,

To come unto his Tow'r and give him aid.

Keen Warriours (he says) these *Lycians* are.

But if you be your selves distressed here

Let *Telamonius* of the place take care,

And *Teucer* use his Bow and Arrows there.

This said, great *Ajax* said unto the less,

Aliades stay here a while, till I

Deliver *Mnestheus* from his distress.

That done, I shall be with you presently.

Ajax and *Teucer* then together go

Unto the Tow'r of *Mnestheus* with all speed,

Pandion with them carry'ng *Teucers* Bow,

And at their coming found him in great need.

The *Lycians* like a black and lowering Cloud

Ascended to the Wall and fiercely fought.

The *Greeks* resist. The noise is mighty loud.

And with a heavy Stone stood *Ajax* out

That

That two men scarce could carry, such as now
The Earth brings forth, and with the same he stroke
Epicles on the Helmet such a blow
As Head and Helmet both in pieces broke.
Down like a Diver from the Wall fell he
Headlong, and dead upon the ground he lay.
At *Glaucus* *Tencer* lets an Arrow flee
Which through his Arm unarmed made its way.
Glaucus no longer able now to fight,
Leapt from the Wall unseen unto the ground,
For fear, if of his hurt they had a sight,
The *Greeks* would make a Triumph of his wound.
Griev'd was *Sarpedon* to see *Glaucus* gone,
But not so grieved but that still he sought,
And fixt a heavie Spear in *Alcmaon*,
And with the same his life and all pluckt out.
Sarpedon then tore down a Battlement,
And wider for the *Lycians* made the way.
But *Tencer* then an Arrow to him sent.
But *Jupiter* to save his Son that day
The Shaft unto his Shield and Belt directed,
So that it passed not unto the skin.
The Shield and Belt together him protected.
And then with Spear in hand came *Ajax* in,
And with a Push that pierc'd his Shield clean through
His coming on a little while he stay'd.
But with *Sarpedon* that could little do,
That honour sought. Then to his friends he said,
Ye *Lycians* what makes you thus remiss?
Can I make way unto the Ships alone?
Strong as I am, impossible it is.
For many hands much better are than one.
This said the *Lycians* heavier than before
(To please their Prince) upon the *Argives* lay.
The *Greeks* within their broken Ranks restore,
And terrible the Battle was that day.
For neither could the *Lycians* passage make
Unto the Ships and break the *Argives* Wall,
Nor *Greeks* compel the *Lycians* to forsake
The battlements, so fiercely fought they all.

As two men on the Confines of their ground
 At two ends of a measure tugging stand,
 Contending earnestly about their bound;
 And each of them would fain enlarge his land :
 So for the Battlement they striving stood,
 And wounded one another Back and Brest,
 And sprinkled was the Battlement with blood,
 Nor was it certain yet who had the best.
 But as a woman that is fain to spin
 To find her self and Children sorry food,
 In one scale Wooll, in th'other Weight puts in
 Till they hang ev'n, so ev'n the Battle stood
 Till *Hector* came, to whom *Jove* chiefly meant
 To give the honour of the Victory.
 Then *Hector* up the Wall the formost went,
 And thence unto his *Trojans* loud did cry,
Trojans come on, and break me down this Wall,
 And set the *Aegives* hollow ships on flame.
 This said, he he heard was by the *Trojans* all,
 And streight unto the Battlements they came.
 Then *Hector* at the Gate took up a stone
 Great and sharp-pointed ; two men such as now
 Could scarce have lifted up so great a one :
 But *Hector* with one hand the same could throw ;
 For *Jupiter* to him had made it light.
 And as unto a Shepherd is a Fleece
 Of Wooll, that to be horn needs little might ;
 So easily born the stone by *Hector* is ;
 And standing at the Gate well fortifi'd
 With Planks well joyn'd, and two cross-bars within,
 And taking with his right foot back a stride
 Out flew the stone and at the Gate went in.
 The Gate then roar'd ; the Hinges broken were ;
 The Bars upon the ground asunder lay ;
 And pieces of the Planks flew here and there ;
 And to the Ships now open was the way.
 And *Hector* with a countenance like night
 Flew in. And fire appeared in his eyes :
 His Armour as he marched shined bright,
 And light reflected up unto the Skies ;

And

And two good Spears he grasped in his Fist;
And then the *Greeks* were mightily afraid ;
For none except a God could him resist.
And then unto the *Trojans* turning said,
Now *Trojans* to the Wall. And presently
Great numbers of the *Trojans* that way pass,
And others at the Gate. The *Argives* fly
Unto their ships. And great the Tumult was.

R 2 ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. XIII.

When *Jove* had to the Ships the *Trojans* brought,
 He left them fighting there, and turn'd his face
 (Thinking th'Immortals would no more have fought)
 And lookt upon the fields and men of *Thrace*,
 And *Mysians*, and *Hippomolgi* (men
 That live on Milk the goodly Mothers give
 Of lusty Steeds, and are more honest than
 The rest of Mortals, and do longer live.)
 While *Neptune* from a hill in *Samothrace*
 Lookt down and saw the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fight.
 For thence of *Ida* hill and all the space
 'Bout *Troy* and th' *Argive* Fleet he had a sight.
 And grieved was to see the *Argives* slain,
 And mightily offended was with *Jove*,
 And from the Hill in haste came down again,
 On foot; and ever as his feet did move,
 Under the same the haughty Mountains shook,
 And the thick Woods, and unto *Age* came.
 Thither to come four steps he only took.
 There stands a Temple sacred to his name,
 Of glistering Gold and never to decay.
 And there he puts his Horses to his Char.
 Long Mains of Gold they had, and swift were they.
 And then in Gold himself array'd for War.
 And mounted on his Char ore Sea he drives,
 The Whales on both sides from the bottom rise
 The King to see. The Sea her bosome rives,
 But not a drop up to the Axtree flies.
 Thus quickly to the *Argives* *Neptune* came.
 Half way 'twixt *Tenedus* and *Imbrus* is
 In the deep Sea a Căve, and in the same
 (Lest coming back his Horses he should miss)

He

He sets them up and laid before them Mear,
And ty'd them there with Foot-locks at their feet,
Strong Locks of Gold, that loose they could not get.

Then up he went unto the *Argive* Fleet,
And there he found the *Trojans* like a Flame
At *Hector's* heels with mighty noise and cry,
Greedy and full of hope the *Greeks* to tame,
And then in flames to make their Ships to fry.

Then *Neptune* speaking to th' *Ajaxes* two
In *Chalchas* shape, You two (said he) can save
The Ships, if you but set your selves thereto.

For of the Foe no fear at all I have
In other parts. Defended they will be
By other *Greeks*. The danger all is here:
Where *Hector* like a flame you leading see,
That would be thought the Son of *Jupiter*.

If you but think some God bids you resist,
And stand your ground when *Hector* cometh on,
And chear your fellows; though *Jove* him assist,
He quickly from your good Ships will be gone.
This said, he on them both his Scepter laid.

And presently themselves they stronger find;
Their Thighs and Legs and Hands much lighter weigh'd.
And *Neptune* suddenly rose from the ground.

Just as a Hawk from off a Rock flies at
Some other Fowl; so quickly *Neptune* rose.
The lesser *Ajax* first observed that,

And to the greater d'd the same disclose.
Ajax (said he) this was some Deity
That in the shape of *Chalchas* bad us fight.

For 'twas not *Chalchas* I am sure. For I
As he went off had of his Legs a sight,
And of his Feet and Steps. For marks there are
To know a God by from a man. Withal
I finde my self much more inclin'd to War.

Methinks my hands and feet for Battle call.
And so do mine (said *Telamorus*)

And fain I would with *Hector* have a bout.
While they together were discoursing thus,
Neptune belinde them busie was about.

Confirming those that to the Ships were gone
 A little to refresh themselves. For they
 Had long and painful labour undergone,
 And heavier at their hearts the danger lay
 When *Hector* and his Troops had pass'd the Wall,
 And of their safety were in great despair.
 But *Neptune* coming soon confirm'd them all,
 And gave them hope their Fortune to repair.
 To *Tenar* first he came and *Lritus*,
 To *Despyrus* and to *Neneleos*,
Meriones and stout *Antilochus*,
 And standing near address'd his Speech to those
 Eie (*Argives*) ye young men; what Shame is this?
 Upon your hands I chiefly did rely
 To save our Ships. If you be so remiss,
 The day is come in which we all must die
 By *Hector's* hands. O strange! I never thought
 The *Trojans* durst to th'Ships have come so near.
 That heretofore peep out o'th' Town durst not,
 But like to *Hindes* that hide themselves for fear
 Of *Leopards*, *Wolves*, and other Beasts of Prey.
 For so at first they did. But you'll not fight
 For anger that the King had sent away
 Dishonour'd the man of greatest might.
 But what though *Agamemnon* have indeed
 Dishonour'd *Thitis* Son, must we therefore
 Give over fight? Or rather with all speed
 Endeavour all we can to cure the Sore?
 But howsoere, you that excuseless are,
 And of the *Argive* Army all the best,
 And Bodies live and Hearts well made for War,
 I needs must reprehend you. But the rest
 That weak or wretched are I cannot blame.
 Fond men, this negligence may bring forth yet
 Some greater ill. Then come away for shame.
 For never were the *Greeks* so hard beset.
Hector has broken both the Bars and Gates,
 And now hard by our Ships he fiercely fights,
 And with great noise his *Trojans* animates.
 Thus *Neptune* the dismay'd *Greeks* excites.

At th' *Ajaxes* the Ranks stood firm and close,
 Nor *Mars* nor *Pallas* could a fault have spi'd.
 They chosen were the *Trojans* to oppose
 Whom *Hector* led. And standing side by side,
 Shield Shield, and Target Target, and Man Man
 Sustain'd, and Spear by Spear assisted was.
 So close they stood, and labour all they can
 Lest *Hector* to their hollow Ships should pass.
 And *Hector* with his Troops went swiftly on,
 As when a Torrent swell'd with showers of rain
 Breaks from the hill a round and heavie stone,
 It makes the Wood resound, till at the Plain,
 Swift as it thither roll'd, it rolls no more;
 So *Hector* marching made account to pass
 Through th' *Argive* Fleet and Tents to the Sea-shore.
 But at th' *Ajaxes* Battle stopt he was.
 And forced back a little to recoile,
 Resisted by so many Spears and Swords,
 And speaking to his *Trojans* stood a while,
 And *Lycians*, and *Dardans* in these words.
 •Ye *Trojans*, *Lycians*, *Dardans* do not fly.
 I know they cannot long maintain the Fight,
 If we upon *Jove's* promise may rely,
 Who all the other Gods excells in might.
 This said, *Deiphobus* went tow'rd's the Foe,
 Holding his Buckler out before him high,
 So that it cover'd him from Head to Toe.
Meriones that on him had his eye,
 His Spear threw at him, which no harm did do.
 For though upon the Buckler fell the stroke,
 It carri'd not th' intended mischief through,
 But in the tough Bull-hides the Spear he broke.
 Then back unto the throng he went, and sum'd
 Both for the loss of the good Spear he brake,
 And of the Victory he had presum'd,
 And went to th' Ships another Spear to take.
 The rest fought on, and mighty noise there was.
 There *Teucer* with his Spear slew *Imbrinus*
 The Son of *Mentor*, till the *Greeks* did pass.
 The Sea to *Troy* he dwelt at *Pedasus*,

And to *Medesiceffe* there was wed.

But when the *Argives* came to *Troy*, he then
Dwelt in King *Priams* Court, much honoured
Both by the King himself and by his men.

But now by *Tencer's* Spear was slain. And as
Upon a Hill a goodly Ashen Tree,
Unto the ground (cut from the roots with brass)
Brings down its boughs ; so to the ground fell he.

To strip him of his Arms then *Tencer* goes ;
Which *Hector* seeing, at him threw his Spear,
And misses him ; yet not in vain he throws,

But kills another man that stood him near,
Amphimachus, that newly to the fight
Was from the Ships come back t'assist the rest ;

And scarcely of the Skirmish had a fight,
When *Hector's* Spear he felt upon his breast.

Then to *Amphimachus* came *Hector* near,
Meaning his Helmet from his head to take.

Which *Ajax* seeing at him threw his Spear
That hit his Shield, but passage could not make.

Yet with such strength the Spear fell on his Shield,
That backward he was driven from the dead ;

So that the *Argives* bore them off the Field.

Amphimachus to th' Ships was carried.

By *Mnestheus* and *Stichius* that led

Th' *Athenian* Troops. But the *Ajaxes* two,

One at the Feet, another at the Head,

Bore *Imbrius* from off the ground into

The throng of *Greeks* like hungry Lions two

That carry in their Jaws a Goat which they

Had snatched from the Dogs, and were to go

Through many Shrubs to carry it away:

Him they disarm'd, and to let *Hector* know it,

The lesser *Ajax* cutteth off his head,

And turning round with all his strength doth throw it,

And unto *Hector's* feet 'twas carried.

Now *Nepene* for *Amphimachus* thus slain,

Who from his Loins descended, vexed sore,

Went to the *Argive* Ships and Tents again

To cheer the *Greeks*, and hurt the *Trojans* more,

And

And with *Idomeneus* met as he went,
That had a wounded friend brought from the fight,
And streightway back again to go he meant
To them that fought and help them all he might.

And *Neptune* like unto *Andremons* Son
Thoas, whose Farther all th' *Aetolians* swai'd
Like *Jove* in *Pleuron* and in *Calydon*,

Unto *Idomeneus* then spake and said,
O King *Idomeneus*, what is betide
Of th' *Argive* threats that *Ilium* they would tame?

O *Thoas* (then *Idomeneus* repli'd)
I know not any man that we can blame.

There's none of us but understands the War,
Nor any that betray themselves with fear,
Nor that for sloth to fight unwilling are.

But *Jove*, it seems, will have us perish here.
But *Thoas*, you that always heretofore

Have fought so well, and set on other men,
Still hold that purpose never giving o're.

T'*Idomeneus* then *Neptune* said agen,
Idomeneus may that man ne're come back,
But in the Field lie for the Dogs a Prey,
That at this time is negligent or slack.

But now put on your Arms and come away,
And quickly. For although we are but two,
Yet since conjoyned force of men not strong
Can do as much as one good man, let's go.

This said, up *Neptune* went into the throng.
Idomeneus then goes into his Tent

And arm'd himself, and took in's hand two Spears,
And out again he came like Lightning sent

To men from *Jove* to fill their hearts with fears.
And scarce come forth, he met *Meriones*

That to his Tent was going for a Spear,
And speaking to him said *Idomeneus*,

Meriones my friend what make you here?
What are you wounded that you leave the Fight?

Or bring you me some news? For I to hide
My self from Battle here take no delight.

Meriones then to him thus repli'd.

O King *Idomeneus* unto your Tent
 I forc'd was from the Battle to come down,
 And thence to take a Spear of yours I meant,
 Since on *Desphobus* I broke my own.
 A Spear then said *Idomeneus*, there are
 Twenty if you had need of them that stand
 Upright against the Walls which in this War
 I took from *Trojans* vanquish'd by my hand.
 For when I fight I stand neer to the Foe.
 And that's the cause so many Spears I have,
 And can so many Shields and Helmers show,
 And Armours for the breast great store and brave.
 Then spake *Astionus*; And I said he
 Have many spoils of *Trojans* at my Tent,
 But fetcht from thence so soon they cannot be.
 For close up to the Foe I alke went
 Amongst the foremost boldly. Which although
 The *Argives* take no notice of, yet you
 That how I still behav'd my self, well know
 Can bear me witness what I say is true.
 To him then thus *Idomeneus* repli'd,
Astionus, this need not have been said,
 I know your courage were it to be tri'd,
 And men somewhere in ambush to be laid
 (Where fear and courage are discerned best;
 For there 'tis seen who valiant are, who not.
 A Coward's heart still panteth in his breast;
 And nothing but on death he has his thought;
 He cannot without trembling quiet sit,
 But dances on his Hams, and changes hue;
 And cannot hold himself upon his feet;
 And shakes his Chaps. These things a Coward shew.
 But in a valiant man there's none of this.
 He quietly abides without afright,
 When in the danger he engaged is;
 And longs for nothing but to come to fight)
 If you amongst them had been there, I know
 None of them such a fault in you had found.
 Or if you had been hurt 'tis sure enow,
 Nor in your back nor neck had been the Wound,

But

But either in your belly or your brest.

But let's no longer talk like children here,
Lest we be blam'd. I think it therefore best

You now go to my Tent and take a Spear.

This said, *Meriones* fetcht out a Spear,

And with *Idomeneus* went to the Fight,

As *Mars*, when in the Field he will appear,

And with him his beloved Son *Affright*,

And to th' *Ephyrians* and *Pblegyans* goes

From *Thrace* to give one side the Victory ;

So with *Idomeneus* unto the Foes

Meriones went up couragiously,

And to him said, *Idomeneus* where now

O'th' left, or right side of the *Trojan* Host,

Or in the midst shall we our force bestow

To help the *Greeks* ? For now they need us most.

Idomeneus then to him said agen,

The midd'e of the Battle to maintain

There ready stand enow, and able men,

Teucer good Bowman and th' *Ajaxes* twain.

Hector shall there of fighting have his fill

As greedy as he is. Though strong he be

He'll find it hard that way to have his will,

And come unto the Ships with Victory,

And burn them if *Jove* nor with his own hand

Throw in the Brands. He must be more than man,

Whom *Ajax* is not able to withstand ;

Not mortal, such as live by *Ceres* can,

And may be killed with a Spear or Stone.

For *Ajax* with *Achilles* may compare

In standing fight, though able less to run.

In that, *Achilles* him excelleth far.

But now unto the Battle let us go

And fall on at the left side of the field,

And try what we are able there to do,

And either Honour win or honour yield.

This said, they went together to the Fight,

And on them presently the *Trojans* fell.

There was no place for Victory to light,

So close they fought on both sides and so well.

And

And such a mighty Cloud of dust they raise
 As when great Winds contend upon the Plain
 Is in dry weather raised from the ways,
 While one to kill another takes great pain.
 And horrid of the Squadrons was the fight,
 That bris'd was all over with great Spears.
 Their Armours, Shields, and Helmets, with their light
 Dazled the eyes, and clamour fill'd the ears.
 Hard-hearted had he been that with dry eyes
 Had this affliction of the *Heroes* seen,
 That from the Sons of *Saturn* did arise,
 And but for their dissention had not been:
 For *Jupiter* for *Hector* was and *Troy*,
 And meant to honour *Thetis* and her Son ;
 But not th' *Asbean* Army to destroy.
 But *Neptune* moved with compassion
 To see the *Argives* by the *Trojans* slain,
 And angry with his Brother, secretly
 In likeness of a man rose from the Main
 T'incourage them and give them victory.
 Though they were Brothers, yet *Jove* of the two
 The Elder and the Wiser was, so that
Neptune against *Jove's* will durst nothing do
 In favour of the *Greeks* distressed, but what
 He thought might be effected privily.
 And thus he Saw from Brother unto Brother
 Of cruel War was drawn alternately,
 And many slain of one side and the other.
 And now half gray came in *Idomeneus*
 With lusty *Cretans*, and the *Trojan* frighted.
 For presently he slew *Othryoneus*,
Othryoneus that was by *Fame* invited
 To purchase honour in the War at *Troy*,
 And promis'd, if *Cassandra* he might wed,
 From *Ilium* to drive the *Greeks* away.
 Which *Priam* to him granted if he sped.
 And in this hope, strutting he went to fight.
 There with his Spear *Idomeneus* him smote.
 The Spear upon his Belly just did light.
 And down he fell ; his Armour sav'd him not.

Idomeneus

Idomeneus insulting ore him spake.

Othryoneus great praise you'll win indeed
If you can do what you did undertake.

Come fight for us ; and you shall no worse speed.

For if you for us win the Town of *Troy*,

Atrides fairest Daughter yours shall be.

Come with me to the *Greeks* that there we may

Upon the Wedding-Articles agree.

And then to be revenged *Asius* meant,

And was on foot, although his Horses there

Breathing upon his back behind him went.

And at *Idomeneus* had thrown his Spear

But that to throw he time enough had not ;

Because the other made the greater hast,

And with his Spear had hit him in the throat,

And out again at's neck the point had past.

And there as some great Oak or Poplar-tree,

Or Pine cut down, that by a Shipwright must

Be saw'd in Planks falls down, so fell down he

Grasping with both his hands the bloody dust.

The Charretier was so amaz'd thereat

That he forgot to turn his Charre with fear,

And quiet sate. *Antilochus* saw that,

And going neerer, at him threw his Spear,

Which through his Armour and his Belly went,

And gasping fell to th'ground the Charretier.

Antilochus to th'Ships his Horses sent,

And by the *Argives* now possess'd they were.

And then *Deiphobus* himself advanc'd

And at *Idomeneus* he threw his Spear,

Which grazing only on his Buckler glanc'd

Unto the *Argives* that behinde him were.

For as he saw it come he sunk, and hid

His body all under his Shield of brass.

Yet not from out his hand depart it did

In vain ; for with it slain *Hypsenor* was.

Deiphobus then crowing said, So, so,

Asius does not go unreveng'd to Hell.

And though the place unpleasant be, I know

To have such company will please him well.

S

Antilochus

Antilochus then to the Body came

And kept the *Trojans* off from stripping it.

Mecistes and *Alastor* bare the same

Upon their shoulders to the *Argive* Fleet.

Idomeneus still like a Fury went

To kill more *Trojans* or himself be kill'd.

And for the *Argives* thought his life well spent.

Alcibious then met him on the Field,

Who was a Suiter to *Hippodamie*

Achises eldest Daughter, and the best

Beloved by her Parents both was she,

And of her time exceeded all the rest

In Beauty, and in curious Work, and Wit;

And a fit Consort for the best of *Troy*.

But *Neptune* now on purpose bound his feet,

And from his Eyes though bright took sight away;

So that he could not fly, nor turn, nor fight,

But fixed stood like to a Post or Tree;

And by *Idomeneus* with *Neptune's* might

Pierc'd through the Armour, and the Breast was he,

And through the Heart, as plainly did appear.

For as he b'eeding on the ground did lie,

The beating of his heart did shake the Spear;

And *Mars* took from him all his Chivalry.

Idomeneus then crowed mightily.

Deiphobus (said he) is't not enough

That for your one man I have killed three?

If not, come on and take a better proof

Of what the Seed of *Jove* in War can do.

For *Jove* got *Minos*, and *Deucalion* he.

He me, and I whole Ship loads bring of Wo

To *Troy*, unto thy Father, and to thee.

This said, *Deiphobus* considered

Whether to stay and meet him hand to hand,

Or see by whom he might be seconded.

And at the Reer he saw *Aeneas* stand.

For he not much good will did *Priam* bear,

Who small respect unto his Vertue paid.

To him *Deiphobus* approaching near,

Aeneas, now (said he) you must us aid.

Your

Your Brother-law *Alcathous* is kill'd,
 Who oftentimes has fed you with his hand,
 And naked will be left upon the field
 By *Idomeneus*, unless you him withstand.
 This said, & *Idomeneus* they came away,
 And with him greedy were to enter fight.
 And he as boldly did their coming stay.
 Though two to one, they did not him affright.
 But as a Boar in unfrequented place,
 By Dogs and Men pursu'd, stands suddenly
 Knowing his strength, and locks them in the face
 Bristled his Back, and flaming is his Eye;
 So for *Aeneas* staid *Idomeneus*,
 And to his fellows call'd; *Ascalaphus*,
Meriones, *Antilochus*, and *Abhareus*,
 Good men of War, and you *Deiopyrus*,
 Come hither friends, said he. I coming see
Aeneas towards me with mighty rage,
 A valiant man at Arms you know is he,
 And now is in the flower of his Age.
 Were I so young, and of the mind I am,
 I'd honour win of him or he of me.
 This said they quickly all about him came
Aeneas to repel or kill. Then he
 Call'd *Paris* to him and *Agenor*, and
Deiophobus, the *Argives* to oppose.
 And all of them of *Trojans* had command,
 And with their Spears behind him march'd close.
 As when a Shepherd leads with a green Bough
 His Sheep from off the Pasture to the Brook,
 Is joy'd to see them follow him; so now
Aeneas in his Troops great pleasure took.
 No sooner they were come unto the ground
 Whereon *Alcathous* his Body was,
 But close they fought, and hideous was the sound
 Of Helmers, Shields and mighty Arms of bras.
 And there the two that far excel'd the rest
Aeneas and *Idomeneus* would fain
 Have fix'd their Spears in one anothers Brest.
 First threw *Aeneas*, but he threw in vain.

For by *Idomeneus* declin'd it was,
 And coming to the ground stuck trembling there.
 And then threw he and killed *Oenomaus*,
 And pierced was his Belly with a Spear.
 Who falling fill'd both his hands with dust.
Idomeneus pull'd out again his Spear.
 But to take off his Arms he durst not trust
 Himself, so many Lances flying were.
 His Limbs and Feet not supple were and light
 To throw or shun a Spear. They now were past
 Their best, yet good were in a standing Fight.
 But could not from the Battle run so fast.
 And as he slowly walked off the Field,
Deiphobus that alwaies bore him spight
 A Spear threw at him, but him mis'd, and kill'd
Ascalaphus Son of the God of Fight.
 And on his hands into the dust fell he.
 But *Mars* yet knew not that his Son was dead.
 For in the Golden Clouds by *Jove's* decree
 With all the other Gods prohibited
 To meddle in the battle, quiet sat.
 About *Ascalaphus* the strife was all;
 And first *Deiphobus* his Helmet gat,
 But forc'd he was again to let it fall.
 For in the Arm he then receiv'd a wound
 Which by *Meriones* was to him sent,
 Who quickly took the Helmet from the ground.
 And with it back unto the *Argives* went.
Deiphobus was by *Polites* (who
 His Brother was) born forth unto his Charre,
 And bleeding in his Charre the Town into.
 But still upon the Field went on the Warre,
 And *Aphareus* there wounded in the throat
 Was by *Aeneas* Spear, wherewith his Head
 On one side hanging Shield and Helmet brought
 Down with him to the Earth. There lay he dead.
 And *Thoön* by *Antilochus* was slain,
 That to him turn'd his back and meant to fly;
 For by the Spear in two was cut the vein
 Which all along the Back to th' Neck doth lye.

And

And down he fell. *Antilochus* stept in
 To strip him. But the Foes about him round
 Threw at him Spears, but never touch'd his skin,
 Although his Shield received many a wound.
 For he was well defended on each side
 By *Neptune*, who unto him bore good will,
 Because he ne'er would from the Fight abide,
 And 'mongst the Foes his Spear was flying still.
 But as his Spear at ore he aiming stood,
 He by *Afiades* observed was,
 Who to him came as near as well he cou'd
 And threw his Spear, whereof one half did pass
 Clean through *Antilochus* his Shield, and stuck
 Therein; but th'other half fell to the ground.
 For *Neptune* him preserv'd from that ill luck.
 So scape *Antilochus* without a wound.
 And *Adamas* retir'd into the rout:
Meriones sent after him a Spear,
 Which entering at his hinder parts, came out
 Beneath his Navel; and above his gear,
 Where wounds most fatal are. Then down he falls;
 And like a Cow that by the Horns is ty'd
 By strength of Swains, a little while he sprawls;
 But with the plucking out the Spear he dy'd.
 And then the Son of *Priam* *Helenus*
 With a broad Sword in hand all Steel of *Thrace*
 Upon the Helmet smote *Deiopyrus*,
 Who there fell down and dy'd upon the place.
 The *Greeks* took up the Helmet at their feet.
 And griev'd thereat was *Menelaus* so
 That up he went with *Helenus* to meet
 Shaking his Spear. The other draws his Bow.
 And on the Breast-plate hit was *Menelaus*.
 But off the Arrow flew like chaff which fan'd
 Is from the Corn. But th'other wounded was
 Just where he held the Bow quite through the hand.
 And dragging Hand and Spear himself withdrew
 Into the *Trojan* Troops; where from the wound
 The heavy Spear his friend *Agnor* drew,
 And in a woollen bandage wrapt it round;

VVhich in his hand a servant held hard by.

And then *Pisandrus* went to *Menelaus*,
Betray'd thereto by cruel Destiny.

For to have slain him in great hope he was.

And when they were to one another nigh,

First *Menelaus* threw his Spear, but wide.

At him *Pisandrus* then his Spear lets fly.

But passage being at the Shield deny'd,
Beneath the brazen point in twain it crackt.

Then to him with his Sword went *Menelaus*,
And he to *Menelaus* with an Ax,

VVhich cover'd with his Buckler ready was.

And on his Helmet crest then fell the stroke.

But he *Pisandrus* with his keen Sword hit
Upon the Forehead near the Nose, which broke

The Bone; and carry'd present death with it.
His eyes unto the ground fell in the blood.

Atrides kickt him as o'th' ground he lay,
Then stript him of his Arms, and ore him stood
Insulting, and reproaching those of *Troy*.

Thus, thus (said he) proud *Trojans*, you'll at last
Be taught to quit our Ships, and have your fill
Of bloody VVar, and pay for what is past.

Your thought, ye Dogs, too little was the ill,
Against the Laws of Hospitality

To steal away my Goods, and wedded VVife ;
But further will (if in your pow'r it lye)

Deprive the *Argive* Princes all of Life ;

And burn their Ships, although no injury

I ever did you. But I hope we shall

Your greediness of fighting satisfie.

But Father *Jove*, who (men say) art of all
The Gods most wise, all this proceeds from you,

Thar to the *Trojans* false and insolent

More favour shew than to the just and true ;

Sb that with Peace they never are content.
Of every thing there is satiety.

Of Sleep, of Love, of Dance, and pleasant Song,
And all men else with war may cloyed be.

Only the *Trojans* still for fighting long.

This

This said, the Armour to the Ships he sent,
And 'mongst the foremost *Greeks* again he fought.
And there *Harpalion* unto him went
(Who t'*Ilum* was by his Father brought.
But brought from thence again he never was).
And at him throws his Spear, and hits his Shield
Right in the midst. But through it could not pass;
The stubborn Brals unto it would not yield.
Missing his purpose he the field forsook,
And fearing to be slain lookt still about,
Until an Arrow keen him overtook,
Sent from *Meriones*, that past throughout
From Buttock unto Badder. Then he sate
Expiring 'mongst the *Trojans* his good friends,
And lay like to a Worm benumbed, that
Upon the ground it self at length extends.
The *Paplagonians* of him had a care,
And sorry for him carry'd him to *Troy*.
His Father weeping followed the Charr,
But how to be revenged saw no way.
And *Paris* then with anger was possesst,
And 'mongst the *Argives* lets an Arrow fly.
For of *Harpalion* he had been the guest,
And well received in *Paplagonie*.
Amongst the *Argives* one *Euchenor* was
The Son of *Polydus* an old Prophet
That knew full well how things would come to pass
Before the Town of *Troy*, and told him of it.
You must, said he, at home by sickness die,
Or going with the *Greeks* at *Troy* be slain.
But for all that the Youngman valiantly
Went with the *Greeks*; but ne'er came home again,
Though he behav'd himself with caution there
In hope t'avoid both danger and diseases.
But *Paris* shot him 'twixt the Cheek and Ear.
And on his Eyes there Death and Darkness seizes.
Thus keenly fought they here; But *Hector* yet
Knew not the *Trojans* that were fighting at
The left hand of the Host were so beset,
For if he had perhaps been told of that,

He

He might have giv'n the *Greeks* the Victory ;
 Such courage *Nptune* gave unto them there.
 And sometimes by his strength immediately
 In battle fighting they assisted were.
 But *Hector* yet was where he first made way,
 Breaking the *Argive* Ranks, and Wall and Gate,
 Where of *Protesilaus* the good Ships lay,
 And those of *Ajax* next unto them late ;
 Where low the Wall and sharpest was the Fight.

Th' *Epeians*, *Pthiaks*, and *Ionians*,
Bæotians, *Locrians* all oppose their might
 To *Hector's*, *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians*,
 And led were by good men. Th' *Athenians*.
 By *Mnestheus*, *Bias*, *Phidas*, *Stichius*.
Meges the leading had of th' *Epians*,
 And with him *Amphion* and *Dracius*.

Medon and *Menepolemus* brought on
 The *Pthians*. *Medon* was *Ajaxes* Brother,
 And of *Oileus* the natural Son,
 Not gotten by his Wife but by another.
 H's Wife was call'd *Eriopis*. And he
 For killing of her Brother forced fled
 To save himself to th' Town of *Phylacie*,
 Where *Menepolemus* was born and bred.
 And so the *Pthian* Leaders were these two,
 And 'mongst the chief of the *Bæotians* sought
 To keep the *Trojans* from approaching to
 The *Argive* Ships to burn them as they thought.

But *Ajax* the swift Son of *Oileus*
 Not all this while departed from the side
 Of *Ajax* Son of *Telamonius*.

But as two Oxen which the ground divide
 Go tugging of the Plow with one consent,
 Till underneath their Horns their Foreheads swear,
 So labouring in the field together went
 Yoakt, both the Little *Ajax* and the Great.

But *Telamonius* was followed
 With good Companions, who when there was cause
 H's mighty Buckler for him carried.

The other destitute of followers was.

For

For none but *Locrians* to the War he led,
 Who have no use of Bucklers when they fight,
 Nor Spears, nor Helmets that defend the Head;
 But came to *Troy* with Bows and Arrows light.
 And in a standing Fight durst not abide.
 But from behind the *Argive* Ranks unseen,
 They *Hector* and his *Trojans* terrifi'd
 Incessantly with shows of Arrows keen,
 Whilst from the Front with Spears they plagued were:
 The *Trojans* courage then was so allaid,
 That into *Troy* they all had run for fear,
 But that *Polydamas* to *Hector* said,
Hector, you are a man uncounsellable.
 Because in deeds of Arms you so excel,
 You think your self in Counsel too most able,
 As if all vertues must in one man dwell.
 The Gods to some have given well to fight,
 And others with the Muses they have grac'd;
 Others with Dance the people to delight;
 And in the minds of others Wisdom plac'd.
 The fruit whereof by many is enjoy'd:
 It Cities saves, as they that have it know,
 Which quickly would without it be destroy'd,
 But what we are to do I'll tell you now.
 The VVar now lyeth only on your hand:
 For since we past the VVal, some quite give ore,
 And armed as they were do idle stand,
 And th'Enemy than ours that fight are more.
 Therefore retire and call the Princes hither,
 That it may be determin'd by them all
 Upon mature deliberation, whether
 Upon the *Argives* at their Ships to fall
 (If so it please the Gods) or otherwise,
 Since *Ajax* there resolved is to stay,
 How with most safety we may hence arise.
 For they are in our debt for yesterday.
 So said *Polydamas*, and *Hector* thought
 The counsel not amiss, and fireight obey'd.
 And armed from his Charriot leapt out,
 And standing on the ground unto him said,
Polydamas,

Polydamas, stay you, and here detain
 The *Trojan* Chiefs, while to the Fight I go;
 And give some Orders there; I shall again
 Be with you quickly when I have done so.

He mist *Deiphobus* and *Helenus*,

— And valiant *Adamas* *Asiades*,

And *Asius* the Son of *Hyracus*,

And went about the field to look for these;

Of which some wounded were retir'd to *Troy*,

And some in Battle by the *Argives* kill'd.

But found his Brother *Paris* in his way,

Encouraging his men upon the Field.

And spake unto him, in ill Language, thus,

Unlucky *Paris*, fine man, Lover keen,

Where are *Deiphobus* and *Helenus*

And *Adamas*? Where are they to be seen?

And what is of *Othryontus* become?

And where is *Asius*? Now certainly

Down to the ground burnt will be *Ilium*,

And thou a miserable death wilt die.

So *Hector* said, and *Paris* thus repli'd.

Hector, there was for such words now no cause.

Sometimes perhaps you may me justly chide.

I do not think a Coward born I was.

For since unto the Ships you brought the War,

We with the *Greeks* perpetually have fought,

But those you miss slain by the *Argives* are;

Save that *Deiphobus* was carri'd out,

And *Helenus*, both wounded in the hand.

Now lead us on to what part you think fit.

We ready are to do what you command,

As far as strength of body will permit.

This said, his Brother reconciled was,

And both went to where cruelly they fought

About *Cebriores*, *Polydamas*,

Orthæus, *Polyphoetes*, and about

Phalces and *Palmis* and the Children two

(*Ascanius*, *Moris*) of *Hippotion*,

Who *Ilium* but the day before come to,

And now to th' Battle went by *Jove* set on.

As when a storm of wind falls on the Plain;
 The Sea erects it self in ridges white,
 And foaming rolls in order on the Main;
 So to the *Greeks* with Helmets shining bright
 The *Trojans* one another followed
 In order with their Captains to the Fight,
 And *Hector* like another *Mars* at th' Head
 With Buckler round and strong, and Armour bright.
 His Buckler he before him held far out,
 That cover'd was his body with the same,
 And peeping under it he look'd about,
 And in that posture to the *Argives* came.
 And at the foremost Ranks went here and there
 To try if through them he cou'd passage make;
 But fast they stood, nor at it troubled were;
 And *Ajax* seeing it unto him spake,
 Come neerer man. Why think you to affright
 The *Greeks*? we are not so unus'd to War.
 Nor are we driven hither by your might;
 But by the hand of *Jove* afflicted are.
Hector, I know, to burn our Ships you think;
 But we have hands as good the Ships to save,
 And *Troy* will first, I think, int' Ashes sink.
 And shortly, I believe, you'll wish to have,
 And pray to *Jove* and all the Powers on high
 For Horses that run faster than Hawks fly,
 That from the Ships you may go speedily.
 This said, an Eag'le Dexter presently
 Flew over them. And they *Jove's* Prodigy
 Received gladly with a mighty cry.
 Then thus to *Ajax Hector* did reply.
Ajax, you love to prate and brag and lye;
 O that the Son of *Jove* as sure were I,
 And had been certainly conceived by
Juno Jove's Wife, and as a Deity
 Like *Pallas* and *Apollo* ne're to die,
 As I am sure great woe will fall this day
 Upon the *Argives* all and then be kill'd
 If for the coming of my Spear thou stay,
 And Dogs and Kites shall eat thee in the Field.

This

This said, he led away. The Trojans shout.
 So do the Argives, and resolv'd to try
 The power of their Gods with courage stout.
 The noise on both sides went up to the sky.

 ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. XIV.

NOW Nestor with Macaon drinking sat
 And heard the Greeks and Trojans fighting roar,
 And to him said, Macaon, hear you that?
 The noise is greater much than 'twas before;
 Let Hecamede ore the fire set water,
 And wash away the blood from off your fore,
 While I go hence and see what is the matter.
 But at the Wine sit you still as before.
 This said, he took up Thrasymedes Shield,
 And Thrasymedes (his Son) took up his,
 And with a good sharp Spear went to the Field,
 And going forth a shameful fight he sees.
 The Trojans chafing while the Argives flie,
 And down unto the ground was torn their Wall.
 And then as when a Wave is raised high
 By secret Gales, on neither side can fall,
 Until some certain and prevailing Wind
 Comandeth in the Air; So Nestor stood,
 And with two thoughts distracted was his mind;
 Sometimes to go t' Atrides he thought good,
 And sometimes to the Battle. But at last
 Resolved unto Agamemnon goes,
 Whilst Shields and Helmets, all the way he past
 Resounded in his ears with frequent blows.
 And as he went the wounded Chiefs he met,
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed.
 For far off from the Fight the Ships were set,
 And close unto the Shore lay at a head.
 Only the foremost hawl'd were to the Plain,
 And close astern of those was built the Wall.
 For with so many Ships they cross the Main,
 That near the Field they could not place them all.

T

But

But side by side along the Shore they lay,
 And took up all the compass of the Bay.
 The wounded men, to look upon the Fray
 Helpt by their Spears went softly on the way,
 Griev'd at the heart, and met with *Nestor* there,
 Who with his coming made them more afraid.
 And when unto them *Nestor* was come near

Then *Agamemnon* spake, and to him said,
 O *Nestor*, Glory of the *Argive* Nation,
 I am affraid that *Hector* will make good
 That which he promis'd once in his Oration
 Before the *Trojans* when he boasting stood.

I never will to *Troy* come back, said he,
 Till I have slain these *Greeks*, and set on fire
 Their Ships And now performed it will be.

O strange ! Do all the other *Greeks* conspire
 Against me with *Achilles* *Thetis* Son,

And therefore are resolved not to fight ?
 'Tis plain, said *Nestor*, some such thing is done,
 Else *Jove* himself could not with all his might
 Have made such work. The Wall is broken down
 In which to save our selves we did confide ;
 And at the Ships they fight, nor was it known,
 Nor could it be observed on which side
 The *Greeks* that fighting were, were most distrest,
 So thick to th' ground in ev'ry part they fall.
 But let's consult what course to take were best,
 If counsei can do any thing at all.
 But that we all should fight I'll not advise.

For what can wounded men in Battle do ?
 To *Nestor* *Agamemnon* then replies,

Nestor, since now the War is brought unto
 Our Ships, and that nor Wall nor Trench does good,
 And much the *Argives* suffer'd have who thought
 Their Wall for all the *Trojans* would have stood,
 And all our hopes built on it come to nought.
 (For though I know *Jove* once was to us kind,
 Yet now I see our ruine he designs,
 And pleasure takes in changing of his mind,
 And aids the *Trojans* whilst our hands he binds.)

Let's

Let's all to what I saying am agree.

The Ships that nearest lye to the Sea-side,
Drawn down into the water let them be,
And there till Night let them at Anchor ride.
And if the *Trojans* then give over fight,
We'll fetch away the rest. For 'tis less shame
A danger to eschew, although by night,
Than needlessly to perish in the same.

Ulysses frowning on him then reply'd,
Atrides, what a word have you let fall?

You ought of Cowards to have been the guide,
And not of us *Achæans* General.

For we by *Jove* are fram'd for actions high,
And to atchieve the Wars we undertake
How dangerous soever, or to dye.

And must we now the Siege of *Troy* forsake,
And after so much labour lost go hence?

Peace, let no other *Greek* hear what you say.
Who would have said this that had common sense,
And whom so great an Army did obey?
Nor is, in how to fly, your counsel right.

Must we our Ships draw down from off the Shore,
And at the same time with the *Trojans* fight,
Who now rejoice, but would do then much more?
And we that fight be utterly destroy'd?

For they that were at Anchor on the Main
Would go their way the danger to avoid.

Thus by your Counsel we should all be slain.
Atrides to him then this answer gave.

Ulysses your reproof is very smart;
Yet not command but counsel 'twas I gave,
And better I would hear with all my heart.
And so you shall, said *Diomed*, and though
Amongst you all the youngest man I be,
Be not offended with it. For you know
That born I am of a good family.

For *Porteus* three worthy Sons begat
(In *Calydon* and *Pleuron* they all dwelled)

Melas, and *Agræus*, and *Oeneus* that

The other two in deeds of Arms excelled.

Of him my Father *Tydeus* was the Son,
 But in exile at *Argos* led his life,
 And of *Adrastus's* Daughters marry'd one,
 And great possessions had he with his Wife;
 And there a rich and noble house did keep.
 For Corn and Wine and Fruit he had much ground,
 And in his Pastures had great store of Sheep,
 And chiefly was for Chivalry renown'd.
 Therefore my counsel, if you find it good,
 You should not for my person take amiss,
 Since I dare fight and am of noble blood.
 The counsel I shall give you now is this.
 Let ev'ry man unto the Battle go,
 And place the wounded out o'th' reach o'th' shot,
 That they encourage may against the Foe,
 Those discontented men that fight would not.
 This said, they went together to the Fight.
 Which *Neptune* spying did not idle stand,
 But like unto an aged man in fight
 Came in and took *Atrides* by the hand.
Achilles heart (said he) now leaps to see
 The slaughter of the *Argives* and the flight,
 And joys therein, so little wit has he.
 May death and shame upon him for it light.
Atrides, do not all the Gods mistrust.
 For sure I am you'll aided be by some,
 And see the *Trojans* fill the air with dust,
 As from your Ships they fly to *Ilium*.
 This said, amongst the *Greeks* he went about,
 And loud, as if nine or ten thousand men
 Together on a Plain had made a Shout,
 He shouted, and the *Greeks* took heart agen.
 Now *Juno* standing on *Olympus* high
 Her Brother 'mongst the *Argives* saw with joy
 And *Jove* on *Ida* with an angry eye;
 And in her mind consid'ring was which way
 To cosen him. And was resolv'd at last
 To go to *Ida* to him finely drest,
 And after she had by him been embrac'd
 To bind him fast, in gentle sleep to rest.

Then

Then went she to her Chamber, which her Son
Vulcan had for her made with Door posts high,
 And solid Doors, which of the Gods not one
 Could open but her self, such mystery
 Was in the Lock and Key. Then went she in,
 And fast she lock'd the Door, and there alone
 She with *Ambrosia* cleans'd her dainty skin,
 Till not a speck unmeet was left thereon.
 Then 'noints her self with sweet *Ambrosian* oyl,
 That as unto the House of *Jove* she went,
 The scent thereof diffus'd was all the while
 Throughout the space 'twixt th' Earth & Firmament.
 Then comb'd and pleared she her Golden Hair,
 And cloath'd her self with her *Ambrosian* Vest,
 And many Figures on't embroid'red were,
 And with Gold Buttons button'd at her Breast.
 A hundred Tassels at her Girdle hung.
 And wore a precious Pendant at her Ear
 Of three rich Gems. And over all she flung
 A dainty Scarf by which they cover'd were.
 Then on her tender Feet she ty'd her Shoes.
 And when her self she fully had array'd,
 From out her Chamber presently she goes,
 And *Venus* took aside and to her said.
 Sweet child I come a favour to request;
 But tell me will you grant it, yea or nay.
 I fear you bear me ill will in your Breast,
 'Cause I for th' *Argives* am and you for *Troy*.
 And *Venus* to her answer made and said,
Juno *Jove's* Sister, do not from me hide
 Your mind, which to my pow'r shall be obey'd.
Juno to *Venus* then again reply'd.
 Lend me Desire and Love by which you tame
 Both mortal men and the Immortal Gods.
 For to *Oceanus* I going am,
 And *Tethys* (far from hence) that are at odds.
 For when beneath the Earth *Jove* *Saturn* sent,
 I was by them receiv'd and cherished.
 But now with one another discontent
 They will not come together in one bed.

If by this means I him can get within
 Loves arms again, no jar shall them divide,
 And I from both shall Love and Honour win.
 And *Venus* then again to her reply'd,
Juno, *Jove's* Wife and Sister, your request
 Cannot by me, nor ought to be deny'd.
 And as she spake she from about her Breast
 The fine enchanting Girdle streight unty'd.
 Wherein embroyd' red were Love and Desire.
 Soothing, and Comfort, that sufficient were
 A Heart though very wise to set on fire.
 And to her hands she puts it, and said, Here,
 Take it. There's nothing wanting that you need
 When you would have a man or God beguil'd.
 Put it but in your Bosome, you will speed.
 So *Juno* did, and as she did it smil'd.
 And to the house of *Jove* then *Venus* goes.
 But *Juno* ore *Amathia*, and all
Pieria, and all the *Thracian* Snows,
 And never on the ground her foot lets fall.
 And from the mo untain *Atbos* ore the Deep,
 And came to *Lemnos* where King *Thoas* swaid.
 And there she met the gentle God of Sleep.
 And took him by the hand, and to him said,
 Sweet Sleep, to whom both men and Gods all bow,
 If ever with my Will you did comply,
 Deny not what I shall request you now.
 Diffuse sound sleep a while upon *Jove's* eye
 As soon as he with Love is satisfy'd.
 And I will thank you for it whilst I live.
 And from my hand you shall receive beside,
 A Chair of beaten Gold which I'll you give;
Vulcan my Son shall make it curiously,
 Together with a Foot-stool for your Foot.
 And Sleep to *Juno* then made such reply
 As if he were affraid and durst not do't.
Juno, said he, if 'twere another God,
 Though *Ocean* the great Sire of them all,
 I durst upon his eyes have softly trod.
 But not on *Jove's*, unless he for me call.

Yours

Your Order once (like this) I did obey
 Before, when *Hercules Jove's* mighty Son
 Went off to Sea after he conquer'd *Troy*.

Mean while the strong unruly Winds set on
 By you, with mighty Blasts at Sea arose,
 And from his best friends burri'd him in pain,
 And at the last threw him ashore at *Coos*.

But *Jupiter*, when he awakt again
 The Gods at home he all tost up and down,
 And chiefly would of me have had a sight.
 Into the Sea then sure I had been thrown,
 But that I fled, and was conceal'd by night,
 Till of his anger blunted was the edge.

For night great power has with Gods and Men
 And loth was *Jove* to break her priviledge.

T'encourage him then *Juno* said agen,
 D'ye think *Jove* will as angry be for *Troy*
 As he was then for *Hercules* his Son?

But go. *Pasiphae* you shall enjoy;

She's fair and young, and of my Graces one,
 And with you as a wife shall always stay.

Content (said *Sleep*) but I will have you swear
 By *Styx*. Come, on the Earth now one hand lay,
 The other on the Sea, that witness bear

May all the Gods below, that *Juno* will
 Give me the Grace *Pasiphae* to Wife,
 And that as Wife she shall dwell with me still,
 That love her dearly as I do my life.

Then *Juno*, as she was required sware

By all the *Subterranean* Gods (by name
 They *Titans* and the brood of *Saturn* are.)

And then together both from *Lemnos* came
 To *Leslos*, at the foot of *Ida* Hill,

And ore the Woods upward their way they took,
 But out of sight of *Jove* there *Sleep* stood still;
 And as they went the wood below them shook.

Then *Sleep* went up into a high Fir-tree,
 And there he sat in likeness of a Fowl
 (All cover'd ore with Boughs and Leaves was he)

Call'd *Chalcis* by the Gods, by us an Owl.

Juno went on to *Gargarus*, where *Jove*
 Saw her and met her with no leis desire
 Than when the first time to enjoy her love
 Without their Parents knowledge he lay by her.
 And *Jove* then standing by her very neer,
 What made you from *Olympus* come, said he,
 Neither your Charre nor Horses have you here.
 Deceitfully then to him answer'd she,
 I going am upon a Visit now
 To th' Father and the Mother of the Gods
Oceanus and *Tethys*; who you know
 Did bring me up. For now they are at odds,
 And angry he abstaineth from her bed.
 But if I can, I reconcile them will.
 The Horses that me brought unharnessed
 Attend me at the foot of *Ida* Hill.
 But that I from *Olympus* hither came,
 Was that I would not such a journey take,
 And not make you acquainted with the same.
 This said, to *Juno* *Jove* again thus spake.
 You may, said he, at any time do that,
 But let us now with Love our selves delight.
 For never yet upon my heart Love sat
 For woman or for Goddess with such might.
 Not when upon the Wife of *Ixion*
 The wise *Perithous* I did beget;
 Nor when the fair maid *Danaë* I won
 That brought forth God-like *Perseus*; nor yet
 (When by *Europa* I two Children got,
Minos and *Rhadamant* both famous men)
 For her; nor *Semele*, when I begot
Bacchus mans joy; nor for *Alcmena*, when
 I *Hercules* begot my lusty boy;
 Nor *Ceres*, *Leto*, nor your self till now.
 So much I long your Beauty to enjoy.
 Fierce *Cronides* (then answer'd *Juno*) How?
 On *Ida* top, for some o'th' Gods to spy,
 And tell it to the rest to make them sport?
 Then so ashamed of it shall be I,
 That I shall never after come to Court.

You

You have a Chamber without Chink or Hole
 Made you by *Mulciber* my Son, whereat
 Neither the Sun nor any living Soul
 Can peep. Go thither if you will do that.

And *Jove* to *Juno* then again repli'd.

That Man or God shall see us do not fear;
 With such a Cloud of Gold I will us hide,
 As to the Sun himself we'll not appear.

This said, within his Arms his Wife he caught,
 Whilst under them the Earth made to arise
 Great store of Saffron, Hyacinth, and Lore.

There pleas'd, *Jupiter* with *Juno* lies,
 Closely concealed in a Cloud of Gold.

Away went *Sleep* unto the *Argive* Fleet,
 And speaking there to *Neptune* said, Be bold,
 And help the *Greeks* a while. *Jove* cannot see't.

I clos'd his eyes as he by *Juno* lay.

He'll soon awake; but help the *Greeks* till then,
 Who now before the *Trojans* dare not stay.

This said, *Sleep* went amongst the Tribes of Men,
 And *Neptune* to the *Argive* Ranks, and cri'd,
 Shall *Hector* think to get the Victory
 Because *Achilles* is not on our side?

No. Of *Achilles* little need would be
 If every man would his Companion cheer.

But now the Counsel I shall give obey.
 Arm every man himself with a good Spear,
 And Shield, and Helmet strong, and come away,
 And follow me. I'll lead you to the Field.

Hector (though bold) my coming will not stay.
 But let the best man take the largest Shield,

And to a weaker put his own away.

This said, well pleas'd were the *Argives* all.
 The wounded Princes arm'd themselves each one;

King *Agamemnon* first the General.
Ulysses and *Tydidēs* then put on

Their Arms, and every way the Field they range,
 Surveying Men and Arms; and all along

Make weak men with their betters Armours change,
 And give their heavie Arms to men more strong.

Thus

Thus armed all and Neptune at the Head,
 Who with a great and long Sword in his hand
 Went brandishing as if 't had lightned
 To th' Fight they go ; no man durst him withstand.
 And Hector with the Trojans well array'd
 On th' other side came on. And then began
 Betwixt the Greeks that had the Gods for aid,
 And those of Troy led by a valiant man
 A cruel fight. And high the Sea arose
 Up to the Ships and Tents. And presently
 With Alalacs the mighty Armies close ;
 And up unto the Heavens went the cry.
 So loud as now, the Sea did never fore
 When beaten 'twas int' heaps by Boreas ;
 Nor Wind when in the Woods great Oaks it tore
 Up by the roots ; nor th' Wood when fir'd it was.
 And here did Hector first begin the fight,
 And at the greater Ajax threw his Spear,
 Which hit him ; but upon two Belts did light
 Which one upon another lying were,
 One of his Sword, the other of his Shield.
 Hector was angry that in vain he flung
 (For he was in great hope he had him kill'd)
 And now retired backward to the throng.
 Then Ajax in his hand took up a Stone,
 Of those to which the Greeks their Ships did rye
 (For there amongst their feet lay many a one)
 And at him as he parted lets it fly.
 And as a Top he made it flying spin.
 It but a little ore his Buckler flew,
 And hit him 'twixt his Buckler and his Chin
 Upon the breast, and to the ground him threw.
 As when an Oak is overthrown by Thunder
 (Which known is eas'ly by the Brimstone-smell)
 Men look upon't with horror and with wonder ;
 So gazed they at Hector when he fell.
 And from his hands went out both Shield and Spear,
 And Helmet from his head ; and with great cry
 The Greeks rush on, and in fair hope they were
 To gain his body, and their Spears let fly.

But

But all in vain. For by *Polydamas*,
 Divine *Aeneas*, and *Agenor*, and
Sarpedon, and by *Glaucus* fav'd he was,
 Who all before him with their Bucklers stand.
 His friends then from the Battle him convey'd
 Unto his Chariot and Charioteer
 That close behide the Squadrons for him stay'd,
 And in his Charre tow'rd *Ilium* they him bear.
 But at the ford of *Xanthus* by the way
 They poured water on his face, and then
 In little time, as on the ground he lay,
 He breath'd and came unto himself agen.
 Then sitting on his knees he cast up blood;
 And backward fell unto the ground again;
 Upon his eyes again the darkness stood,
 For of the stroke remained still the pain.
 The *Greeks* as soon as they saw *Hector* gone,
 Took heart, and on the *Trojans* fiercer were.
 Then *Ajax* (of *Oileus* the Son)
 Slew *Satnius* Son of *Enops* with his spear.
 His Mother *Nēis* was a very fine
 Nymph of the River *Satnius*. Of the same,
Enops upon the Bank sat keeping Kine,
 And on her got a Son call'd by that name.
 Him *Ajax* now struck through the Flank and slew.
 Then for the Body there was much ado.
 At him *Polydamas* a Spear then threw,
 Which *Prothornors* shoulder pierced through.
 And on his hands into the dust he fell.
 To th' *Greeks* then boasting said *Polydamas*,
 I have not thrown in vain. I know full well
 That one *Greek* or another taken't has
 To lean on as a Staff i'th' way to Hell.
 At this the *Greeks* were griev'd, but especially
 The heart of *Telamonius* did swell.
 (For *Prothornor* slain did neer him lie)
 And with his Spear threw at *Polydamas*,
 Who nimbly leapt aside and it declin'd.
 But by *Arbelochus* receiv'd it was
Antenors Son, whose death the Fates design'd,

Who

Who having on his Neck receiv'd the wound,
His Forehead and his Eyes, and Lips, and Nose
Before his Legs or Knees came to the ground.

Then *Ajax* took his turn, and at it crows.
Polydamas, said he, was *Prothoenor*

As good a man in your own estimation,
As this man that was Brother to *Antenor*,
Or Son? For he is not unlike that Generation.
This said he, though he well knew who it was.

Then *Promachus*, as he drew off the dead
Was killed by a Spear from *Acamas*.

And in it *Acamas* then gloried.
Argives, said he, great threat'ners as you are
You vulnerable are as well as we,
And no less subject to the chance of Warre.

How quiet *Promachus* now lies you see,
And so I hope ere long you all shall lie.

My Brother not long unrevenge'd lay.
Tis good you see to have a Brother nigh.
And when he this had said he went away.

Peneleus then went to throw his Spear
At *Acamas*, but *Acamas* was gone.

But yet he threw and kill'd another there,
Iliones of *Phorbas* th' onely Son,
A man much favoured by *Mercury*.

The Spear beneath his Eye brow enter'd in,
And to the ground fell down the bloody eye.

The Spear went on unto the Brain within,
Then sitting down with both his hands outspread
The deadly Spear yet sticking in his eye,

Peneleus with his Sword cuts off his head
Which to the ground with Helmet on did fly.

Then looking up, he to the *Trojans* said,
Tell this in *Troy*. And let his Parents mourn.

For *Promachus*'s Wife will not be joy'd,
When we without her Husband shall return.

This said, the *Trojans* striken were with fear,
And lookt about each one which way to fly.

Now tell me, *Muse*, Who and by whom slain were
When they pursu'd the flying Enemy.

Great

Great *Ajax* first the Son of *Telamon*
 Killed the *Myſian* Leader *Hyrtius*
 Of *Gyrtias* the ſtrong and valiant Son.
Antilochus then killed *Mermerus*
 And *Phalces*. By *Meriones* were ſlain
Hippotion and *Morys*. *Teucer* ſlew
Prothoa and *Periphetes*, good men twain.

At *Hyperenor* then *Atrides* threw,
 And gave him on the Flank a cruel wound,
 And where the Spear went in, his Life went out,
 And ſuddenly he fell unto the ground,
 And on his eyes ſate darkneſs all about.
 But he that far the greater number ſlew,
 The leſſer *Ajax* was, *Oileus* Son.
 'Twas hard to ſcape when *Ajax* did purſue ;
 For of the *Argives* all he beſt could run.

V ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. X V.

W H E N flying they had past the Ditch and Wall,
 They at the Horses and the Charrors stay'd
 With looks of many men, and looking pale,
 And Jove awakt stood and the Field survey'd ;
 And saw the Greeks pursue, and Trojans fly,
 And Neptune with the Greeks, and Hektor laid
 Upon the Plain, his Friends there sitting by,
 And not a little of his Life affraid.
 For gasping he scarce able was to draw
 His breath, and blood abundance vomited,
 Nor knew his friends. When Jupiter him saw,
 Offended his condition pityed.
 And then on Juno fiercely lookt and said,
 Juno, I see all this is done by you ;
 And if you for it with a whip were paid,
 'twould be no more than for your work is due.
 Have you forgot how once you swung i'th' Air,
 And had two Anvils hanging at your feet,
 Your hand with a Gold Chain ty'd to my Chair ?
 Though sorry were the other Gods to see't,
 Yet had I any seen but go about
 Your Manacles or Shackles to untye,
 I from the Sill of Heav'n had thrown him out,
 And strength'els made him on the earth to lye.
 I was not so much griev'd for Hercules
 When Boreas set on by you, arose
 As he went off from Troy, enrag'd the Seas,
 And at the last threw him ashore at Coos.
 But I to Argos brought him safe again.
 And this I now repeat that you may try
 Whether you likely are to lose or gain,
 Abusing our familiarity.

This

This said, the Goddess *Juno* struck with fear,
 By Earth, said she, and Heaven about it spread,
 By *Styx* (which is our greatest Oath) I swear,
 And by your Life, and by our Nuptial Bed,
 I never did to *Neptune* speak a word,
 To hurt the *Trojans*, or the *Greeks* to aid;
 But all he did was of his own accord,
 By pity only and compassion sway'd.
 And from henceforward I will him advise,
 Seeing what way you lead, the same to take.
 Then *Jupiter* with favourable eyes
 On *Juno* lookt, and thus unto her spake.
Juno, if we were both one way inclin'd,
Neptune would quickly with us both comply.
 Now if your words dissent not from your mind,
 Go 'mongst the other Gods, and presently
 Bid *Iris* and *Apollo* to me come.
 For *Iris* unto *Neptune* I will send
 To bid him leave the Battle and go home.
 To *Hector* and the *Trojans* I intend
 To send *Apollo*, to give *Hector* might,
 And cure him of his pain, that he may lead
 The *Trojans* on, and put the *Greeks* to flight,
 That *Thetis* Son may see them scattered;
 And he shall send *Patroclus* to the Field,
 Who shall the *Trojans* rout and kill my Son
Sarpedon, and himself shall then be kill'd
 By *Hector's* Spear. And after that is done
Achilles in revenge again shall fight,
 And by his hand stout *Hector* shall be kill'd
 Under the Walls of *Troy*, i'th' *Trojans* fight,
 And beaten be the *Trojans* from the Field,
 Till *Troy* by *Pallas* counsel taken be.
 Nor till I have performed all I said
 To *Thetis* supplicating at my knee,
 Let any God presume the *Greeks* to aid.
 This said, went *Juno* to *Olympus* high.
 As when a man looks ore an ample Plain,
 To any distance quickly goes his eye;
 So swiftly *Juno* went with little pain,

And found the Gods at Wine together set.
 And at her coming in they all stood up,
 But *Themis* forward went and *Juno* met,
 And to her hand delivered the Cup,
 And said, You look as if you frighted were
 By *Jupiter* for something. But what is't?
 You know, said *Juno*, that he is severe;
 And you shall hear the matter if you list
 Together with the other Gods, though bad.
 They will not all contented with it be;
 But some of them will troubled be and sad.
 And griev'd was she, though speaking smilingly.
 Then *Juno* went up to her Throne, and sat;
 And unto all the Gods spake angrily,
 How! mad (said she) or foolish are we, that
 Are thinking how agen *Jove's* hands to tye,
 Who careless and unmov'd on *Ida* Hill
 Knows his own strength and does our Plots despise.
 And therefore what he sends, be't good or ill,
 We'll take it patiently if we be wise.
 Nor must the God of War on *Jove* complain,
 Or in Rebellion against him rise
 Because his Son, *Alectaphus* is slain.
 At this, with both his hands *Mars* clapt his Thighs,
 And to the Gods above complaining said,
 Pardon me Gods, I will revenge my Son,
 And 'mongst the *Argives* go and give them aid,
 Though I should lye amongst the dead. Then on
 He puts his Armour, and gives order to
 Terror and Flight his Charret to prepare,
 And then there had been twice as much ado
 T'appease *Jove's* anger ere it came to war,
 If *Pallas* had not (for the Gods afraid)
 Pluckt off his Helmet, and set up his Spear,
 And pull'd his Buckler off, and to him said,
 Fool, Bedlam, What have you no Ears to hear?
 You hear what news now *Juno* brings from *Jove*.
 And if you care not though your self be lost,
 Yet let the danger of us all you move.
 For *Jove* will leave both *Greek* and *Trojan* Host,
 And

And coming hither seize us one by one,

And never ask who guilty is or not.

Therefore give over vexing for your Son,

For better men than he, by Gods begot,

Already here have been and shall be slain.

The Gods cannot preserve their Children all.

This said, she brought *Mars* to his place again.

And *Juno* to their houses went to call

Iris and *Phæbus*. You must go, said she,

To *Jove* on *Ida*. What you are to do,

You will by *Jove* himself informed be.

As soon as you his Presence come into.

Her message done, *Juno* resumes her place,

Iris and *Phæbus* down to *Ida* fly,

And finding *Jove*, stood still before his face.

Nor lookt he on them with an angry Eye;

For soon they did his Wives command obey.

Then speaking first to *Iris*, Go, said he,

To *Neptune* quickly, tell him what I say.

Bid him no longer at the Battle be,

But either go to *Olympus* to the Gods,

Or to the Sea. If he will neither do,

Bid him consider if there be no odds.

As well in strength as age between us two.

He knows that all the other Gods me fear,

And for my coming darest not to stay,

As strong as to himself he doth appear.

This said, swift-footed *Iris* went her way

From *Ida* hill, and *Jove* without delay.

And swift as any Cloud before the Winds,

Came down unto the Battle before *Troy*,

And there amongst the *Argives* *Neptune* finds,

And going to his side, I come, said she,

To speak with you a word or two from *Jove*.

You must not in the War a Party be.

He bids you go up to the Gods above,

Or down to th' Sea, where lies your own command.

If you refuse, he threatens you with War,

And bids you have a care to hold his hand;

And th' Elder is, he saies, and stronger far,

Which you your self he thinks will not deny,
 Since th'other Gods of him stand all in awe,
Neptune to this replying first spake high.
 Good as he is, said he, it is not Law,
 Thus to usurp upon my liberty.
 For Sons and Heirs of *Saturn* we were three
 Begot on *Rhea*, *Pluto*, *Jove*, and I.
 By lot the Rule o' th' Waters came to me,
 To *Jove* the Government of Heaven fell,
 And of the Clouds, and the Ethereal Sky.
 To *Pluto* Darkness, and the rule of Hell.
 Earth and *Olympus* did as Common lye.
 Let *Jove* then with his share contented be,
 And not encroach on me. For well 'tis known
 I hold not any thing of him in Fee,
 But live as he should do, upon my own.
 He should not unto me such language use,
 But to his Children that will be affraid,
 And dare not what he bids them, to refuse.
 Thus *Neptune* spake. Again then *Iris* said,
Neptune, shall I this haughty answer carry
 To *Jove*? And will you that I with it go
 As 'tis? The Wise their minds oft vary;
 And Fury on the Eldest wait you know.
 So she to him, as Then *Neptune* thus to her.
Iris, this word was spoken in good season.
 Much worth, I see, is a wise Messenger.
 But I was vext, because thus without reason
 (When I his equal am by Birth and Lot)
Jove uses me as if I were his slave.
 Well. For the present, cross him I will not
 Though I be vext. That answer let him have;
 And further, That if he without consent
 Of me, *Athena*, *Juno*, *Venercurie*,
 And *Vulcan*, *Troy* shall spare, our discontent
 For th' *Argives* wrong, implacable will be.
 And when he this had said, he Fight forbears,
 Nor any longer amongst the *Argives* staid,
 But div'd into the Sea ore head and ears.
 Then *Jove* unto *Apollo* spake, and said,

To

To *Hector* go ; for *Neptune* now is gone
 For fear of my displeasure ; had he stay'd,
 The Sons of *Saturn* of our War had known.

'Twas wisely done of him my hand t'avoid.
 And better both for him and me ; but go,
 And shaking your great Shield the *Greeks* affright,
 And strengthen *Hector* and incourage so

That he the *Argive* Lords may put to flight,
 And follow them down to the *Hell-spont*,

And make them for their hollow Ships to fight.
 What then is to be done ? I'll think upon't.

For I intend not to destroy them quite.
 This said, *Apollo* left his Father *Jove*,

And down he came to *Troy* from *Ida* hill
 Swift as a Falcon flying at a Dove,

And *Hector* on the ground found sitting still,
 Not laid, but to his Senses come anew,

And freely breathing, although very weak,
 And very well his friends about him knew.

There *Phæbus* standing nigh did to him speak.
Hector, said he, why sit you here alone ?

O kindest of the Gods, said he, you know
 That *Ajax* wounded has me with a Stone,

So that I am disabled with the blow,
 And once to day I thought I should have gone

To *Erebus* with other shadows dim ;
 With such a force he threw the mighty stone.

Then thus again *Apollo* answered him.
Hector, I *Phæbus* am, and hither come

From *Jove*, against the *Greeks* to give you aid,
 And ever have wish'd well to *Ilium*.

Lead to the Ships your Troops. Be not afraid.
Hector at this encourag'd was again,

And as a Horse at Rack and Manger fed
 Breaking his Headstall-scudds upon the Plain,

And high into the Air he holds his head,
 His Mane upon his shoulders plays with th' Air

And proud is in his Freedom to behold
 The pleasant River and the Pastures fair,

To which he had accusom'd been of old,
 And

And swiftly to the same is carried ;
 So swiftly now went *Hector* to each part,
 And in the Field his Troops encouraged,
 After *Apollo* once had giv'n him heart.
 But as when Swains with Curs to chase a Ro
 Go forth into the Field, and with their cry
 Rouse a fierce Lion, they the Prey let go
 To save itself i'th Woods or Rochers high,
 And both the men and dogs are forc'd to fly ;
 Just so the *Greeks* whilst they in Bodies fight,
 They save themselves ; but seeing *Hector* nigh
 They troubled were, and lost their courage quite.
 Then to them spake *Thras Andromon's Son*,
 Well skill'd at distance or at hand to fight
 Amongst th' *Aetolians* better there was none,
 And few compare with him for Counsel might.
 O strange, said he, what wondrous fight is this !
 I verily thought *Hector* had been slain
 By *Ajax* hand. But see he risen is.
 Some God or other rais'd him has again,
 He kill'd us has already many men,
 And many more is likely now to slay.
 For *Jupiter* defends him now as then.
 But come, let's all my Counsel now obey.
 Let us that most pretend to Fortitude
 Stay here imbattl'd to receive the Fo,
 And to the Ships send back the multitude.
 For thither, I think, *Hector* dares not go:
 This Counsel was approv'd, and then stood out
Ajax, Idomeneus, Meriones,
Tencer, Mege, and such as were most stout,
 And one Battalion was made of these
 Th' impression of *Hector* to sustain
 Till to the Ships the rest retreated were.
 And *Hector* with his Troops came on again,
 Himself the foremost shaking his long Spear,
Apollo march'd before him to the field
 Concealing in a Cloud his glorious Head,
 And carri'd in his hand a shining Shield
 Which whosoever laid his eyes on *Hector*

'Twas

'Twas made at first by *Mulciber*, and then
 Given to *Jove* when he came down to fight
 Against the Squadrons of rebellious men,
 To make them fly the Field at the first fight.
 Expecting *Hector* close the *Argives* stand,
 And loud and sharp on both sides was the cry,
 And many a Spear from every lusty hand,
 And in the Air Arrows abundance fly,
 And Spears; whereof some flying home did kill,
 And others would have done but short they fell.
 As long as *Phœbus* did his Shield hold still,
 Many a Soul on both sides flew to Hell.
 When shaking it he made the *Argives* see it,
 They stricken were with fear, and suddenly
 Their heavie hearts fell down into their feet,
 And then they made all haste they could to fly.
 And as a Herd or Flock is frighted when
 A Wolf or Lion coming on they see,
 And no assistance have of Dogs or Men;
 So th' *Argives* scatter'd before *Hector* flee.
 Then slain by *Hector* was *Arcefflaus*,
 And *Stichius* who the *Boeotians* led.
 The other a good friend of *Menestus* was,
 Both killed were by *Hector* as they fled;
Eneas Medon slew and *Lafus*.
Medon was little *Ajax* Bastard-Brother,
 And lived from his Father *Oileus*,
 By th' instigation of his Stepmother
Eriopis, whose Brother he had slain.
 And *Iphus* th' *Albanian* Leader was,
 But back to *Athens* led them not again.
 His Father was, *Sphærus Bacatidas*.
Meceles slain was by *Polydamas*,
Polites Ecbius slew in the first fight,
 And *Clonius* by *Aginor* killed was;
 And *Deiochus* by *Paris* in the flight.
 Whilst from the Foe each one his Armour takes,
 The flying *Greeks* into the Ditch leapt all,
 And there encumber'd mightily with Stakes
 Were forced to retire within the Wall.

Then

Then *Hector* roared to the *Trojans*, saying,
 On to the Ships, and let the dead men lie.
 I'll be his death whom ever I find slaying,
 Nor shall he burid be or burned by
 His friends and kin, but in the Fields of *Troy*
 Be left for Dogs to tear and haul about.
 This said, unto the Ships he drave away
 By th' *Trojans* follow'd with a mighty shout.
Phobus before them march'd, and with his foot
 Into the Trench threw down the Earth again,
 And made an easie and plain passage through it
 As far as one a Spear can well hurt, when
 He hurleth for a wager. To the Wall
 The *Trojans* go, *Apollo* there again
 Before them is, and easily makes it fall,
 As Children when themselves they entertain
 With making pretty things upon the Sands,
 Then comes into their heads another toy,
 And down they push this with their feet or hands;
 So easily *Apollo* did destroy
 The *Argives* mighty work, and bring the fight
 Again unto the Ships. Where now they pray'd,
 And one anothers courage did excite.
Nestor to Heaven held up his hands and said,
 O *Jove*, if you the Sacrifice accepted have
 Of any *Greek* before he hither came,
 And promis'd that the Army you would save,
 O, at our Prayer now perform the same.
 Let us not perish by the *Trojans* here.
 Thus *Nestor* pray'd, and then *Jove* thundered,
 Declaring that his Prayers granted were.
 At this the *Trojans* were encouraged,
 And by their hopes interpreting *Jove's* mind,
 Upon the *Greeks* with greater fury fall.
 As when a Wave is thrown by some great wind
 Into a Ship, so pass'd they at the Wall
 And to the Ships they went with Horse and Char.
 The *Greeks* into their Ships went up to fight
 And with long Spears made for a Naval war
 And pointed well with Brass, and shining bright.

The

The *Greeks* and *Trojans* push at one another,
 These mounted, stood upon their Charrrets high,
 And higher on their black Ships stood the other.

Patroclus that till now sat quietly
 (Because the fight was only at the Wall)

And to *Eurypylus* his care appli'd
 And Med'cines fir to cure his wounds withal.

And sat discoursing with him by his side,
 Now when he saw the *Trojans* were within,

And of the *Argives* heard the woful cries,
 And saw the fear and danger they were in,

With both his hands then clapped he his Thighs.
Eurypylus, said he, I cannot stay;

For mightily encreased is th'affray.
 Your wound be dressed by your Servant may.

But to *Achilles* I must go away.
 Who knows but I may win him at the last

To help the *Greeks*? This said, away he went,
 And left *Eurypylus*, and made what hast

He could to get unto *Achilles* Tent.
 Mean while the Victory no way inclin'd.

Neither the *Greeks* could make the *Trojans* fly,
 Nor yet the *Trojans* as they had design'd,

Back from the Ships could force the Enemy;
 But level hung the wings of Victory

As when two Scales are charg'd with equal weight
 Made by the Art of *Pallas* curiously,

The Beam lies level in the Air and straight.
 And at one time at divers Ships they fought.

Directly unto *Ajax* *Hector* went,
 And there sharp fighting was one Ship about.

Hector to burn, *Ajax* to save it meant.
 Here *Ajax* with a long Spear in his hand

Killed *Caletor*, *Hector's* Brother's Son,
 As he was coming with a flaming brand

To fire the Ship, and did before 'twas done.
 This *Hector* saw, and to his fellows cri'd,

Trojans and friends defend the body dead
 Of *Clytus* Son, and shrink not from my side.

And as he spake his long Spear from him fled,
 Which

Which (aim'd at *Ajax*) fell on *Lycobron*,
 A man that was to *Ajax* very dear,
 But born at *Cythera*, and *Mastor's* Son,
 That having kill'd a man durst not stay there,
 But unto *Ajax* fled, and with him stay'd,
 Till now by *Hector's* Spear struck through the head
 He di'd. Then *Ajax* to his Brother said,
Teucer, our friend *Mastorides* is dead.
 You know how much we honour'd him at home.
 'Tis *Hector* that has slain him. Where are now
 Your deadly Arrows? And what is become
 Of (*Phœbus* g'ft) your so egregious Bow?
 Which *Teucer* hearing quickly with him was
 With Bow and Quiver in his hand, and shot,
 And slew the Servant of *Polydamas*,
 That had the guiding of his Chariot
Clitus by name, who while in vain he sought
 By driving to where hottest was the fight,
 From *Hector* and the *Trojans* thanks t'have got,
 The fatal Arrow on his Neck did light.
 Then down he fell. The frighted Horses shook
 The empty Charre. Then came *Polydamas*,
 And by the heads the capring Horses took,
 And sets *Astynous* in *Clitus* place;
 And gave him a strict charge to hold them nigh,
 But not to come with them into the Fight.
 Then *Teucer* lets another Arrow fly
 At *Hector*, which if it had hit him right,
 He never at the Ships again had fought.
 But *Jupiter* was pleas'd to save him now,
 And brake the Bow-string. Then in vain flew out
 The Arrow, and into the dust the Bow.
 And *Teucer* to his Brother made his moan.
Ajax, said he, is't not a wondrous thing?
 My Bow is started from my hand and gone,
 Some God or other broken has the String.
 Yet new 'twas made this morning purposely
 To last all day. *Teucer*, said *Ajax* then,
 Cannot you let your Bow and Quiver lie,
 And fight with Spear in hand like other men,

And

And give unto the *Greeks* encouragement?

No. Though the Gods above should in their hate
To let the *Trojans* take our Ships be bent,
Yet let us sell them at a lusty rate.

Tencer then laid his Bow up in his Tent,
And arm'd himself with Helmet and with Shield,
And a good Spear, and back to *Ajax* went,
And found him where he left him in the Field.

When *Hector* saw that *Tencer's* noble Bow
Was useless now, he to his Squadrons cry'd,
Trojans and *Lycians* come on boldly now,
For *Tencer* now his Bow hath laid aside.

Jove brake the String. I saw it with these eyes.
For easily it may discerned be

To whom the hand of *Jove* intends the Prize,
And to whom he denies the Victory.

And now upon our side he is you see,
And from the *Greeks* their courage takes away.

Then to the Ships let's go courageously,
And let the fear of death no man dismay.

For why should any of us fear to dye?

When for his Country 'tis, it is no shame.

And if we make the Enemy to fly,

Sav'd are his Wife and Children, Goods, and Name.

Whilst *Hector* thus the *Trojans* did excite,

Ajax unto the *Argives* spake, and said,
We must now either put our Foes to flight,
Or make account we shall be all destroy'd.

If *Hector* here to burn our Ships should chance,

Can you go home again (d'ye think) afoot?

He calleth on his men. 'Tis not to dance,

But fire our Ships if we will let him do't.

For us 'tis better in close Fight to die

Here all at once, or get the Victory

Than here, God knows how long consuming lie

And peck in vain at a weak Enemy.

Thus *Ajax* rais'd the courage of th' *Achaëans*.

Then *Hector* slew the Son of *Pyrimd*,

Stiebins that had command of the *Phocæans*.

And *Ajax* slew *Laodamas* that led

The Trojan Foot, and was *Antenor's* Son,
 And *Otus* by *Polydamas* was slain,
Otus that led the bold *Epians* on,
 And was a friend of *Meges*. He again
 A Spear threw at *Polydamas*, and mist.
 For *Phibus* kindness had for *Panthus* Son,
 And with a present wit did him assist
 To turn about and let the Spear go on.
 And *Cræsus* there receiv'd it on his Brest;
 And down he fell. Then *Dolops Lampus* Son
 (*Lampus* that was of living men the best,
 And Grandchild of the King *Laomedon*)
 To be reveng'd at *Meges* threw his Spear,
 Which pass'd his Shield, but in his Breastplate staid,
 The Breastplate which his Father us'd to wear
 With many Ylies of strong Mail overlaid,
 And given was to *Phyleus* by his Guest
 At *Ephyre*, wherewith in martial strife
 From deadly stroaks of Spears to save his Brest.
 And of his Son it now preserv'd the Life.
 But *Meges Dolops* hit upon the Head,
 And from his Crest struck off the goodly Main
 Which he but newly then had dyed red.
 But *Dolops* still the Fight did well maintain,
 Till *Menelaus* stole unto his Side,
 And struck him through the Shoulder with his Spear.
 No longer stood he then, but fell and dy'd,
 And both of them to strip him going were.
 And *Hector* then call'd out to all his Kin,
 And unto *Aenealippus* specially,
 Who while the *Greeks* were absent lived in
Percote, and took care of th' Husbandry.
 But when the *A give* Fleet to *Troy* was come,
 He then return'd his Country to defend,
 And liv'd in *Priam's* house at *Ilium*,
 And proud the *Trojans* were of such a friend.
 And lov'd he was by *Priam* as his Son,
 And now unto him *Hector* spake and said,
 Have we for *Dolops* no compassion,
 Or to defend his body are affraid?

Come

Come follow me. We must no longer play
 At distance with the *Greeks*, but either they
 Must utterly deface the Town of *Troy*,
 And kill us all, or we them all destroy.
 This said, away they both together went
 To save the Body of their *Cosen* dead,
 And *Ax* with a contrary intent
 His *Argives* to the Fight encouraged.
Argives, said he, to Honour have an eye,
 And of your fellows Censures have a care.
 For slain are alwaies more of those that fly
 Than those that of base flight ashamed are.
 This said, though of it no great need there was
 Amongst the *Greeks*, they presently obey'd,
 And at the Ships stood like an *Hedg* of *Brass*.
 But on came *Hector* not at all afraid.
 T' *Antilochus* then *Menelaus* said,
 Amongst us there is none that better can
 Both fight and run. Why should you be afraid
 To leap unto the throng and kill your man?
 This said, away again went *Menelaus*.
Antilochus leapt out before the rest
 And threw his *Spear* at *Menalippus*, as
 He coming was, and hit him on the *Brest*.
 No sooner was he fallen to the ground,
 Than to the Spoil *Antilochus* ran in.
 As quick as when upon a *Deer* a *Hound*
 Runs in, that by the *Hunter* kill'd had been.
 But soon as he saw *Hector* coming on,
 As valiant as he was he durst not stay;
 But as some wild *Beast* that had mischief done
 Ere people could assemble, run away.
 The *Trojans* follow'd him with clamour loud,
 And *Spears* abundance after him they threw.
 But he ran on and got into the croud.
 But they unto the Ships the *Greeks* pursue.
 For *Jupiter* to make his promise good
 To *Ithetis*, hitherto the *Greeks* dismay'd,
 And in the *Battle* with the *Trojans* stood
 Until he had performed all he said.

But meant to stay no longer with them, than
To see some *Argive* Ship with fire to shine,
And then to let the *Greeks* prevail agen.

From the beginning such was his designe

In aiding *Hector*, who now furiously
Went on like *Mars*, or like fire in a Wood,
With foam about his mouth, and fire in's eye.

And *Jove* himself came down and ore him stood
To save him when he was hem'd in by Foes,

And honour him, since 'twas his destiny
That nor long after he his Life should lose,
And by none but *Achilles* hand should dye.

Now *Hector* looking where the best men stood

And armed best, try'd first to break in there.

Keen as he was he there could do no good ;

So close they joyn'd to one another were,

And stuck like great stones in a Tow'r or Rock

That of the boyst'rous Winds and Billows high
Which break upon it still endures the shock.

Then *Hector* other places went to try,

And through he pass'd. Then as a Wave high grown,

When in foul weather forced by the wind

Under dark Clouds, into a Ship is thrown

The Mist and roaring Sails bring to the mind

Of the poor Seamen nothing but to dye ;

So frighted were the *Greeks*. But forward he

Still went ; And as when in the Meadows by

The Rivers side thousands of Kine there be,

And th'Herdsmen see a Lion to them come,

But with a wild Beast know not how to fight,

Some go before them, and behind them some,

The Lion falleth on them in their fight

Between both ends, and killeth only one,

The rest all fly ; So th'*Argives* all before

Hector and *Jupiter* dispersed run.

But only one was killed and no more.

And *Periphetes* 'twas the worthy Son

Of an unworthy Father *Copreus*, who,

When any labcur great was to be done

By *Hercules*, did from *Eurytheus* go

As Messenger to carry the commands.

But *Periphetes* Vertue wanted none.

His Feet were swift, and valiant were his Hands;

A wiser man *Mycena* had not one.

But slain he was. For as he turn'd to fly,

He trod upon the edge of his own Shield;

And overthrown upon his Back did lye;

And with a stab of *Hector's* Spear was kill'd.

His friends, though many standing by him were,

And griev'd to see him fall, did him no good.

For ev'ry one now for himself did fear,

And out of *Hector's* way kept all he cou'd.

The *Greeks* retreated were no further yet

Than to between the first and second Row

Of th' *Argive* Ships; but forc'd that place to quit;

Near to their Tents themselves they rally now.

Where *Nestor* them encouraged agen.

Argives, my friends, be valiant now (said he)

And if at any time now play the men.

Of one anothers Censures fearful be.

Besides, by what you should be moved most,

Your Parents, Children, Wives, and Goods and Land,

Whether you have them still or have them lost.

I you conjure against the Foe to stand.

This *Nestor* said, the *Argives* to exite:

And *Pallas* from them took the Mist again,

That they might see who did, who did not fight

Both at the Ships and elsewhere on the Plain.

But *Ajax Telamonius* thought not good

To stay with other *Argives* in the throng,

But up into a Ship he went and stood

With a Ship spear twenty two Cubits long:

As when a man that taught has been to guide:

Four Horses at a time, and in his hand

Holdeth their Reins while they go side by side,

And people on the way admiring stand,

He from one Horse unto another skips,

And makes them run together to the Town;

So *Ajax* ore the *Argives* ranged Ships

To save them, and the Tents ran up and down.

And terribly unto the *Argives* cry'd
To play the men. Nor *Hector* 'mongst his Troops
Could be perswaded longer to abide ;

But suddenly as a black Eagle stoops
At a great Flock of Geese, or Cranes, or Swans ;

So *Hector* of the *Argive* Ships to one
Flew down, and *Jove* with his puissant hands

Behind him marching alwaies pusht him on.

Then at the Ships the Fight began again,

More cruel than before. You would have said

They had no sense of weariness or pain,

So mightily they all about them laid.

The *Greeks* were in despair of their return.

The *Trojans* thought the *Argive* Lords to rout,

And all the Ships that brought them thither burn.

Thus minded on each side they fiercely fought.

Upon a Ship when *Hector* laid his hand,

Which brought *Protesilaus* unto *Troy*,

But never back unto his native Land.

For this good Ship they one another slay.

Arrows and Darts no longer flew about ;

But now with Battle-axes of great strength

In one anothers reach they stood and fought,

And with great Spears and of a mighty length,

And great keen Swords, whereof from dying hands

Abundance fell on either side to th' ground ;

And covered were with streaming bloud the Sands,

That gushed out from many a ghastly wound.

But *Hector* on the Ship his hand held fast,

And to his *Trojans* call'd aloud for Fire.

This day, said he, requites our ill days past.

To burn these Ships. *Jove* with us doth conspire.

And set on fire they had been long ago

(For I would gladly at the Ships have fought)

Eut that the Senate would not have it so,

And kept both you and me from going out.

Eut though by *Jove* then smitten were their hearts,

Yet boldly now himself he leads us on.

This said, the *Trojans* bravely play their parts,

And with more vigour fought than they had done.

Then

Then on the Deck no longer *Ajax* stay'd,
So many Spears went singing by his head.
For if he there had stood he was afraid
That some unlucky Spear would strike him dead ;
And to the far side of the Ship retreats,
Leaving the Deck which fenceless was and high,
And sat upon one of the Rowers seats,
And still upon the *Trojans* kept his eye.
And thence he from the fire the Ship defends,
And terribly on th' *Argive* Heroes calls
To do their best. We have, said he, no friends
Behinde to save our lives, nor better Walls
Than those we made ; nor any City nigh,
That can or willing are our part to take.
But far from home in hostile ground we lie,
And hemmed in are by the briny lake ;
And nothing can redeem us but our hands.
This said, he lookt about him furiously
To see if any durst approach with Brands,
Resolv'd to kill him that with Fire came nigh.
And many to the Ship with Fire were sent
By *Hector* ; but when they approached near,
Ajax continually did them prevent,
And twelve he killed with his Naval Spear.

ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. XVI.

THUS fiercely fought the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*.
 And with *Achilles* was *Patroclus* now
 With tears abundance running down his Cheeks,
 Like Springs that from a high Rock streaming flow.
 No sooner him *Achilles* weeping spi'd
 But piti'd him. Why weep you so, said he,
 Like a Childe running by his Mothers side,
 And holding by her Coat would carri'd be?
 Bring you some News that none but you can tell?
*Menæti*us and *Peleus* still do live
 At *Phthia* with the *Myrmidons*, and well.
 If not, we both have cause enough to grieve.
 Or is it that the *Greeks* are slaughter'd so,
 And fall before the Ships? 'tis for their pride?
 Speak what's the matter, that we both may know.
Patroclus sobbing to him then repli'd,
 O Son of *Peleus*, of all *Greeks* the best,
 Forgive me if in this necessity
 I freely speak. They that excel the rest
 In Prowess, at the Ships all wounded lie.
Ulysses wounded is and *Diomed*,
 And *Agamemnon* and *Eurypylus*,
 And cur'd may be, but stand us in no sted;
 Nor does your Vertue any good to us.
 O Gods let never anger in me dwell
 Like this of yours. If you cannot, who can
 The *Trojans* from the *Argive* Fleet repel,
 And save so many lives? O cruel man!
 The noble *Peleus* sure was not your Father;
 Born of the Goddess *Ibetis* you were not.
 Sprung from the raging Sea I think you rather,
 And that by some hard Rock you were begot.

But

But if you stand upon some Prophecie,
 Or *Thetis* have forbidden you to fight
 From *Jove*, yet lend some *Myrmidons* with me,
 That I may to the *Argives* give some light.
 But in your Armour let me be array'd,
 That when they see me they may think me you,
 And back into the City run dismay'd,
 And th' *Argives* wearied take breath anew.
 For long the *Trojans* have endur'd the Fight ;
 And if fresh Enemies they coming see,
 With little labour they'll be put to flight,
 And leave the *Argive* Tents and Navy free.
 Thus prayed he, but 'gainst himself he pray'd,
 And rashly sw'd to cast his life away.
 To this *Achilles* answer made and said,
 My dear *Patroclus* what is this you say ?
 I stand not on, nor care for Prophecy,
 Nor yet by *Jove* forbidden am to fight ;
 But at my heart it lieth grievously,
 My equal should oppress me by meer might.
 A Town I won, in which we found great Prey.
 For my reward the *Greeks* gave me a Maid,
 Which *Agamemnon* from me took away,
 Only because more people him obey'd,
 As if I were a man of little worth.
 But let that pass. Though once I never meant
 My *Myrmidons* should with the *Greeks* go forth;
 To Battle till the Foes were at my Tent,
 Yet since the *Argive* Ships with such a mist
 Of *Trojans* on the shore environ'd lie,
 And th' *Argives* wanting room can scarce resist,
 And have the pow'r of *Troy* for enemy,
 Take you my Arms and lead unto the Fight
 The *Myrmidons*. The *Trojans* shall not see
 My Helmet neer, to put them in a fright.
 If *Agamemnon* had been just to me,
 The Ditches had been fill'd with *Trojans* dead.
 But now into the very Camp they break ;
 Nor can resisted be by *Diomed*.
 To save the Ships *Tydid*es is too weak.

Nor

Nor can that hateful mouth of *Atræus* Son
 Be heard for *Hektor*, who the Air doth fill
 With roaring to the *Trojans* to fall on,
 And shouting of the *Trojans* as they kill.
 Yet so, *Patroclus*, charge them lustily,
 For fear the Ships should all be set on fire ;
 Then lost the *Greeks* are without remedy,
 And to their Country never shall retire,
 But now what I shall say give ear unto.

To th'end the *Greeks* may honour me, and send
Briseis back with Gifts, you thus must do.

When you have freed the Ships, there make an end
 And come away. If *Jove* give you success

No longer without me pursue the Fight.
 'Twill make my honour with the *Greeks* the less.

Nor in the slaughter take so much delight
 As to proceed up to the Walls of *Troy* ;

Lest by some God or other you be checkt.
 But having freed the Ships come straight away
 (*Apollo* has for *Troy* a great respect)

And leave both sides to fight upon the Plain
 Till (grant it O ye Gods) there left are none,
 But you and I, the Town of *Troy* to gain.

Thus they to one another talkt alone.

Ajax by this time from the Ship was gone,
 Forc'd by the Spears that from the *Trojans* flew,
 And weakned by the hand of *Saturn's* Son.

For at his head the *Trojans* always threw,
 And forc'd he was to hold his great Shield high,
 And wear'd was thereby his Buckler-hand.

With Spear in hand no *Trojan* durst come nigh,

But pelting him with Spears aloof they stand.
 The sweat ran down his Limbs, nor could he well,
 Though mightily for breath he pull'd, respire.

Now tell me *Muses* that in Heav'n do dwell,

How came the Ship first to be set on fire ?

Thus. *Hektor* with his broad Sword at a blow

The Spear of *Ajax* chanc'd to cut in twain
 Where to the staff the head was fixt, and so
 His mighty Naval Spear he shook in vain.

The head of Brads flew humming to the ground.

This *Ajax* saw, and frighted was to see
Jove thus the counsel of the *Greeks* confound,
To give unto the *Trojans* Victorie,

And went his way. Then in the *Trojans* came
With Brands of flaming fire; and presently
The hind-part of the Ship was all in flame.

Achilles with his hand then clapt his Thigh
And to *Patroclus* said, A flame I see

Rise at the Ships. 'Tis time that you were gone,
Left our Retreat should intercepted be.

Away and quickly put my Armour on.

This said, *Patroclus* first of all puts on

His Boots of War, and to his legs them ti'd
With Silver Clasps; and next of *Thetis* Son

The Breast-plate good he to his Breast appli'd
With Golden Stars like Heaven beautifi'd.

His Sword then ore his shoulder he puts on,
With Silver Studs to hang down by his side;

And then his Helmet shining like the Sun
He puts upon his head; and last of all

He took two Spears that fit were for his hand.
But not that which *Achilles* fought withal.

For that none but *Achilles* could command.

A great and strong and heavy Spear it was,

Made of an Ash cut down i'th' woody hill
Of *Peleus*, and by *Chiron* given 'twas

To *Peleus*, his mighty Foes to kill.

Then to *Achilles* Charre *Automedon*

The Horses *Balius* and *Xanthus* ti'd,

That were by *Zephyrus* begotten on

Podarge feeding by the Oceans side;

And at their heads he *Pedafus* did place

(A Horse he took at *Thebe* in the Prey)

That with them both was able to keep pace,

Though he were mortal, and immortal they.

While by his Charre *Patroclus* aiming stands,

Apace from Tent to Tent *Achilles* runs,

And calleth unto those that had Commands,

To Arm and bring away the *Myrmidons*.

Then

Then came they and about *Patroclus* stood
 Like Wolves that on a lusty Stag had fed,
 And lapping stain'd the River with his blood,
 With Bellies full and hearts encouraged.
 When they together were, *Achilles* then
 Appointed who i'th'Field should them command.
 To *Troy* he Ships brought with him five times ten,
 From ev'ry Ship came fifty men to land.
 And then five Bodies he made of them all,
 And Captains five by whom they led should be.
 But was himself the Captain-General ;
 For of the *Myrmidons* the King was he.
 Of these five Captains one *Menestius* was,
 Who was the River *Sperchius* his Son,
 And by the name of *Boro* then did pass.
 His Mother was of *Peleus* Daughters one,
 And *Polydora* was her name. And she
 To *Perierus* had been married,
 And for his Wife reputed constantly
 Before she was of *Menestius* brought to bed.
 The second Bands were by *Eudorus* led,
 The Son of *Polymela* a fair Maid.
Hermes of her became enamoured,
 As at a Dance her Beauty he survey'd.
 It was upon *Diana's* Holy-day
 He saw her dancing, and at night he got
 Unseen into her bed and with her lay,
 And his brave Son *Eudorus* then begot.
 To *Echeclus* she after married.
 Her Father *Phylas* to him took her Son,
 And unto mans estate him nourished,
 And lov'd no less than if t'had been his own.
 The third *Pisandrus* led that swift could run,
 And had at fighting with a Spear more art
 In bloody War than any *Myrmidon*
 Amongst them all (*Patroclus* set apart.)
 The fourth was by the old Knight *Phœnix* led.
 And of the fifth, charge had *Alcimedon*.
 When they were all together gathered,
 Unto them sharply thus spake *Toetis* Son.

Ye *Myrmidons*, said he, remember now,
 How all the time I kept you have from fight,
 You have the *Trojans* threatned hard; and how
 You said my Mother sed me had with Gall,
 And in great tumult bid me let you go,
 Or at the Ships upon the *Trojans* fall.
 Lo there before you is the War you crave.
 The *Trojans* are about to burn the Fleet;
 Do you your utmost now the same to save.
 Let him that brags of Valour let us see't.
 This said, the *Myrmidons* became more keen,
 Because they saw the King had chang'd his mind;
 And presently into their Ranks fell in,
 And close themselves to one another joyn'd.
 As close as in a Wall are laid the stones
 By him that means his House shall keep out wind;
 So close together stood the *Myrmidons*.
 Helmets with Helmets, Shields with Shields conjoyn'd.
 Before them all two good men armed went,
Patroclus and *Automedon* to th' Fight.
Achilles then returned to his Tent,
 Where stood a Chest most beautiful to sight,
 Which *Thetis* gave him when he went to *Troy*,
 Wherein were Carpets, Coats, and Cloaks laid up,
 To keep him warm when he a Ship-board lay;
 And in the same was kept a dainty Cup.
 In which no other man ere drank but he,
 Though 'twere to offer to the Gods above,
 Nor he himself (such was his nicetie)
 Ere in it drank but offering to *Jove*.
Achilles then with Sulphur scour'd the Cup,
 And having rins'd it clean with water fair,
 And wassht his hands, went out and held it up
 Tow'rds Heaven, and thus to *Jove* addrest his pray'r.
Pelasgique *Jove* that far from hence dost dwell,
 But at *Dodona* men thy counsel know,
 The *Selli* there thy Propriets fortunes tell,
 Though on the ground they sleep, and barefoot go,

That at my Prayer once didst honour me,
And broughtest on the *Argive* Hoast much wo,
Once more unto my Pray'r enclined be.

Though to the Fight my self I do not go,
I thither send my dear Companion.

O *Jove* now honour him. Let *Hector* know
Patroclus is a man of War alone,

And not then only when I with him go.
And when he has the *Trojans* driven from

The *Argive* Ships, then grant, O *Jove*, he may
With all his *Myrmidons* safe hither come,

With all their Arms and make no longer stay.
Thus prayed he. To half of his desire

Jove nodded; but the other half deni'd.
He granted him to save the Ships from fire;

But at returning safe his neck he wri'd.
Achilles when he offer'd had and pray'd,

Went with the Cup agen into his Tent,
And safely laid it up; and not long stay'd,

But out agen to see the Fight he went.
The *Myrmidons* now marched orderly.

But when unto the *Trojans* they were neer,
Like Wasps incensed they upon them fly.

As when at unawares a Traveller
Is going by a Wasps-nest neer the way,

Which to the common damage stir'd has been
And anger'd by a young unlucky Boy,

Upon the Traveller they vent their spleen;
And all at once with fury on him fly:

Just so the *Myrmidons* occasion take
Provok'd by *Agamemnon's* injury

To fall upon the *Trojans* for his sake.
Patroclus yet did further them incite.

Ye *Myrmidons*. said he, *Achilles* Bands,
Remember now courageously to fight;

Achilles honour now lies in your hands
The best of *Greeks*. Let *Agamemnon* see

The fault he did, and know he was unwise,
How wide soever his Dominion be,

The best of all th' *Achaens* to despise.

Then

Then on the *Trojans* all at once they fly.
 With them the other *Greeks* by shouts conspire.
 The *Trojans* when they saw *Patroclus* nigh
 With stout *Antomedon* *Achilles* Squire,
 Their courage fell, their Ranks disordered were,
 They lookt about which way 'twere best to run.
 For they suppos'd *Achilles* now was there,
 And that his discontent was past and gone.
Patroclus first of all lets fly his Spear
 Amongst the thickest of the Foes, about
Protesilaus hollow Ship (for there
 The *Trojans* standing close together fought)
 And slew *Pyraechmes* who from *Anyion*,
 And *Axius* wide stream the *Pæons* led.
 The Spear pass'd thorough his right Shoulder-bone:
 And when the *Pæons* saw him fall, they fled.
 Not only these he frighted had, but all,
 By killing of a Captain of such fame.
Patroclus then upon the rest did fall,
 And drave them from the Ship, & quencht the flame:
 The *Trojans* towards *Troy* retire apace.
Patroclus and the *Argives* them pursue,
 Leaving the Ship half burnt upon the place.
 And on the Plain the Fight began anew.
 As men see all the Rocks and Woods about
 When than the Hills the Mist is gotten higher;
 So when the Fire was at the Ships put out,
 The *Greeks* did for a little while respire.
 For yet the *Trojans* did not plainly fly,
 But still resisting went, and losing ground.
 Here *Aeneas* was killed by
Patroclus that gave him a deadly wound
 Upon the Thigh, just as he turn'd about.
 The Spear went through and passing brake the Bone:
 And at the wound his bloud and life went out,
 And on his face he fell down with a groan.
Thoas by *Menelaus* on the Brest
 Close by his Shield a wound receiv'd and did.
 To *Meges* *Antichus* a Spear address'd.
 But *Meges* that his purpose had esp'd

Prevented him, and with his Spear him hits
 Upon the Leg and neer unto the Khee,
 And all the Nerves thereof asunder splits,
 And of the wound he died presently.

Antilochus then slew *Atymnius*.

The Spear went through his Flank & struck him dead.
 And *Maris* then struck at *Antilochus*,
 But he prevented was by *Troasymid*
 And slain, pierc'd through the shoulder with his Spear.
 And thus by two Sons of old *Nestor* slain

The two Sons of *Amisodorus* were,
 And of *Sarpedon* good Companions twain.
 Their Sire *Amisodorus* kept at home.

The foul *Chimera* that had done much harm,
 Devouring people which did that way come,
 Till she was slain by *Bellerophontes* arm.

Clonobulus then pester'd in the throng

By little *Ajax* taken was alive,
 But after he was taken liv'd not long.

For *Ajax* did him of his life deprive.
 For on the Neck he gave him such a wound
 With his broad Sword as made it smoak with blood;
 And presently he fell unto the ground,
 And on his Eyes perpetual darkness flood.

With Swords *Penelcos* and *Lycon* prest
 Each other hard. For both their Spears had miss'd.

Lycon him hit upon the Helmet-crest,
 And broke his Sword. One part staid in his Fist,
 The other flew. *Penelcos* him hit

Upon the Neck. The Sword so far went in,
 As from the shoulders it divided it,
 Save that it hung a little by the skin.

Meiones pursued *Acamas*,

Amongst the *Trojans* that before him fled;
 And overtook him as he mounting was,
 And with a wound i'th' shoulder left him dead.
 And by *Idomeneus* the King of *Creet*

Hit in the Mouth was *Erymas* and slain:
 His Teeth all stricken out fell at his Feet,
 And by the Spear pierc'd thorough was h's Brain,

And

And fill'd with blood stood staring both his Eyes,
Which through his nose and mouth he strove to voyd,
And gasping seeks to cast it out, and dies.

Thus the *Greek* Lords each one his man destroy'd.
And then as bloody Wolves invade the Lambs
Or Kids that by the Shepherds negligence
Are wandred on the Mountains from their Dams,
And kill ; for Nature gives them no defence ;
So fiercely on the *Trojans* fell the *Greeks*.

But they no more trust to their hands but feet.
Ajax to throw his Spear at *Hector* seeks,

But with him *Hector* has no minde to meet,
But by th'advantage of his skill in Warre
Knowing of Arrows and of Spears the sound,
To keep aloof from *Ajax* still took care,
And cover'd with his Shield oft shifted ground.

And though he knew the honour of the day

Would fall unto th' *Acheans* in the end,
Yet from the Field he went not straight away,

But stay'd and fought his people to defend.

And then as Clouds rise from *Olympus* high,

And through the Air to Heaven tend upright
Before tempestuous winds ; so rose the Cry

At th' *Argive* Ships. Then *Hector* left the Fight.

And after him the *Trojans* take their heels,

But in the Trench greatly encumbred were,
And many Charret poles they brake and Wheels.

And when they of the Trench were gotten clear,
Fill'd with affright was ev'ry Path and Way.

Thus at the Ships the storm of War gave ore.
The Horses that were loose ran back to *Troy* ;

And to the Ships the *Trojans* came no more.

Patroclus, where he most disorder found,

Thither he drove, and trod the *Trojans* down,

And Charret-seats were rumbled to the ground,

And many from their Seats were headlong thrown.

But the swift Horses of *Patroclus*, which

On *Peleus* by the Gods bestowed were,

Found no impediment, but leapt the Ditch,

Pursuing *Hector*, who now was not there.

As when with stormy winds th' Autumnal rain
 Falls heavy on the Earth, from Heaven sent
 When wrested are the Laws by men for gain,
 Who from the Gods expect no Punishment,
 The Rivers swell; down from the Mountains side
 Innumerable Currents headlong run
 Roaring and foaming to the Ocean wide;
 And wash away is all mans work and gone:
 So fled the *Trojans*. These thus put to flight,
 He kept the *Greeks* from going to the Town,
 As they desir'd; yet gave not over fight,
 But 'twixt the Ships and River overthrowing
 Were many more; for unrevenge'd yet
 Were many *Greeks*. First *Pronous* he kill'd,
 Whom with his spear upon the Breast he hit,
 Where he was not well cover'd with his Shield;
 The next he slew was *Thistor Enops* Son
 That sat upon his Seat amaz'd with fear,
 And from his hand the Horses Reins were gone.
Patroclus standing by him with his Spear
 Strook him upon the Cheek, and there it stuck
 Fast in his Teeth; and over the fore-wheel
 To th' ground *Patroclus* fetcht him with a pluck.
 As to the Bank a Fisher pulls an Eel,
 And to the Earth he threw him on his Face.
Eryalus then to him went, in vain,
 And by *Patroclus* slain was on the place.
 For with a stone he cleft his head in twain.
Epates, *Erymas*, *Amphoterus*,
 And *Echius*, *Pyres*, *Damastorides*.
Euippus, *Polymelus Iphius*;
 He one upon another kill'd all these.
Sarpedon saw how fast his good friends died,
 And that his *Lycians* ready were to fly,
 He them rebuking with a loud voice cried,
 Whither d'ye go? For shame stay here. For I
 Intend to meet this man my self and know
 Who 'tis that here so furiously fights,
 And lays so many valiant *Trojans* low.
 This said, he from his Chariot alights.

Patroclus

Patroclus seeing that, alighted too ;
 And presently betook him to the fight,
 As keen as on a high Rock *Vultures* two ;
 And *Jupiter* was grieved at the sight.
 And to (his Wife and Sister) *Juno* said,
 Ay me, my Son *Sarpedon* will be slain.
 For by the Fates long since it so is laid.
 And now my mind divided is in twain,
 To snatch him hence and carry him again
 To *Lycia*, or now to let him die,
 And by *Patroclus* fatal Spear be slain.
 And *Juno* then to *Jove* made this rep'ie.
 O *Jove*, most wilful of the Gods, what say'e ?
 A mortal man condemn'd is by the Fates,
 And you would now the Execution stay ?
 Do. But take heed how you offend the State.
 And this I tell you further, if you do.
 Your Son *Sarpedon* from the Combate save,
 The other Gods will look to do so too.
 For Sons at *Troy* many Immortals have.
 But since you love your Son and for him grieve,
 First let *Patroclus* take away his life,
 And then to Death and Sleep commandment give.
 To carry him from our the bloody strife
 To *Lycia*, amongst his friends and kin,
 Who see him will embalm'd and buried,
 And build a Tomb to lay his ashes in,
 Which are the honours due unto the dead.
 This *Juno* says ; *Jove* to it condescends.
 And for the honour of his Son so dear
 For rain he drops of blood from Heaven sends.
 When they were come to one another near,
 First threw *Patroclus* and kill'd *Toraxymed*
 A valiant man *Sarpedon's* Charretier.
 The Spear into his Belly entered.
 Then at *Patroclus* flew *Sarpedon's* Spear,
 And hit him not, but *Pedasus* he slew,
 The Fore-horse of *Achilles* Charre, and now
 The sprawling Horse caus'd a disorder new.
 The Yoke screeks, and *Automedon* lets go

The

The Reys ; whereby the Combatants are parted ;

Automedon soon found a remedy ;

For from the Chariot seat he nimble started,

And cut the Geers that did the fore-horse tye.

The Horses two adjusted were again ;

And then the Combatants the fight renew.

And first *Sarpedon* threw, and threw in vain.

The Spear just over his left shoulder flew.

But not in vain *Patroclus* Spear was thrown,

That smote him through the Midriff. Heavie

Sarpedon then unto the ground came down,

As if 't had been an Oak or Poplar tree.

Or as a Pine cut down i'th' Hill, to be

A Mast for some great Ship falls to the ground,

So fell to th'Earth *Sarpedon* heavie,

And with his Armour made the place resound.

As when a Bull is by a Lion slain,

Under his Paw to th'ground he groaning falls ;

So groaning fell *Sarpedon* in great pain,

And to his friend the valiant *Glaucus* calls,

And to him said, Now *Glaucus* valiant be,

And set your minde on nothing but to fight.

But first go call my best men all to me,

And to assist me here joyn all your might.

If of my Arms I stript be by the Foe,

The shame thereof for ever will abide.

So therefore quickly call the people. Go.

And when he thus had spoken to him, di'd.

Patroclus on the Body sets his foot,

And out agen he pull'd the bloody Spear,

With pieces of the Midriff sticking to't.

And now away the Horses ready were

To run. For no man was upon the Seat ;

But by the *Myrmidons* they soon were staid.

The grief of *Glaucus* then was very great

For that he knew not how the King to aid.

For in great pain his Arm was with the stroke

Of *Tenzer's* Arrow at the *Argive* Wall,

And found no remedy but to invoke

Apollo, and upon him thus did call.

Apollo,

Apollo, whether thou in *Troy* be now
 Or *Lycia*, unto my Pray'r give ear;
 For when distressed men unto thee bow,
 Thou dost from any place or distance hear.
 I grievously am wounded in the hand,
 The pain whereof up to my shoulder goes.
 No longer now can I my Spear command,
 When most I need to use it 'gainst the Foes.
Sarpedon the brave Son of *Jove* is slain.
 His Father of him takes no further care.
 But thou *Apollo* now assuage my pain,
 And cure my wound and make me fit for Warre;
 That I may bring the *Lycians* to fight,
 And I with them the Body may defend.
 This said, *Apollo* by his Heavenly might
 His wound heal'd up, the pain was at an end.
 The blood was gone; encourag'd was his minde,
 And *Glaucus* knew *Apollo* did it all,
 And joy'd such favour with the God to finde.
 Then out he went the *Lycians* to call.
 That done he to the *Trojan* Princes goes,
Agenor, *Hector*, and *Polydamas*,
 Divine *Aeneas*, and craves aid of those;
 But what he said, to *Hector* spoken was.
Hector, said he, your friends you now forget,
 Who from their Country hither came so far
 Their lives to venture for your sake. For yet
 How to assist them you take little care.
 Slain is the King *Sarpedon* in the fight,
 That both with Might and Justice rul'd the Land
 Of *Lycia*. Let them not vent their spight
 Upon the Body slain; but by him stand.
 The *Myrmidons* else for th' *Acheans* sake
 Of whom we slew so many at the Fleet,
 Will in revenge his Armour from him take,
 And do unto him other things unmeet.
 This said, the *Trojans* all were on a flame
 To be reveng'd. To *Troy* he was a Wall,
 Although he thither as a Stranger came,
 He many led, himself the best of all,

And

And to the *Myrmidons* they marcht away,
Hector himself before them at the head
 As angry for *Sarpedon's* death as they.

Patroclus then the *Greeks* encouraged,
 And speaking first to the *Ajaxes* two,
Ajax, said he, both you and you, again
 Fight gallantly as you are us'd to do,

Or better if you can. For I have slain
Sarpedon with my Spear, who was the man
 That mounted first up to the *Argive* Wall.

Let's take his Armour off him if we can,
 And make his Fellows some of them to fall.

This said, they into order put their men
Trojan and *Lygian*; *Greek* and *Myrmidon*;

And to the Body slain return agen,
 And fiercely one another fell upon.

And *Jove* the place with darkness cover'd round
 As long as they were fighting 'bout his Son.

And at the first the *Greeks* forsook their ground.

For then there was a noble *Myrmidon*
Epigeus that King was formerly

Of *Budon*, and forced thence away
 For a mans death to *Peleus* did fly,

Who sent him with *Achilles* unto *Troy*.

And now no sooner layed had his hand

Upon *Sarpedon's* Body, but was slain

By a great stone that flew from *Hector's* hand,

And broke (for all his Cask) his skull in twain.

Down he upon the dead King falling dies.

Patroclus when he saw his friend thus fall,

Swift as a Hawk that at a Stareling flies,

Up to the Foes ran, and amongst them all

He threw a stone, which lighted on the Neck

Of *Stenelaus*, and the Tendon rent.

And this gave to the *Trojan* Horse a check;

And back a little *Hector* with them went

As far as one can for experiment,

Or at a Foë in Battle throw a Spear;

So far back *Hector* with his Charret went,

The *Argives* them pursuing in the Rear.

But

But *Glaukus* that did then the *Lycians* lead
 Pursu'd by *Bathycles* and very near,
 Upon a sudden to him turn'd his head,
 And deep into his breast he thrust his Spear.
 And down he fell. The *Trojans* then were glad,
 And at the Body fallen boldly stay'd.
 On th'other side the *Greeks* were very sad
 To lose so good a man, but not dismay'd.

Meriones then slew *Laogonus*

Son of *Onetor* Priest of *Jupiter*,
 And honour'd like a God in *Gargarus*.

The Spear him pierc'd between the Cheek and Ear,
 Then at *Meriones* *Aeneas* threw

And was in hope to give him his deaths wound;
 But he then stoopt, and ore him the Spear flew;
 And one end shook, the other stuck i'th'ground.

At this *Aeneas* angry to him said,

Meriones, as well as you can dance,
 My Spear was like your motion to have stay'd,
 And that it did not, think it was by chance.

To him replying said *Meriones*,

Aeneas strong and valiant as you are,
 You cannot kill men whom and when you please,
 Your self are subject to the chance of Warre

As well as I. And if my Spear fall right

(As much as to your hands you trust) you'll die
 Like other men, and I win honour by't,
 And to the shades below your Soul will fly.

This said, *Patroclus* came and him reproved.

Meriones, why talk you thus, said he,
 D'ye think the *Trojans* can be hence removed
 With evil words till many slain there be?

In counsel words may somewhat signifie,
 But hands in War determine the event.

'Tis to no purpose words to multiplye.

This said, away they both together went.
 And by and by was heard a mighty sound,

As if the Woods were falling on the Hills,
 Of men in Armour falling to the ground,

And Swords and Spears on Helmets and on Shields:

Sarpedon

Sarpedon cover'd was from top to toe
 With dust and Spears, and so besmear'd with blood,
 That wise he must have been that could him know,
 Though who it was they all well understood,
 And busie were about him as the Flies

That buz in Summer-time about the Pans
 Of Milk. And all this while *Jove* kept his Eyes
 Upon the Battle; and advising stands
 Whether 'twere best to let *Patroclus* die

Upon *Sarpedon*, slain by *Hector*, or
 Let him go on, and follow those that fly,
 And of the *Trojans* make the slaughter more.
 At last resolv'd he made the *Trojans* fly.

Patroclus then pursu'd them up to *Troy*,
 And as he went made many of them die;
 And *Hector* was the first that fled away,
 Not ignorant of *Jove's* Apostasie.

And then the lusty *Lycians* also fled;
 Whose King *Sarpedon* now i'th' heap did lie
 Stretcht out on th'Earth amongst the other dead.

And him *Patroclus* of his Armour strips,
 His mighty Armour all of solid Brais,
 And sent it by his fellows to the Ships.

Thus slain and stript *Jove's* Son *Sarpedon* was.

Then *Jove* unto *Apollo* spake and said,
 Go, *Phæbus* bear *Sarpedon* from the Fight
 A great way off, and let him be array'd
 In an immortal Garment pure and bright.

But in the River clear first wash him clean,
 And with *Ambrosia* anoynt his Skin.

Let Death and Sleep two Sisters bear him then
 To *Lycia* unto his friends and kin,

By whom his Body will embalmed be,
 And Tomb and Pillar set upon his Grave,
 Whereby preserv'd will be his memorie,
 Which all the honour is the dead can have.

This said, *Apollo* down from *Ida* came,
 And bare *Sarpedon's* Body from the Fight,
 And far off in the River washt the same,
 And with *Ambrosia* his Body white

Anoynt.

Anointed, and with Garments fair array'd,
 Immortal Garments ; and into the hands
 Of Death and Sleep committed it, who layd
 It down again amongst the *Lycians*.
Patroclus then commands *Automedon*.

To drive to *Troy*. Not well. For had he then
 The counsel of *Achilles* thought upon,
 He had escapt. But *Jove* knows more than men,
 And quickly can take from a man of might,

And to a weaker give the Victorie
 Whom he himself encourage will to fight,
 As now by *Jove* himself let on was he.
 But while *Patroclus* chac'd the *Trojans* thus,
 Who fell ? *Adrestus* and *Antinous*,

Epistor, *Melanippus*, *Perimus*,

Pylartus, *Mulius*, and *Echeclus*

And *Elasus*. And taken had been *Troy*

Now by *Patroclus*, but that *Phæbus* stood
 Upon the Tow'r and pusht him still away,

To vex the *Greeks* and do the *Trojans* good.
 For thrice he mounted and was thrice put back !

By the Immortal hand ; but when again
 He mounting was, *Apollo* to him spake.

Retire (said he) *Patroclus*, 'tis in vain.

It is not you that *Ilium* can win,

Nor *Thetis* Son, a better man than you.

Patroclus at these words great fear was in,

And far off from the Wall himself withdrew.

Now *Hector* was upon his Charrer-seat

I'th' *Sæan* Gate, and did deliberate

Whether to make the *Trojans* to retreat,

And when they were come in to shut the Gate,

Or go to th' Fight. While he consulted thus,

Apollo came and standing by his side

In likeness of his Uncle *Astius*,

Him sharply did for standing idle chide.

Hector, said he, why stay you here ? If I

Exceeded you in strength as you do me,

I teach you would, in such necessity

To quit the Field thus, and unuseful be.

Go. To *Patroclus* now directly drive,
 And doubt not but that by *Apollo's* aid
 You may him of his Life and Arms deprive.
 Away went *Phæbus* when he this had said.
 And *Hector* then returned to the fight
 While *Phæbus* did the *Argive* throng dismay.
Cebriones still kept his Horses right
 Upon *Patroclus*. For upon the way
Hector past through the *Greeks* and killed none.
Patroclus then alighting, with his Spear
 In his left hand, in th' other took a stone,
 And with it killed *Hector's* Charrettier
Cebriones, King *Priam's* Bastard Son.
 Above his Eyes upon his Forehead just
Patroclus hit him with the knobby stone.
 Then from his Seat he dropt into the dust.
 Broke was his Skull, his Eye-brows crusht int' one,
 And at his feet before him fell his eyes.
Patroclus scost and said 'tis nimbly done.
 And proudly thus insulting o're him cries,
 Oh that we had a man could leap like him,
 And set upon one of our Ships were he,
 To leap into the Sea and groaping swim!
 How satisf'd with Oysters should we be!
 So quickly down he tumbled to the Plain.
 I see that there good tumblers are in *Troy*.
 This said, he ran unto the Body slain,
 Himself with his own valour to destroy.
 And then unto the ground leapt *Hector* too,
 And at *Cebriones* h's Body fought
 He and *Patroclus*, fierce as Lions two
 That had a great Stag, slain by chance, found out;
 And hungry both, strove who should first be fed.
 So fought these two each other to destroy.
 And *Hector* pull'd the dead man by the head,
Patroclus by the heels the other way.
 Mean while the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fighting stood.
 As when between two Hills two great Winds fight,
 On both sides strongly flaken is the Wood,
 And Boughs beat one another with great might,

And

And with a horrid noise together clash,
 And many lusty Limbs then broken are
 Of barky Corme, broad Beech, and lofty Ash;
 So did it with the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fare,
 About *Cebrión's* stuck many a Spear,
 And many a fledged Arrow from the Bow,
 And many Shields by great Stones broken were,
 While he along in bed of dust lay low,
 And quite forgotten had his Chivalry.
 Now all the while that mounting was the Sun
 The Weapons flew, and men fell equally,
 But after noon when half the day was gone
 The *Argives* clearly had the Victory,
 And from the Field *Cebrión's* they drew,
 And stript there of his Armour let him lie.
Patroclus then the *Trojans* chac'd anew.
 And there before the *Myrmidons* leapt out
 Like *Mars* himself, and thrice nine *Trojans* flew.
 And out again he went; but at that bout,
 Upon himself untimely death he drew.
 For *Phæbus* came (*Patroclus* saw him not)
 Wrapt up in Air, and standing on the ground
 Between the shoulders with his hand him smet,
 That all about him seemed to go round,
 And from his head his Helmet then he flung
 Into the dust, and foul it was all ore,
 And beaten by the hoofs of Horses rung,
 That never had been so defil'd before
 When on *Achilles* Godlike head it sate.
 But *Jove* to *Hector* gave it now to wear,
 And only then when near him was his Fate.
 Moreover *Phæbus* brake *Patroclus* Spear,
 A heave Spear well armed at the head,
 And pluckt his mighty Shield out of his hand,
 And left him of his Arms uncovered.
 With this *Patroclus* did amazed stand.
 And near unto him then a *Dardan* came,
 And in the back he smote him with his Spear.
Pantobides Euphorbus was his name,
 And kill'd him not, but back ran to the Rear.

For though he well could fight, and ride, and run,
 And going first abroad to learn the Wars,
 He was by no man of his age outdone,
 And had overthrow twice ten men from their Chars;
 Yet for *Patroclus* now he durst not stay,
 Although he wounded and disarmed were.

Then to the Rear *Patroclus* went away;
 And after him ran *Hector* with his Spear,
 And at the Belly struck him through the side.

And down he fell. The *Greeks* were grieved sore.
 As when at a small Fountain almost dri'd

Together come a Lion and a Boar
 With equal thirst, and drink they both would fain,
 But fight who shall drink first, slain is the Bore;

So now by *Hector* was *Patroclus* slain,
 Though many *Trojans* he had kill'd before.

And *Hector* then triumphing o'er him said,
Patroclus, you thought sure I have storm'd *Troy*.

And in your Ships our women I have convey'd
 To *Argos* with you when you went away.

Were you so simple that you could not see,

That *Hector* with his Horses and his Spear
 Protects the *Trojans* from Captivité?

Now shall you for the Dogs and Fowls lie here;
 Nor can *Achilles* do you any good,

That bad you ('t may be) when you from him went,
 Not to return, till dyed in his blood

You *Hector's* Coat had from his shoulders rent.
 And vain enough you were to promise it.

Patroclus with a feeble voice repli'd,
Hector, you now may boast as you think fit,

And in your own Ability take pride.

T' *Apollo* first my death I owe, who threw
 My Armour from my body to the ground;

I could have slain else twenty such as you.

And from *Euphorbus* I receiv'd a wound.

To bring me down; you were but one of three.

But hear me and remember what I say,

Hector, you will not long live after me,

And only for *Achilles* hand you stay.

And

And at these words he was of life bereft.

His Soul unto th'Infernal Regions fled
Lamenting so much Youth and Vigour left ;

And *Hector* to him spake again though dead.

• *Patroclus*, why do you foretel my death ?

Who knows but that *Achilles* may be slain

By me first, and before me lose his breath ?

This said, he pulled out the Spear again.

And presently pursu'd *Automedon*,

Who of *Achilles* was the Charretier ;

Ere he away was carried and gone

By *Peleus* Horses that Immortal were,

I L I A D.

L I B. X V I I.

ANd *Menelaus* understanding now
 That slain *Patroclus* lay upon the ground,
 Careful, as of her first Calf is a Cow,
 To th'Body went and walkt about it round,
 Couching his Spear and holding out his Shield,
 Resolv'd to kill him whosoe'er he was
 That durst to stand against him in the Field.
 Then to him said *Euphorbus*, *Menelaus*
 Retire, let me advise you, from the dead.
 For I am he that gave him the first wound,
 That with his Arms I may be honoured ;
 Lest with my Spear I strike you to the ground.
 And *Menelaus* to him thus repli'd.
 O *Jupiter*, in Lion never was,
 Nor yet in Panther, nor in Boar such pride
 (Though other Beasts in strength they far surpass)
 As in these Sons of *Panthus*. Though they know,
 When *Hyperenor* proudly me des'd,
 And spitefully did value me below
 All other *Greeks*, that by my hand he di'd.
 And sorry were his Parents and his Wife
 Now you succeed will to your Brother's fate.
 Be gone then if you mean to save your life,
 And quickly, or you will be wise too late.
 No *Menelaus* (said *Euphorbus* then)
 Since you have griev'd his Parents and his Wife,
 'Tis best, I think, to comfort them agen,
 By making you pay for it with your life.
 For though int'erable be their grief,
 Yet when they see your Armour and your head
 Brought to them home, it will be some relief.
 But this by fight must be determined.

This

This said, he made a thrust at *Menelaus*,
 Which he received on his trusty Shield,
 It entered not, resisted by the Brass,
 Which bent the point, and passage none did yield.
 Then as he backward slept to get away
 He by *Atrides* on the Breast was hit.
 The Spear prest with his hand not there did stay,
 But to his Neck went up and pierced it.
 And then the ground he with his Armour knocks;
 And dyed was with blood his dainty hair,
 Those fine (with Gold and Silver twined) Locks,
 Like those that *Cytherea's* Graces wear.
 As when one planted hath an Olive sprig
 In open place, and where are many Springs,
 And stit'd by gentle winds it is grown big,
 Then comes a storm and to the ground it flings;
 So by *Atrides* fell *Euphorbus* now.
 As when a Lion cometh from the Wood
 Into the Herd and seizeth on a Cow,
 First breaks his Neck, then feeds he on his blood
 And Bowels, Dogs and Herds men looking on
 And hucing him, that dare not to go near;
 So then upon *Atrides* ventur'd none,
 So much the *Trojans* stricken were with fear.
 And now into the hands of *Menelaus*
Patroclus Armour came; and born away
 Had been, but that by *Phœbus* crost he was,
 That was a friend to *Hector* and to *Troy*.
 And in the shape of *Mentes* gone was then
 (Whom now the *Cicon* Regiments obey'd)
 To call back *Hector* to the Field agen,
 And overtaking him thus to him said,
Hector, you here *Automedon* pursue
 To take *Achilles* Horses all in vain,
 Which never will be won or rul'd by you,
 And suffer good *Euphorbus* to be slain
 By *Menelaus* at the Body dead
 Of *Menætiades*. Then went his way.
 And *Hector* grieved turn'd about his head,
 And saw how on the ground *Euphorbus* lay

Bleeding

Bleeding and naked left by *Menelaus*.

And *Hector* then enflamed with the fight
Like raging fire did through the Squadrons pass,
And with great cry returned to the fight.

And cold was then *Atrides* at the heart,
And with himself he thus disputing stands ;
If I should from the Body slain depart,
The *Greeks* would say of me but little good ;
But if I stay alone here 'twill be worse

Than any thing the *Greeks* can of me say.
For he brings with him all the *Trojan* force.

But wherefore do I thus disputing stay ?
Who fights against him whom a God doth aid,
Draws on himself a great and certain ill.

My best course then is *Hector* to avoid,
And let the *Greeks* say of it what they will.
But if of *Ajax* I could get a fight,

Then he and I together would not fear
With *Hector* aided by a God to fight,
And to *Achilles* the dead Body bear.
Whilst thus unto himself he laid the Case,

The *Trojans* came with *Hector* at the head,
And *Menelaus* then forsook the place,
And going left behinde the Body dead.

But oft lookt back. As when a Lion is
Compel'd to leave a Fold by Men and Dogs,
He oft looks back, and runs not for all this,
But tow'rds the Wood still slowly on he jogs
Unwillingly ; his heart's too big to run ;
So *Menelaus* off went safe and sound.

And then for *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*

Lookt round about, and 'mongst his Troops him found
Inciting them to fight. For not a man

But frightened was by *Phæbus* and dismay'd ;
And with all speed *Atrides* to him ran,
And standing at his side unto him said,

Come *Ajax*, quickly come away with me
To save *Patroclus* from the *Trojans* wrath,
That to *Achilles* carri'd he may be

Though naked. For his Armour *Hector* hath.

Ajax

Ajax inrag'd at this flies to the place
With *Meneleus*, where *Patroclus* lay
When *Hector* from the Field him drawing was,
(Having already snatcht his Arms away)
Unto the *Trojans* to cut off his head,
And give the Body to the Dogs to eat.
But when great *Ajax* thither came, he fled,
And to the *Trojans* made a quick Retreat ;
And order gave to bear the Arms to *Troy*,
Achilles Arms, a noble Monument
Of his great deed. But *Ajax* still did stay,
And with his Shield about the Body went.
As when a Lion, his Whelps following him,
Into the open Field comes from the Wood,
And Hunters meets, he looks upon them grim ;
So *Ajax* looking by *Patroclus* stood,
And *Glaucus* then that led the *Lycian* Bands
To *Hector* went and frowning to him said,
Though you be thought a good man of your hands
Hector, it is not so I am afraid.
Consider first if you the Town can save
By *Trojans* only, without other guard,
And of their service how great need you have ;
And then how lightly you their pains regard.
What *Lycian* again will for you fight ?
Or how will you defend a meaner man,
That left *Sarpedon* to the *Argives* spight
• And sport, and from his body frighted ran,
That was your friend and had such service done ?
So that if I were won to lead them home,
You'd finde a little after we were gone,
The utmost fate of *Troy* were on it come.
For if the *Trojans* had as forward been,
As men should be that for their Country fight,
Patroclus body we in *Troy* had seen,
Fetcht from the field, for all the *Argives* might ;
And from the *Greeks* in change we might have had
Sarpedons Corps, and brought it into *Troy* ;
And all the *Greeks* thereof would have been glad,
So great experience of his worth had they.

But

But you to *Ajax* never yet durst go.

And when he came to you, you from him ran
Into the throng o'th *Trojans*. And why so?

But that you know he is the better man.

Then *Hector* frowning on him thus repli'd,

Glaucus, 'tis strange that such a man as you
Should so severely without cause me chide;

I thought you very wise, but 'tis not true.

You say I dare not with great *Ajax* fight

When I do neither Foot nor Horse-men shun,
But only way give sometimes to the might.

Of *Jove* when he the Enemy sets on.

For he to whom he will gives Victorie,

And from the proud their courage takes away.

But to the Fight come with me now, and see

If I be such a Coward as you say;

And do not from *Patroclus* body make

Some of the *Argives* to retire agen.

This said, he turn'd and to the *Trojans* spake,

Trojans, said he, and *Lycians* play the men

Whilst I my self in those good Arms aray

Which from *Patroclus* body slain I took.

This said, he from the Field went toward *Troy*,

And quickly those that bare them overtook,

And gave to them the Armour he then wore,

And th' Armour of *Patroclus* there puts on,

Giv'n by the Gods to *Peleus* heretofore,

Which he when aged gave unto his Son,

But were not kept by him till he was old.

Then *Jove* that out of sight in Heaven sate

And *Hector* in this Armour did behold,

Poor man, said he, he knoweth not his fate,

Which now is neer; and at it shook his head,

And said, Though now these heavenly Arms you wear

Of this great man whom all men else did dread,

Killing the gentle Knight that did them bear,

And so unhandsomely, you'll never go

To shew them to *Andromache* your Wife.

Yet now you shall prevail against the Fo,

To please you, since thus shortned is your life.

And

And as he said it, seal'd it with a Nod.

Now *Hector* having on these Arms and fir,
Into his Breast went in the mighty God
Of Battle, and with courage filled it.

Then *Hector* like *Achilles* shining came
To his confederates, and 'mongst them went
Calling upon the best of them by name,

To give unto them all encouragement,
Nesthes, and *Glaucus*, and *Thersilochus*,

Aleropæus, and *Hippothous*

Medon, *Disiaor*, *Phorcys*, *Chromius*,

And you the skilful Augur *Eanomus*,
And you the thousands that to aid me come,

'Tis not to muster that you called are,
But to defend the Wives of *Ilium*

And Babes, against the *Greeks* that love the Warre.
Which to prevent, the *Trojans* day by day

With pay and with free Quarter tired are.

Let's therefore fight and either die or slay ;

For there's no other Traffick at the Warre.
And he that shall *Patroclus* body gain,

And (spight of *Ajax*) fetch it off the Field,
Half of his Armour shall have for his pain,

And I will half the Honour to him yield.

Th's said, the *Trojans* on the *Argives* fell

With all their weight, and made account to gain
Patroclus Body. For they could not tell

How many *Trojans* there would first be slain.

And then to *Nepelæus Ajax* said,

I fear we shall no more return from *Troy* ;

And am not for *Patroclus* so afraid

(That to the Dogs is sure to be a Prey)

As for my self and you ; with such a Cloud

Of *Trojans Hector* thundring cometh on.

Go therefore presently and call aloud

To th'other Princes. Other help there's none.

Then *Menelaus* cried out aloud,

O you that have command in th'*Argive* Host,

And diet with *Atrides* are allow'd,

And drink unstiated at the Publick cost,

'Tis

'Tis hard to call you ev'ry one by name.

But you that hear me come away with speed.
For to us all 'twill be no little shame

To let the Dogs upon *Patroclus* feed.

This said, first little *Ajax* running came,

And with *Idomeneus Meriones*,

Then many more came in ; but who can name

The number great that came in after these ?

And *Hector* with the *Trojans* then came in.

And as the Sea that rolleth to the shore

Which by some mighty wind had driven been ;

So to the Fight the *Trojans* marching roar.

The *Greeks* about *Patroclus* body staid,

All of one minde, all cover'd with their Shields,

And on their heads *Jove* then a great Fog laid,

'And all the place about with darkness fills.

For while *Patroclus* was alive and serv'd

Achilles, *Jove* took at him no offence,

Nor thought that to be Dogs meat he deserv'd,

And therefore urg'd the *Greeks* to his defence.

At first the *Trojans* made the *Greeks* to flie,

And leave the Body, but they killed none,

So great a Fog upon the place did lie.

Then with his friends again came *Ajax* on,

Of all the *Greeks* for person and for might

The bravest man excepting *Thetis* Son.

The *Trojans* when the *Greeks* refus'd to fight,

The Body seiz'd, and thought the bus'ness done.

As when a Boar pursu'd by Hounds and Men,

Upon them turns, they scatter'd are and flie ;

So when great *Ajax* to them came agen,

The *Trojans* scatter'd let *Patroclus* lie.

For when *Hippobous* was in great hope

To drag *Patroclus* body up to *Troy*,

And to his Ankle tyed had a rope,

Arrived to him was his latest day.

For *Ajax* now was come unto him near,

And smote him through the Helmet and the Brain,

Which stained with his blood stuck to the Spear,

And down he threw *Patroclus* foot again,

And

And with it neer unto the body fell
 Depriv'd of life by mighty *Ajax* Spear,
 Far from *Larissa* where his friends did dwell,
 And never for his bredding payed were,
 And *Hector* then a Spear at *Ajax* threw,
 Which he perceiving did a little shun,
 A very little it beside him flew,
 And killed *Schedius* *Iphitus* Son,
 That of *Phocæans* all was far the best,
 And did in well-built *Panopæa* reign.
 The Spear sharp-pointed enter'd at his Brest,
 And at his Shoulder out it went again.
 And *Ajax* then the valiant *Phorcy* slew
 That 'bout the body of *Hippothon* went.
 The Spear through Breast-plate and through Belly flew,
 And as it pass'd the Guts in pieces rent.
 Then *Hector* and the *Trojan* Lords gave way
 Retiring from the *Argive* Lords; and thus
 By th' *Argives* coming in, without delay
 Stript were both *Phorcy* and *Hippothon*.
 And now the *Trojans* had for want of heart
 Been chased by the *Argives* up to *Troy*,
 And th' *Argives* gotten had on th' other part
 Without the Gods an honourable day,
 Had not *Apollo*, like to *Periphas* no,
Anchises Squire t' *Aneas* come disguised,
 That very wise now grown and aged was,
 And standing by his side him thus advised.
Aneas, cannot you without the Gods
 As well as the *Achaens* gain the day
 By valour, since in men they have no odds?
 For *Jove* had rather you should win than they.
 Thus *Phæbus* said. *Aneas* knew 'twas he,
 And with a loud voyce unto *Hector* said,
Hector. and you who the Commanders be
 Of *Trojans*, or have brought unto them aid,
 Oh what a shame 'tis for us thus to run
 Bescor'd the *Greeks* our selves in *Troy* to hide?
 But come, there yet amongst the Gods is one
 That hath assur'd me *Jove* is on our side.

A a

This

This said, before the *Trojans* he leapt out,
 And with his Spear in hand stood at their head.
 And when he made them had to wheel about;
 Unto the Body he directly led.
 And with his Spear *Leocritus* he slew
 The friend of *Lycomed*, *Arisbas* Son;
 And *Lycomed* displeas'd, at *Hector* threw,
 And hit him nor, but kill'd *Apisaon*,
 Of all that from *Peonia* pass'd the Seas,
 He was in battle of the greatest might
 Excepting no man but *Asteropaeus*;
 Who angry, at his fall went to the Fight.
 But now the *Greeks* about *Patroclus* stood
 So close, with Spears advanc'd, with Bucklers hidden,
 That there *Asteropaeus* did no good;
 For by great *Ajax* so they had been bidden.
 Let none from hence again retire, said he,
 Nor any man before the rest skip out,
 But stand together till you charged be.
 Thus roaring to them *Ajax* went about.
 And thick the *Trojans* and their Aids now fell,
 And with their blood bedewed was the ground.
 Nor did the *Argives* come off very well;
 But fewer of them 'mongst the dead were found.
 For standing close, one Shield sav'd more than one.
 Thus keen as fire on both sides fought they here.
 And such a darkness was the place upon
 As if nor Sun nor Moon in safety were.
 But th'other places all about had light,
 And brightly did the Sun in *Ida* shine,
 And gentle at a distance was the Fight,
 And one anothers Spear did oft decline.
 But in the middle, where the very best
 Both of the *Argives* and the *Trojans* stood,
 The pain they suffer'd cannot be exprest
 Of restless labour and of loss of blood.
 But of *Patroclus* by the *Trojans* kill'd,
Antilochus and *Ithasymed* knew nor,
 But fought in other places of the Field,
 And that he still pursu'd the *Trojans* thought,

When

When for his body who the same should get,
 Now fighting were the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*,
 And from their Knees and Legs ran down the sweat,
 And stained were with blood their arms and cheeks.
 As when men set themselves about the skin
 Of some fat Bull and stretch it ev'ry way,
 That th'humour may go out, the grease go in,
 Just so *Patroclus* body tugged they,
Trojans to *Troy*, and *Argives* to the Fleet;
 And thereupon arose this mighty fray.
 If *Mars* or *Pallas* had been there to see't,
 They had not known on whom a fault to lay,
 Though angry they had been; such work was then
 By *Jove* about *Patroclus* body set
 For *Trojans* and for *Argives*, Horse and Men.
 But to *Achilles* known it was not yet
 That slain by th'*Trojans* was his Favourite.
 For now not far off from the *Trojan* Wall
 At a great distance from him was the fight,
 So that he thought not on his death at all;
 But having chac'd the *Trojans* to the Gates
 Of *Ilium*, that straight he would come back.
 For well he knew 'twas ordered by the Fates,
Patroclus never should the City sack.
 His Mother *Thetis* oft had told him that,
 As she before had told it been by *Jove*;
 But quite *Patroclus* destiny forgot,
 Or knew it not, whom he so much did love.
 The *Greeks* and *Trojans* at the body staid
 Together close, and one another kill'd.
 And one *Achean* to another said,
 'Twould be a great disgrace to quit the Field,
 And leave the body of *Patroclus* thus.
 I rather had by th'Earth we swallowed were
 Than they should have it and crow over us,
 And to the Town the noble body bear.
 The *Trojans* likewise t'one another cri'd,
 Though ev'ry one of us were sure to die
 By this mans body, let us here abide.
 And then the clamour rose up to the Skie.

Achilles Steeds now with *Antomedon*

Upon the Charre without the Battle flood ;
But to the Fight he could not get them on.

He to them call'd, but that would do no good,
And then he *Battered* them, then threats, then whips,

But for *Patroclus* griev'd they would not go
With th' *Argives* to the Fight nor to the Ships,

But lay down on the ground and wept for wo
That they had lost a gentle Charretier.

Jove seeing them upon the ground thus laid,
And for *Patroclus* how they grieved were,

Shaking his head unto himself he said,
Poor Steeds, why did I you on man bestow

That mortal is, and you immortal are
And make you also misery to know,

And to participate of humane care ?
There breatheth not upon the Earth so wide

So poor a thing and wretched as a man.
But *Hector* on your Charre shall never ride.

For he without my leave do nothing can.
Is't not enough for him that he hath got

Achilles Arms to please himself in vain ?
But have *Achilles* Horses he shall not.

For you shall to the Ships return again,
And safely carry back *Antomedon*.

Though to the *Trojans* I intend to day
The Victory till setting of the Sun,

And that by darkness parted be the fray.
Thus said, he strength and courage to them gave.

Antomedon then to the Troops of *Greece*
As swiftly the immortal Horses drive

As flies a Vulture at a flock of Geese.
For from the Foe he quickly could retire,

And easily upon them go again
As oft as the occasion should require ;

But by his hand no Enemy was slain.
For since he was upon the Sear alone,

He could not both together fight and guide.
But to him came at last *Alcimedon*

Lairtes Son, and stood by th' Charret side.

What

What God, said he, has put it in your head
Automedon, amongst so many Spears
 To be alone knowing your friend is dead,
 And *Hector* now *Achilles* Armour wears?
Automedon unto him then repli'd,
Alcimedon, a fitter man is none
 Than you are the immortal Steeds to guide,
 Since *Menottiades* my friend is gone.
 Get up then you and the good Steeds command,
 Whilst on the ground I with the *Trojans* fight.
Alcimedon then took the Whip in hand
 And *Reyns*; *Automedon* did then alight.
 This *Hector* saw, and to *Aeneas* spake,
Achilles Horses yonder coming are;
 To us, said he, they are not hard to take.
 For with them there is no great man of Warre;
 And if we to them go they dare not stand.
 This said, *Aeneas* well contented was,
 And forward then they go with Spear in hand,
 And shoulders cover'd well with Hide and Brass.
 And *Chromius* with them and *Aretus* went,
 And made no doubt but both the men to slay,
 And then to seize *Achilles* Steeds they meant,
 And with the Charre triumphing drive to Troy.
 Vain men that were not sure themselves to save.
 To *Jupiter* *Automedon* then pray'd,
 Who heard his Prayer, and great strength to him gave.
 And then unto *Alcimedon* he said,
Alcimedon, keep still thy Horses near,
 So that upon my back may fall their breath.
 For quiet never will be *Hector's* Spear,
 Until of both of us he see the death,
 And set himself upon *Achilles* Car;
 And put the Squadrons of the *Greeks* to rout,
 Or be amongst the foremost slain i'th' War.
 This said, he to th' *Ajaxes* cried out,
 And *Menelaus*, *Ajax*, *Menelaus*,
 The care of him that's dead to others give;
 And shew your Valour where there is more cause.
 Come hither and take care of us that live.

For *Hector* and *Antes* both are here.

But yet since on *Jove's* will dependeth all
Both good and evil hap, I'll throw my Spear,

And let him where he pleaseth make it fall.

And as he spake the spear he from him sent,

Which chanc'd to light upon *Antes* Shield,

And passing through into his Belly went.

At which he starting fell upon the Field.

And at *Automedon* then *Hector* threw.

But stooping forward he the Spear declined ;

And ore his head through th' empty air it flew,

And shaking fixt it stood i'th' ground behind.

And then the Fight by *Mars* becalmed was ;

But with their Swords they had again fall'n on,

But that th' *Ajaxes* two and *Menelaus*

Came in, that call'd were by *Automedon*.

Antes then and *Hector* shrunk away,

And *Chromius* with them, but *Aretus* nor,

But on the ground without his Armour lay.

Automedon then mounts his Chariot

All bloody, and the Armour by him set,

And said, Though this revenge be very small

For great *Patroclus* death, 'tis better yet,

Though this a worse man be, than none at all.

And at *Patroclus* body now the Fight

Was greater than before and fiercer grown.

For *Pallas* coming did the *Greeks* incite,

By *Jove* himself (whose mind was chang'd) sent down.

As when to mortals *Jove* will signify

Th' approach of War, or Tempests cold and Told,

To make men leave their work, and Cattle die,

He sets up in the Sky a purple Cloud ;

In such a Cloud wrapt up *Athena* came,

The Daughter of great *Jove*, and martial Maid,

To th' *Argive* Host their courage to inflame,

And to *Atrides*, who stood neereest, said,

In voyce and shape like *Phoenix*, *Menelaus*,

If you let Dogs *Patroclus* body tear,

That of *Achilles* so beloved was,

You will be scorn'd. Go to him, do not fear:

Phœ

Phoenix, said he, would *Pallas* strengthen me,
 And save me from so many Spears that fly,
Patroclus body soon should rescu'd be.
 For no man for him griev'd is more than I.
 But *Hector* fighteth like a raging flame,
 And as he goes *Jove* gives him Victory.
 This said, *Athena* pleas'd was with the same,
 Because to her he trusted specially,
 And strengthened both his shoulders and his thighs,
 And made him bold as is a busie Flie
 Which beaten off, again upon you flies,
 And fears not for a little blood to die.
 And to *Patroclus* then went *Menelaus*,
 And mongst the throng of *Trojans* threw his Spear.
 It chanced that amongst them one there was,
Pydis Eetions Son to *Hector* dear,
 And at the wine his good Companion.
 Him *Menelaus* with his Spear then slew
 Just as he turn'd himself about to run,
 And from the *Trojans* the dead body drew.
 To *Hector* then came *Phæbus*, having on
 The form of *Phænops* Son of *Asius*,
 In *Hector's* grace inferior to none,
 And standing by his side said to him thus.
 If you be so afraid of *Menelaus*,
 What other *Greek* will be afraid of you?
 He never yet good Spear-man counted was.
 Nor is, though *Podes* now by chance he slew,
 And vainly now he thinks alone he can
 Bring off *Patroclus* body from the Field.
 This said, unto the body *Hector* ran.
 And *Jove* then lifted up his mighty Shield,
 And in thick Clouds the Mountain *Ida* wraps,
 And dark it was upon the Field as night.
 And then with Lightning and with Thunder claps
 The Squadrons of the *Argives* put to flight.
Menelaus who the *Boetians* led,
 Hurt in the shoulder by *Polydamas*,
 Of the *Acheans* was the first that fled,
 And *Leitus* his Mate the second was,

That

That was by *Hector* wounded in the Wrist,
 And could no longer use make of his Spear ;
 But from the battle forc'd was to desist,
 And looking still about him ran in fear.
 Him *Hector* as he running was pursues.
 On *Hector's* Shield then lights a heavie Spear
 That thrown was at him by *Idomeneus*,
 But brake in two ; and glad the *Trojans* were.
 And at *Idomeneus* then *Hector* threw,
 Beside him but a little went the Spear,
 And lighting upon *Ceranus* him slew,
 Who was *Meriones* his Charretier,
 And with him came to *Lyclus* all the way
 By Sea, and thence he went to *Troy* by land.
 And much good service he had done to *Troy*,
 For fallen had the King by *Hector's* hand,
 And safe had been himself ; but now was hit
 By *Hector's* Spear betwixt the Cheek and Ear,
 And struck out were his Teeth, his Tongue was slit,
 And falling to the ground expired there.
 And then *Meriones* took up the Reins,
 And to *Idomeneus* cri'd out to fly.
 To little purpose now is all our pains ;
 You see the *Trojans* have the Victory.
Idomeneus to th'Ships then drave away
 As fast as he could make the Horses go,
 As being certain they had lost the day.
 And *Ajax* did the same acknowledge now.
Meriones (said he) and *Menelaus*,
 That *Jove* will to the *Trojans* give the day
 A man may see that little judgment has,
 So manifestly now he fights for *Troy*.
 The Spears thrown by the *Trojans* never miss,
 But on one *Greek* or other always light,
 Ours seldom hit. What cause is there of this,
 But that great *Jove* doth for the *Trojans* fight ?
 Let's therefore here consider of some way
 To fetch *Patroclus* off, and then go home.
 For to our friends in *Greece* 'twill be a joy
 To see us safe again from *Hector* come ;

Who.

Who when they to the Sea their faces turn
 Despair of ever seeing us again,
 And think that *Hector* will the Navie burn,
 And that we there shall every man be slain,
 O that we had some fit man here to send
 To *Achilles* Tent; for nothing yet knows he,
 That by the *Trojans* slain is his dear friend,
 But 'tis so dark I no such man can see.
 O *Jove*, give us once more a Sky serene;
 Remove this Mist that we may see to fight,
 Or if to kill the *Argives* all you mean,
 O Father *Jove*, yet kill us in the light.
 This said, *Jove* had compassion on his Tears:
 The Sun again his glittering Beams displays.
 Scatters the Clouds again and th'Heaven clears.
 And then to *Menelaus*, *Ajax* says,
 About the Field go *Menelaus* now,
 And seek *Antilochus*, and bid him go
 Unto *Achilles* Tent, and let him know
 His friend *Patroclus* slain is by the Foe.
 This said, away *Atrides* went. As when
 A hungry Lion parteth from a Fold,
 Having in vain provok'd the Dogs and Men
 That did him from th'expected prey withhold,
 Watching all night, when slain he would have fed;
 But all the night the Darts about him fly
 And flaming Brands which Lions chiefly dread;
 Away he goes i'th' morn unwillingly;
 So from *Patroclus* body parted he
 Against his will, thinking the *Greeks* afraid
 Might leave *Patroclus* to the Enemy,
 And to *Meriones* and th'*Ajaxes* said,
 How good a man *Patroclus* was you know,
 And how in our defence his blood he shed,
 And therefore valiantly defend him now.
 Let not the Foe abuse his body dead.
 And when he this had said he went away,
 Amongst the *Argives* peeping here and there,
 Like to an Eagle soaring for a Prey
 Amongst the Bushes peeping for a Hare;

So

So he amongst the *Argives* lookt about
 Seeking of *Nestor's* Son *Antilochus*.
 Nor was it long before he found him out
 Cheering his men; and said unto him thus.
Antilochus come neer and hear from me
 Sad news; I would it were not also true,
 That now the *Trojans* have the Victorie,
 I think it is already known to you.
 But further know that slain *Patroclus* is.
 Run therefore to *Achilles* quickly, and
 Tell him the news. It may be, mov'd by this
 To help the *Argives* with his mighty hand,
 He'll to the naked body hither come
 (For now *Achilles* Armour *Hector* wears).
 At this *Antilochus* was stricken dumb,
 And filled were and swoln his eyes with tears.
 And there *Antilochus* no longer staid,
 But to *Laodocus* his Armour gave,
 And he the same upon his Charret laid;
 For to that end he neer unto him drave.
 Away *Antilochus* then weeping went
 To carry to *Achilles* the ill news,
 And left to *Thrasymed* his Regiment.
 For *Menelaus* did the same refuse;
 Though of a valiant Commander then
 The tired *Pylans* had the greatest need,
 And to the *Ajaxes* return'd agen
 Where lay *Patroclus* body, with all speed.
 And when he thither came, unto them said,
Antilochus is to *Achilles* gone,
 Although I see not how he should us aid.
 How can he, seeing Armour he has none?
 Let's therefore now bethink our selves, how we
 Our selves may bear the body from the Field;
 And also how we may secured be
 Against the *Trojans* that we be not kill'd.
Ajax to this replying said, 'Tis true,
 And the advice I'll give you will be right.
 Take up the Corps *Meriones* and you,
 And on your shoulders bear it from the Fight.

We two that are of one name and one mind,
And in the Field together use to be
Will fighting with the *Trojans* come behind,
Till at the Ships the body lain we see.
This said, *Meriones* and *Menelaus*
Up to their shoulders hoyft the body dead.
Whilst towards them the back of *Ajax* was,
The *Trojans* with great shouting followed.
Just as a Pack of Hounds pursue a Boar
Wounded by Hunters, running with great cry,
Until he turn; then follow him no more;
But scatter'd are, and this and that way fly;
So did the *Trojans* after *Ajax* run
As long as towards them was not his face.
But when he turned, neer him durst stay none,
But stood at a great distance from the place.
Thus fetcht they off at last the body dead,
With at their heels of *Trojan* Spears great showers;
And *Argives* dropt abundance as they fled,
Like houses in a Twon on fire, and Tow'rs.
As when two Mules in heavie way are set
To drag down from the Hills some mighty Tree
To be a Beam or Mast, it makes them sweat
Before into the Plain it drawn could be;
So *Menelaus* and *Meriones*
Sweating and moyling with the body go.
And as a Rock that keepeth off the Seas;
So *Ajax* at their backs kept off the Fo.
The *Trojans* led by *Hector* and *Aeneas*
Pursue the flying *Greeks* with mighty cry,
As from a Hawk that preys on Birds like these;
A Cloud of Starelings cackle when they fly.
And many of them threw their Arms away,
And that they came to fight had quite forgot.
In and about the Ditch much Armour lay
Of flying *Greeks*. But done the Fight was not.

ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. XVIII.

W Hilst at the Ships the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fought,
Antilochus came to *Achilles* Tent,
 And found him to the *Argive* Ditch gone out
 Presaging in his mind the sad event,
 And saying to himself, Ay me what's this?
 The Battle to the Ships is come again;
 Pray God it be not as I fear it is,
 The *Greeks* are routed and *Patroclus* slain.
 My Mother told me that the best of all
 The *Aymidons* both *Trojans* should be slain.
 I had him not t'assault the *Trojan* Wall,
 Nor fight with *Hector*, but come back again.
 As speaking to himself *Achilles* stood,
Antilochus unto him weeping came,
 The news, said he, I bring you is not good.
 I cannot without Tears relate the same.
 Slain is *Patroclus*. On the ground he lies,
 And now they fighting are with Swords and Spears
 Who shall his Body have with mighty cries
 Though naked; for his Armour *Hector* wears.
 At this sad news dark were *Achilles* eyes.
 And up he takes the dust with both his hands,
 And throws it on his head; then down he lies,
 His Face and Coat sulli'd with dust and sands,
 And tore his hair. And then the lovely prey
 Of Captive women that had taken been
 By him and by *Patroclus* before *Troy*
 Affrighted from *Achilles* Tent came in,
 And over him they beat their Breasts and moan'd.
 On th'other side *Antilocus* was fain
 To hold his hands, so mightily he groan'd;
 Lest otherwise he should himself have slain.

His

His Mother *Thetis* hearing him complain,
 Though sitting in the deepest of the Seas,
 Wept out aloud, and presently her train
 About her came of the *Nereides*.
Glauca, Thetia, and Cymodoca,
Nesaea, Speio, Thoa, Halia
 And *Æmiorea, and Cymothoa,*
Melita Iera, and Amphithea,
 And *Doto, Proto, Actæa, Agæa,*
Doris, Dexamea, Dynamena,
 And *Callianira, and Amphinoma,*
Phenusa Apseudes, and fair Pagopa,
Nemertes, and the milk-white Galatæa,
 And *Clymene* there was, and *Callianassa,*
 And *Mara, Orithvia, and glorious Amathia,*
 And (not to name them all) fair *Janassa*
 With all the rest, and fill'd the silver Cave,
 And beat their breasts, and round her stood dismaid.
 And *Thetis* then th'account unto them gave
 Of her great grief, and thus unto them said,
 Hear me *Nereides* my Sisters dear,
 And be acquainted with my misery.
 Ah wretched Goddesses that I was to bear
 The best of all the *Heroes*; and when he
 Was quickly grown up to a goodly height,
 Send him unto the War at *Ilium*
 Against the *Trojans* for the *Greeks* to fight,
 From whence he never should again come home;
 But spend his little time of life in woe,
 And I can nothing do for his relief.
 And now I mean to visit him, and know,
 Since he not fights, what cause he hath of grief.
 This said, she with her Nymphs went from the Cave.
 The Sea before them her smooth water tore,
 And gentle passage to the Goddess gave,
 Till they were landed on the *Trojan* shore,
 Where lay *Achilles* Ships upon the sand;
 And straight up to *Achilles* *Thetis* went,
 The Nymphs attending on her hand in hand,
 And seeing him so grievously lament,

She held him by the head, and to him said,
 Why weep you thus sweet Child ; what is't you ail ?
 For that which formerly to *Jove* you pray'd
 Against th'ingrateful *Greeks*, I d'd prevail.
 To th'Ships they have been beaten from the Field,
 And know in what great need they stand of you,
 And have in heaps been by the *Trojans* kill'd.
 To this *Achilles* answ'ring said, 'Tis true
 But in my life what pleasure can I find,
 Since sweet *Patroclus* slain is by his Foes,
 On whom of all men most I set my mind,
 And *Hector* in his Arms triumphing goes,
 Those mighty Arms giv'n by the Gods that day
 That you were pleas'd a mortal man to wed,
 To *Pelias*. Oh had you been away,
 And he a mortal woman married !
 You had not for your Son been grieved then,
 That never to ~~you~~ should return again.
 Nor do I wish to live with mortal men
 But till I with my Spear have *Hector* slain.
 By what you say (said *Thetis* to her Son)
 Short liv'd you are. Your own fate then is nigh.
 I care not, said *Achilles*, when that's done
 I shall be very well content to die.
 For since I never must return again,
 And no defence in me *Patroclus* found,
 Nor other good men by the *Trojans* slain,
 I but a needless weight am to the ground.
 Oh that Contention lost for ever were
 And Choler to the heart of man so sweet,
 Which often make the wisest men to erre !
 In *Agamemnon* and my self I see't.
 But since 'tis past, let's put it out of mind.
 For dead he is, and cannot live again.
 And now I'll see if *Hector* I can find
 That has my dearest friend *Patroclus* slain.
 And then let *Jove* do what himself thinks good,
 For *Hercules* could not avoid his fate,
 Who most of mortals in his favour stood,
 But d'd by Destiny and *Juno's* hate ;

And

And so shall I, when my day shall arrive,
Lie still when dead. But now let me gain fame
Amongst th' *Acheans* while I am alive,

And make some *Trojan* or some *Dardan* Dame
With both her tender hands to tear her Cheeks,
And sigh, and with her tears her beauty blot,
And know my hand from that of other *Greeks*,
And when I with th' *Acheans* am, when not.
And therefore, Mother, dearly as you love me,
Endeavour not to make me here abide.

For from my purpose you cannot remove me.

Unto *Achilles* *Thetis* then replied,
Dear Child your purpose I'll not reprehend
Patroclus body from the Foe to save,
Nor that the *Argive* people you defend.

But now you know your Arms the *Trojans* have,
And *Hector* weareth them ; but shall not long,
The latest of his days is to him nigh.

But go not you into the bloudy throng,
Till here agen you have me in your eye.

This said, she turn'd to the *Nereides*,
And to them said, *Nereides* dive you

To *Nereus* at the bottom of the Seas,
And all you see has hapned to him shew.

For I up to *Olympus* must be gone
To *Vulcan* (if such favour I can gain)

To get a good new Armour for my Son.

This said, the Nymphs to Sea return'd again,
And *Thetis* to *Olympus* went her way.

Mean while the *Greeks* before the *Trojans* fly
With mighty cries, and never stop: till they
Were at the Ships, and to the wide Sea nigh.

Nor was *Patroclus* body rescu'd yet ;
For now afresh the *Trojans* to them came.

Which did another fiercer fight beget,
And *Hector* fell upon them like a flame.

Thrice laid he hold upon *Patroclus* foot,
And forc'd he was as oft to let it fall,

To kill some others. Then again came to't.

But from the Body went not back at all.

No more could *Hector* driven be away
 From the dead body by th' *Ajaxes* two,
 Than can a hungry Lion from his Prey
 For any thing the Herds-men griev'd can do.
 And *Hector* had *Patroclus* body got,
 And gained had thereby a great renown,
 But *Juno* (though the other Gods knew not)
 T' *Achilles* in great hast sent *Iris* down.
 T' *Achilles* straight she came, and to him said,
 Up terrible *Pelides* to the Warre,
 And your beloved friend *Patroclus* aid ;
 For at the Ships they fighting for him are.
 The *Greeks* to save his body are in pain.
 The *Trojans* fain would drag him into *Troy*,
 And *Hector* most of all that has him slain,
 And from his shoulders take his head away,
 And stick it up upon the *Trojan* Wall,
 Leaving his Corps a Prey to Dog and Kite.
 Think what reproach will then upon you fall.
 Lie then no longer here, but rise and fight.
Achilles then repli'd. *Iris*, said he,
 Tell me what God or Goddess sent you down.
Juno, said *Iris*, sent me ; none but she.
 To all the rest my coming is unknown.
 And then *Achilles* to her said again,
 Since they have got my Arms how can I fight ?
 And *Thetis* bids me from the War abstain
 Till she return agen into my sight
 Who is to *Vulcan* for new Armour gone,
 And here's no other Armour for me fit
 But *Ajaxes* ; who, I hope, has it on,
 And for *Patroclus* now has use of it.
 We know, said *Iris*, Armour you have none.
 But as you are, upon the Ditch appear.
 The *Trojans* from the Corps will soon be gone,
 And leave it to the *Greeks* for very fear.
 This said, the Goddess *Iris* vanished.
Achilles rose, and *Pallas* to him came,
 And on him puts her Shield, and on his head
 A golden Cloud, from which arose a flame.

As when an Isle invaded is by Foes,
 The Citizens to call their Neighbours in
 Make Fires, the smoak up to the Heaven goes
 By day ; by night the Flame, and far are seen ;
 Upon Achilles head stood such a flame,
 And then unto the Ditch he went and shouted,
 And farther off *Achilles* did the same.
 The *Trojans* when they heard it, strait were routed.
 As clear as any Trumpet in the Wars,
 They heard Achilles voice, and were afraid,
 And in disorder turn'd about their Chars,
 But at his flaming head were most dismay'd.
 Thrice shouted he, thrice they disorder'd were ;
 And slain were of the *Trojans* twelve brave men
 By their own Chars and Spears encumber'd there.
 In so much haste they turn'd to fly. And then
 The *Greeks* the body laid upon a Bed
 And Bier, and standing by his side lament.
 And tears abundance there *Achilles* shed,
 And that he sent him had did now repent.
 The Sun by *Juno* hastned quench't his fire.
 The *Argives* on the place stay quietly.
 The *Trojans* to without the Ditch retire,
 And from the Chars the weary Steeds unty.
 Then presently the Chiefs to counsel call
 Before they sup, and standing on their feet,
 Th' Apparition so scar'd them all,
 That none amongst them had a minde to sit.
 And first unto them spake *Polydamas*
Panthoides, *Hector's* friend ; both born one night.
 He better Counsellor than *Hector* was,
 But *Hector* beter was than he to fight.
 My friends, be well advised now, said he,
 It is not safe here on the Plain to stay
 Until the morning light again we see,
 So near the *Argive* Ships, so far from *Troy*.
 Whilst this man absent was in discontent
 With *Agamemnon*, and forbore to fight,
 The *Greeks* were easie Foes ; to th' Ships I went
 My self, and willingly lay out a' night ;

But if *Achilles* hither now should come,
 We must not only here fight for our lives.
 So proud he is, he'll go to *Ilium*,
 And for the City fight and for our Wives.
 Let's to the City go. 'Tis as I say,
 And nothing keeps him from us but the night.
 And if he here shall find us when 'tis day,
 Some of us will acknowledge I say right.
 And many flying wish when 'tis too late,
 They were within the Walls of *Ilium*,
 Whom Dogs and Kites shall eat without the Gate.
 But to my ears may never such news come.
 But if you will be ruled all by me,
 Into the Market-place of *Troy* by night
 We'll bring our strength, and soon as we can see,
 Stand arm'd upon the Tow'rs prepar'd to fight.
 Then let him from the Ships come fight at *Troy*.
 And drive about the Walls and do his worst,
 And having tir'd his Horses go away.
 Take it he shall not, Dogs shall eat him first.
 Then *Hector* frowning on him thus replies.
 Again, said he, I from you must dissent,
 Since you to shut our selves in *Troy* advise.
 We have already there too long been pent.
Troy once was counted rich in Brass and Gold.
 But since *Jove* angry was, all that is gone,
 In *Phrygia* and in *Maonia* sold,
 And little left in *Ilium* to be won.
 But since the *Greeks* are beaten and dismayd
 By th'hand of *Jove*, your fear is out of season,
 Nor will you by the *Trojans* be obey'd,
 Nor sha'l you; though the *Trojans* thought it reason.
 And therefore take my counsel, which is this.
 Go now and ev'ry man his Supper take
 In Rank and File there where he placed is;
 And set good Guards, and keep your selves awake
 If any *Trojan* for his Goods lament,
 He may the same upon the Town bestow
 In service of the Publick to be spent,
 Rather than be possessed by the Foe;

And

And armed in the morn go to the Fleet,
 And sharply charge the *Greeks* by break of day.
 And if indeed *Achilles* there we meet
 He were not best oppose us in our way.
 For from him I will neither fly nor shrink,
 But either honour from him bear away,
 Or he from me. *Mars* common is I think
 To them that fight ; and slain are they that slay.
 This said, the *Trojans* heard with great applause,
 Fools as they were ; *Pallas* had made them mad.
 But none of them commend *Polydamas*,
 That given them much better counsel had.
 The *Trojans* presently to Supper went.
 The *Greeks* all night about *Patroclus* stand.
 And there began *Achilles* to lament,
 And on *Patroclus* breast he laid his hand.
 As when a Lion coming to his Den
 Misses the tender Whelps he left behind,
 He roars, and furiously goes out agen,
 And through the Vailies hunts, the Thief to find ;
 Such fierce thoughts on *Achilles* heart then lay.
 And sighing to the *Myrmidons* he spake.
 Oh, what did I to old *Meneceus* say !
 How vain a promise did I to him make !
 I said when we had sackt the Town of *Troy*,
 That I to *Opus* would bring back his Son
 Enriched with his portion of the Prey.
 But all we hope from *Jove* is seldom done.
 For both of us have the same Destiny
 With our hearts bloud to dye the *Trojan* Plain.
 And as he lieth now, so shall I lie,
 And never to my Parents come again.
 But since *Patroclus* you the first are dead,
 Your Funeral I will not celebrate,
 Till I have brought you *Hector's* Arms and Head,
 Whose bloody hand deliver'd your sad fate ;
 And have twelve of the Noble youths of *Troy*
 Beheaded in revenge. Till then stay here,
 Where *Trojan* Captive women night and day
 Bewailing you shall stand about the Biere.

This

This said, he order gave for water hot,
 To cleanse *Patroclus* body from the gore.
 Into a Caldron (said he) water put,
 And make a Fire, and set the Caldron ore.
 Into a Caldron water then they put,
 And made a Fire and set the Caldron ore.
 The Flame about it goes. The water, hot.
 Then washed from the body was the gore.
 And then again they laid him on the bed,
 From head to foot in Linnen they him fold,
 And on him laid a fair white Coverlet.
 His wounds first fill'd with Unguent nine year old.
 About the body of *Patroclus* said
Achilles and the *Myrmidons* all night
 Lamenting him. Then *Jove* to *Juno* said,
 You have *Achilles* brought again to fight
 Against the *Trojans* on the *Argives* side.
 Are they your Children that you love them so?
 And *Juno* then to *Jupiter* repli'd.
 Harsh *Crovides*, what words do you let go?
 Since mortal men that know much less than we
 May to a Friend do good, and have a Fo,
 Why may not I that boast my self to be
 The Wife and Sister of great *Jove* do so,
 And make my Foes the *Trojans* feel my hate?
 Whilst *Jove* and *Juno* were discoursing thus,
 The Goddess *Thetis* come was to the Gate
 Of *Vulcan's* undecaying famous House
 Of shining Brass, with brighter Stars thick set,
 That 'mongst the Houses of the Heaven shone.
 But he was at his Work-house in a sweat,
 And at his Bellows swaying up and down.
 For *Tripods* twenty he had laboured
 With golden Wheels to go and come agen
 At his command; but had not finished
 The Ears and Chains, which he was making then.
 And whilst this bus'ness *Vulcan* was about,
Thetis was come and at the Gate did stand.
 And *Charis Vulcan's* Wife then going out
 Saw her, and straightway took her by the hand.

Thetis,

Thetis, said she, 'tis strange to see you here.

Much honour'd and a welcom Guest you are,
Come in and pleas'd be t'accept our Chear.

Then led her in, and brought her to a Chair,
A dainty Chair with Foot-stool joyn'd thereto,
And then unto her Husband's Shop she hi'd.

For *Thetis*, said she, you have work to do.

And *Vulcan* glad, to *Charis* thus repli'd.

Is *Thetis* here that sav'd me from mishap!

When for my lameness thrown down from the Sky,
Thetis was pleas'd to catch me in her lap,

When else I had been in great misery?

I wrought for her and for *Eurynome*

Nine year, and made them many pretty things
Within a Rock encompass'd by the Sea,

As Buckles, Clasps, fine Boxes, Beads and Rings,
Which neither Mortal nor Immortal knew,

But only *Thetis* and *Eurynome*.

And now to *Thetis* I must pay what's due,

The Ransom of my life for saving me.

Go you and entertain her well, while I

My Tools take up, and Bellows set away.

This said, the Bellows he took and set by,

But in a Chest his working Tools did lay.

Then with a Sponge he wip'd his hands and face,

His brawny neck, and hairy breast, and on

He puts his Coat, and with his staff, apace,

Though haulting goes, and waited was upon

By Maids of Massie Gold, endu'd with Wit,

And Speech, & Strength, and learn'd in Heav'nly Art;

And went to *Thetis* and did by her sit,

And joyful at her presence was his heart,

And laid his hand on hers, and to her said;

Thetis, so welcome to me there is none.

Tell me wherein you think I can you aid.

And if it can be done, it shall be done.

And then to *Vulcan* *Thetis* answered,

No Goddess ever was distressed like me

Whom *Jove* made subject to a Mortal's Bed,

And *Peleus* Wife constrained me to be,

Who

Who lies at home decrepid now and spent.
 And when I born unto him had a Son,
 Of all the *Heroes* the most excellent,
 And of his breeding, care omitted none,
 And when he grown was to a goodly height,
 He sent was to the War at *Ilium*
 Against the *Trojans* for the *Greeks* to fight;
 From whence he never shall again come home.
 Though yet he live, he takes therein no joy,
 And I to comfort him no power have,
 Since *Agamemnon* taken has away
 Her whom the *Greeks* for honour to him gave.
 And then my Son no longer would him aid;
 And by the *Trojans* beaten were the *Greeks*,
 And *Agamemnon* then sent Gifts and pray'd,
 And by *Embassadors* his favour seeks.
 Then though to th' Fight himself he would not go,
 Yet he his Armour to *Patroclus* gave,
 And *Myrmidons* to assist him 'gainst the Fo,
 And to the *Scean Gate* the *Trojans* drave.
 And by *Patroclus* taken had been Troy,
 Had he not then been by *Apelle* slain,
 That unto *Hector* gave a glorious day,
 And th' Armour of my valiant Son to gain.
 Which makes me now come hither to request
 That you would make new Armour for my Son,
 A Shield, a Helmet, Armour for the breast
 And for the legs. For those he had are gone.
 Then (to her answer'd *Vulcan*) do not fear.
 Oh that when for him the harsh Fates enquire,
 To hide him from them I as able were,
 As make him Arms for Mortals to admire.
 This said, unto his Shop he went, and bad
 His golden serving Statues blow the fire.
 For twenty Bellowes in all he had
 To blow as he should, and his work require.
 And then into the fire he threw in Tin,
 And Brass, and Silver fine, and pretious Gold;
 And to the Socket puts the Anvile in,
 And th' heavie Hammer in one hand did hold,

Into

Into his other hand the Tongs he takes,
And forges first a mighty Shield and strong,
And many various Figures in it makes,
And fastens to the same a silver Thong,
And bound the edge about with triple Bräs.

The Shield it self consisted of five plies,
And with great art described in it was
The surface of the Earth, the Sea and Skies,
The Sun, the Moon at Full, and all the train
Of Heaven, *Pleiades*, and *Hyades*,

Orion, and the Bear men call the Wain
That only never dives into the Seas,
But always to *Orion* has an Eye.

And in it were two Cities. In the one
Good Chear and Weddings, and great Melody,
And women at their dores stand looking on
To see the Bridegroom as he passed by,
And lusty youths that dancing with them go,
To Citterns and to Pipes, and *Hymen* cry,
And turn as swift as Tops upon the Tor.
And full of people was the Market-place,
Assembled at the hearing of a Cause.

A man was slain. And this was then the Case.

One said that he had satisf'd the Laws,
The other said that nothing he had paid;
And on this Issue they will both be tri'd,
And have their Proofs before the Judges laid.

And clamour great of friends was on each side:

The Cryers when they stilled had the cry,
Into the Judges hands their Scepters gave,
And in the midst, of Gold two Talents lie
For him that has the better Cause to have.

Before the other Town two Armies stood.

The Foe resolved was to plunder it.
The Town, to save it, offer'd half their good.

The other to accept it thought not fit.

Then up unto the Walls the Towns-men sent

Their Women, Children, and their men grown old,
And all the rest out from the City went,

And *Mars* and *Pallas* with them, all in Gold,

And

And taller than the multitude by odds,
 Who in respect of them seem'd very low.
 For men are much inferior to the Gods.
 Then they before the Gate to counsel go.
 The Enemies themselves in ambush laid
 At th' watering place upon the Rivers brink,
 And Scouts sent out, which not far from them slaid
 To tell them when the Cattle came to drink,
 And when they were informed they were nigh,
 And Shepherds two that did suspect no harm,
 They on the Shepherds and the Cattle fly.
 At which the other Army took th' Alarm,
 And rising up from Counsel, with their Horse
 Pursu'd, and soon they overtaken were.
 And then began the Fight. Without remorse
 They one another slay with Sword and Spear.
 And there Disorder plac'd was and Debate ;
 And one born wounded out, another sound,
 Another dead was drag'd away by Fate
 With bloody Coat and Armour on the ground.
 So lively seem'd to the Eye their features
 In fighting and in fetching off their slain,
 One would have thought they had been living creatures,
 And that the Fight had real been. Again
 Describ'd was in the same a spacious ground,
 And men at Plough, and at each Ridges end
 At turning of the Plough about, they found
 A man that for them did with Wine attend.
 And then again the Plough about they winde,
 And lab'ring to the other end go back ;
 And as they plough, still what they leave behinde,
 Though Golden 'twas, to th' Eye appeared black.
 A wonder 'twas. Besides, in the same Shield
 Pourtrayed was a goodly Close of Wheat,
 And many Reapers working on the field,
 That threw it to the ground in handfuls great ;
 And Boys that follow'd took it from the ground,
 And put it in the hands of Binders three,
 By whom they made were into Sheaves and bound.
 Which standing by, their Lord was glad to see,

His Squires not far off standing were aside;
 And at a Tree a Cow kill'd of the best,
 A Supper for the Reapers to provide;
 And to the woman gave it to be drest.
 And in't a golden Vineyard was pourtray'd.
 The Grapes that on it hung were black; and all
 The Vines supported and from drooping staid
 With silver Props, that down they could not fall,
 A Ditch there was about it black, and on
 The same a Hedge, the colour of it Tin,
 And Path unto it there was only one,
 By which the Fruit in Vintage was brought in.
 And on it Boys and Girls described were
 After a Fiddle play'd on by a Boy,
 That sing, dance, whistle, and full Baskets bear
 Of *Bacchus* gifts unto the house with joy.
 And in it was a Herd of Bulls and Kine,
 Part Gold, part Tin, and Herds-men four of Gold
 That to the Pasture drove them with Dogs nine
 T'a sedgy River; where two Lions bold
 Upon the horned Herd came from the Wood,
 And 'mongst the foremost seiz'd upon a Bull.
 The Dogs went to them neer and barking stood.
 Then roars the Bull. The Lions tear and pull.
 And in the same he pasture made for Sheep
 Within a Valley large with Lodges good,
 And Folds, and cover'd Houses them to keep
 In safety from the wilde Beasts of the Wood.
 And in it was a Dancing-place pourtray'd
 Like that which *Dedalus* had made before
 For *Ariadne*, while in *Crete* he slay'd,
 And on it Dancing Youths and Maidens store
 Go hand in hand. The Girls, some clad in fine
 White Linen were, and some in Coats well spun
 Of glossie Wooll, that with the Oyl did shine;
 And ev'ry one a Garland gay had on.
 The Boys with silver Hangers were adorn'd
 And golden Swords, and with their well-taught Feet
 Sometimes they dancing in a Circle turn'd,
 Sometimes divided in two Bands they meet.

And round about of people stood a throng,
 And in the lovely Dance took great delight.
 And in the midst two Tumblers sung the Song,
 And many wondrous things did in their fight.
 With th' Ocean then he all environed.
 The Shield now done he went about the rest,
 And made a Helmet strong fit for his head,
 And formed was of massie Gold the Crest,
 And Breast-plate shining brighter than the fire,
 And Pieces for his legs of ductile Tin.
 And when he all had done to his desire,
 He from his Forge return'd and brought it in,
 And in the hands of *Thetis* puts the same;
 Which she received from him joyfully.
 Then straightway from *Olympus* down she came,
 As swift as at a Fowl a Hawk can fly.

ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. XIX.

NO sooner in her Saffron Robe was seen
 (*Aurora*, holding light above the ground,
 Than at the Ships the Silver-footed Queen
Achilles by *Patroclus* weeping found,
 And with him many of his friends dismay'd.
 Then in, into the midst of them she went,
 And laid her hand on his, and to him said,
 My Son, why do you thus in vain lament?
 Come, since the Gods have slain him, leave him here,
 And take the Arms which I from *Vulcan* bring,
 Such as yet mortal man did never wear;
 Which, as she lays them down before him, ring.
 The *Myrmidons* were troubled at the sight,
 And turn'd their backs affrighted at the show.
Achilles wrath was more enflamed by't.
 His eyes a fire, and bended was his brow,
 Yet when he had them in his hands was glad,
 And with great admiration them survey'd.
 And when enough beholden them he had,
 Unto his Mother he repli'd and said.
 Mother, I see such Arms from *Vulcan* here,
 As none but an immortal could have made,
 And presently will put them on, but fear
 Lest Flies the body should mean while invade,
 And in the wounds some filthy Vermin breed.
 And *Teetis* then repli'd, Son, do not fear.
 For I my self to that will take such heed,
 As, that although it should lie here a year,
 It shall no worse, but rather better be.
 Go you, and th' *Argive* Lords to Council call,
 And with King *Agamemnon* there agree,
 And put your anger off before them all;

And spend your choler boldly on your Foes.

This said, she to *Patroclus* mov'd her feet,
And dropt Ambrosia into his nose,

To keep his body incorrupt and sweet.

Achilles then went down unto the shore,

And there the *Heroes* did to Counsel call
By name, though they were ready there before.

But thither at the news came th' *Argives* all,
Steeers-men and Stewards of Provision.

And all the rest to th' Counsel thronging in,
Though but to see the face of *Tectis* Son.

So long they thought he absent now had been.

Tydræus also and *Ulysses* came,

Though of their wounds they yet not cured were,
Both halting, leaning on their Spears, and lame.

The last of all was *Agamemnon* there,
Wounded by *Coon*, nor recovered yet ;

But th' *Heroes* for his coming not long staid.
And when they were together all and set,

Achilles rose, and t' *Agamemnon* said,

Atrides, what great profit got we by

This our unlucky strife about a Maid ?

I would it had her fortune been to die,

Before I Siege unto *Lyrnessus* laid.

To *Hector* and the *Trojans* comes the gain.

The *Greeks* with grief will think on't while they live.

But since it is too late now to complain,

Go forth and orders for the Battle give ;

That I may to them go again and see

If at the Ships they mean to stay all night.

I think they will much rather wish to be

Within the Walls of *Troy* than stay and fight.

This said, the *Greeks* were glad and courage take,

Assured that *Achilles* would them aid,

And *Agamemnon* sitting to them spake

(Which he excus'd) and thus unto them said.

'Twere fitter (*Argive* Princes) I stood out,

That so my words you might the better hear ;

But such a number standing are about,

My voice, though greater, would not reach your ear.

Nor

Nor were it fit for me to go about,
 And tell my minde to each man in his ear.
 T' *Achilles* therefore only I'll speak out,
 But so, if you attend, that all may hear.
 I often have, said he, been blamed by
 The *Greeks* for taking from you your fair prize,
 When not in me, but *Jove* the fault did ly,
 And in *Erinnys* and the *Destinies*,
 That did me of my wits that day bereave.
 For what can I do when the Gods do all?
Jove's Daughter *Ate* did me then deceive,
 From whom, on Men and Gods great troubles fall.
 Her Feet are soft, because she never treads
 On th'Earth; but when she mischief has to do,
 Walks in the Air, and puts it in mens heads,
 And sometimes does shrewd turns t'Immortals too.
 For *Juno*, though but of the Female Sex,
 That day that *Hercules* was to be born,
 Was able *Jove* the best o'th'Gods to vex,
 And labour of *Alcmena* to adjourn.
 For *Jove* before th'Immortals having said,
 That he a man that day to light would bring,
 By whom his Race in *Greece* should all be sway'd,
 You jest, said *Juno*, you mean no such thing,
 I'll not believe't unless you first be sworn
 That he shall of your Seed in *Greece* be King,
 That of a woman shall this day be born.
 This said, straight *Jove* no fraud imagining,
 The great Oath took. But after did repent,
 And *Juno* from *Olympus* lofty head
 Leapt down, and t' *Argos* of *Achaia* went,
 And brought the Wife of *Stenelus* to bed.
 And there was she delivered of a Son,
 That was by *Persus* of *Jove's* descent,
 Though she but seven months had of him gone.
 And then to *Ibides* she to *Alcmena* went,
 And hindred her that day from bringing forth.
 Then up to *Jupiter* she came again,
 And said, This day is born a man of worth,
Entyffus in *Arges* fit to reign,

And of your Seed. And *Jove* in choler then
Took *Ate* by the head, and swung her round,
And swore she ne're to Heav'n should come agen.

And having said it, threw her to the ground
And always after sigh'd to see the pain

To which *Euryseus* did put his Son ;
As I do when I see the *Argives* slain

By *Hektor*, grieve to think what I have done.
But since that *Jove* has made me to offend,

I for my Errour willing am to pay.
Come then, and your assistance to us lend,

And quickly bring your *Myrmidons* away,
And all that by *Ulysses* yesterday

I to you promis'd shall performed be.
Or presently, if you will for it stay.

That you th'atoning Gifts your self may see.
Achilles then unto him thus replies.

As for your Gifts to give them me or no,
Yet only in your choice (*Atrides*) lies.

But now 'tis time we to the *Trojans* go.
To make fine Speeches here is but delay.

But let your men o'th'Field *Achilles* see
Through Squadrons of the *Trojans* making way.

The *Argives* then encouraged will be.
Ulysses then t' *Achilles* answered,

Godlike *Achilles*, mighty as you are,
Urge not the *Greeks* to fight till they be fed ;

They fasting cannot long endure the Warre.
And likely 'tis the Battle will be long ;

Especially if Gods both sides assist ;
And Bread and Wine is that which makes men strong.

Let therefore now the *Argives* be dismiss'd.
Who can, d'ye think, the toil of Battle bear

From morning unto night, unless he first
With food his heart and feeble limbs do chear ?

He would be heavie, hungry, and athirst.
But he that is with food well satisfi'd,

Courageous is, and fight will all the day.
His heart and limbs are strong, and will abide

As long as any on the Field dare slay.

Come,

Come, let the people now to Breakfast go,
 And *Agamemnon* send the Presents in
 Into th' Assembly where we sit, that so
 By the *Acheans* all they may be seen;
 And let him take an Oath before us, that
Briseis Bed he never went unto,
 Nor all this while has done unto her, what
 A Husband to his Wife is us'd to do.
 And you your anger henceforth bridle must.
 And you *Atrides* feast him like a friend,
 And for hereafter learn to be more just,
 Nor think't a shame for men their faults to mend.
Ulysses (said *Atrides*) I am joy'd,
 The counsel you have given us to hear.
 For 'tis but reason all that you have said.
 And I with all my heart the Oath will swear.
 And let *Achilles*, though in haste, stay here
 With all the rest, that they my Gifts may see,
 And Witnesses be to the Oath I swear.
 And for the Gifts (*Ulysses*) presently
 Go you your self with good men whom you will,
 And bring them from my Tent, and set them here.
 For what they are, you well remember still.
 The same that by you promis'd from me were.
 And you *Talthybius* provide a Swine,
 That we may offer up a Sacrifice
 To *Jove*, the Sun, and other Pow'rs Divine.
 This said, *Achilles* to him thus replies,
 Renowned *Agamemnon*, I think yet
 Another time for Feast had better been;
 As when in War a pause we intermit,
 And whilst yet unabated is my spleen.
 We see our friends lie torn upon the ground.
 The *Greeks* to battle and revenge I prompt.
 You think my counsel therein is not sound,
 And seek with Feasting to divert them from't.
 But let us fasting to the Battle go,
 And make good Chear when we come back agen,
 And have reveng'd our selves upon the Fo.
 For I will neither eat nor drink till then.

For

For whilst *Patroclus* mangled lieth here,
 And they that love him stand lamenting by,
 There nothing is that I can think good Chear
 But Slaughter, Bloud, and Groans of men that die.
 To this *Ulysses* did again reply,
Achilles, you have not in *Greece* your Peer,
 For Martial worth; yet Elder much am I,
 And more have seen; I pray you therefore hear.
 The fare of War soon breeds Satiety,
 Much Straw there is, but Harvest none, or small.
 If *Jove* once hold the Scales unevenly,
 Innumerable are the men that fall.
 When then an end of weeping shall we see?
 The Bellies of the *Argives* must not mourn.
 They that go to the War must patient be,
 And let the dead unto their Graves be born,
 And not weep over them above a day.
 And we that safe from Fight are come again,
 When we are fed can all day fighting stay.
 All other Exhortation is vain.
 Let therefore now the *Greeks* to Breakfast go,
 Which is the Soldiers best encouragement.
 Then all together fall upon the Fo.
 And when he this had said, away he went.
 And with him took *Mages*, *Meriones*,
Theas, *Antilochus*, and *Thrasymed*,
 And *Menalippus*, and added unto these
 (The Martial Son of *Creon*) *Lycomed*.
 And brought the Presents from *Atrides* Tent,
 Sev'n Tripods great, and twenty Caldrons bright,
 Twelve Horses and sev'n Women with them went,
 And fair'st of all *Briseis* made them eight.
 Talents of Gold *Ulysses* weigh'd out ten,
 And took the pains himself to carry that.
 The rest was carri'd by the younger men,
 And laid before the Princes as they sat.
 Then *Agamemnon* rose, and by him neer
Talthybius attended with a Swine,
 From which *Atrides* clipt a lock of hair,
 And lifts his hands unto the Pow'r's Divine.

O *Jove* (said he) the chiefest of the Gods,
 O Sun, and Earth, and Furies under ground,
 That in your hands carry th'Eternal rods
 To punish such as perjur'd shall be found,
 My hand I on *Briseis* never laid,

Neither for Bed, nor any other cause ;
 But always in my Tent untoucht she staid,
 Nor ever by me once attempted was.

And if herein I told you have a Lye,

Let all the dreadful torments that are due
 To such as guilty are of Perjury

Upon me fall. This said, the Swine he slew.

Then out the Stomach of the Swine did cut,

And that *Talthybius* took in his hands,

And threw't into the Sea the Fish to glut.

That done, *Achilles* up amongst them stands.

'Tis thou, O *Jove*, said he, that spoilest all.

Briseis at my Tent had stayed still,

Nor had her going from me mov'd my gall,

But that thou hadst a mind the *Greeks* to kill.

This said, the Council he dissolv'd, and sent

Th'*Acheans* to their Ships to break their fast;

Then ev'ry man unto his own Ship went,

And busie were about their short repast.

Mean while the *Myrmidons* the Presents bear

T'*Achilles* Ships, and laid them in his Tent,

And thither also brought the Women were.

But th'Horses to the Field his Servants sent.

Briseis, when she saw *Patroclus* lie

With many gastly wounds dead on the Biere,

She flung her arms about him and did crie,

And her white Neck, and Face, and Breast did tear,

And weeping over him did thus complain.

O dear *Patroclus*, whom alive I left,

Now when I to you am return'd again,

Ay me, I find you of your life bereft.

How fast my Woes on one another fall !

The Husband which my Parents made me wed,

And three good Brothers of one Mother all

I saw before *Lyrnessus* Massacred.

And

And then, *Patroclus*, you to comfort me,
 Told me that I should be *Achilles* Wife,
 And to him married in *Pthia* be.
 But now since you have also lost your life,
 I never of my Woe shall see an end.
 And then the other women wept and roar'd,
 All for *Patroclus*, as they did pretend.
 But inwardly their own Fate they deplor'd.
 The *Greeks* again about *Achilles* stood,
 And urged him, ere he to Battle went,
 Himself to strengthen with a little food,
 But could by no means get him to consent.
 My friends, said he, importune me no more
 To eat or drink before we go to fight.
 My heart within me now is vexed sore.
 Fear not, I shall endure from morn to night.
 This said, the other Princes from him went.
 The two *Atrides* and *Ulysses* stay.
 And *Phoenix* and old *Nestor* at his Tent,
 And King *Idomeneus*, his grief to allay.
 But nothing they could say did any good,
 So fiercely he was set upon the Fight;
 And looking on *Patroclus* body stood.
 And then afresh lamented at the sight.
 Sweet friend, said he, you wot were to provide
 Good Breakfast for me when I was to fight,
 But since that comfort now I am deny'd,
 In meat and drink I take no more delight.
 For greater hurt cannot upon me fall,
 Although for want of me my Father die,
 While absent from him at the *Trojan* Wall.
 For this accursed *Helen's* sake I lie;
 Nor though my Son *Neptolemus* should die,
 Whom I in *Seyros* Isle left to be bred,
 Nor thinking then that here both you and I
 Should lose our lives; but that when I was dead
 He should by you be to my House convey'd,
 And made to know my Servants and Estate.
 For *Peleus* now is very much decay'd,
 If quite he have not finished his Fate.

When

When this *Achilles* weeping spoken had,
 The good old men that also had their fears
 For those they left at home, were very sad.

And *Jove* had pity on *Achilles* tears,
 And speaking to *Athena*, Child, said he,
 Your love to valiant men, I see, is gone.

Achilles must no more remembred be.

Behold how for his friend he maketh moan,
 And takes no food, though th'other Princes feast.

Let not his strength by hunger be decay'd ;
 Distil Ambrosia into his breast,

And Nectar. Straight *Athena* him obey'd.

And swift as any Harpy came away,

And arming of themselves she sound the rest.

But that *Achilles* strength might not decay

She dropt Ambrosia into his breast,

And Nectar sweet, and out the *Argives* went.

As when from *Jove* descendeth a thick Snow,

Which *Boreas* bloweth through the Element ;

Such of the armed *Argives* was the show ;

So bright their burnisht Arms and Helmets were,

The lustre up to Heaven did rebound,

And smiling all about the Fields appear,

And at the moving of their feet resound.

Achilles then his mighty Arms puts on,

And grinds his teeth, and fire was in his eyes,

And hasted to the Battle to be gone ;

So much his heart did at the *Trojans* rise.

First to his legs the Leg-pieces he ti'd

With Buckles of fine silver all along,

And next his Breast-plate to his breast appli'd,

And on his shoulder then his Sword he hung,

Then up into his hands his Shield he took

Large, strong, and mighty, radiant was the same,

And from afar it like the Moon did look,

Or, as to Seamen, on the wolds a flame,

That sure are of a storm when that they see,

And from their friends to scatter'd be by wind

To places where, they not desire to be ;

So then the Buckler of *Achilles* shin'd.

And

And next he puts his Helmet on his head,
 Which shined like a Comet in the Air,
 So finely *Vulcan* had it polished,
 And made it seem to blaze with golden hair.
 And then to try his Arms if fit they were,
 He walkt about, and thought he wings had worn.
 And last from out a Tub he took his Spear
 (Which by his Father formerly was born,
 And made by *Chiron* in Mount *Pelion*)
 Which no man but *Achilles* now could wield,
 Since *Peleus* strength decayed was and gone.
 A fatal Spear to *Heroes* in the Field.
 And *Alcimus* then and *Automedon*
 The Horses to the Chariot made fast,
 And harness't them and put their Bridles on,
 And back unto the Seat the Reins they cast.
 With Whip in hand then mounts *Automedon*,
 And after him *Achilles* not long staid
 Yclad in Armour shining like the Sun,
 And roughly to his Horses speaking said,
Xanthus and *Balins* take heed I pray,
 A little better of your Charrétier,
 Than of *Patroclus* you did yesterday,
 Whom dead and stript you left behind you here.
 This said, his sprightly head low *Xanthus* hung,
 Till on the ground his golden Mane was laid.
 And *Juno* humane Speech gave to his Tongue.
 And to *Achilles* then he spake and said,
 Yes, great *Achilles*, we will save you now;
 But know ye, that your utmost day is nigh,
 Not by our faults; the Gods will have it so,
 And, which cannot be shun'd, your Destiny.
 And that *Patroclus* is disarm'd and slain,
 'Twas not because we lazy were or slow,
 But that *Priamides* might honour gain,
Apollo slew him with his silver Bow.
 For we could have gone faster than the wind,
 If that could to him any good have done.
 The thread of life which for him was design'd
 Was by the Destinies drawn cut and run.

Th's

This then said *Xanthus*, but could not proceed.

His Speech the Furies from him took again.

Xanthus (repli'd *Achilles*) there's no need

For you to prophesie my death in vain.

I know already that I here must die

Far from my Parents; yet I mean to stay

Till I have made the *Trojans* hence to flie.

This said, his *Myrmidons* he led away.

D

ILIAD.

I L I A D.

LIB. XX.

WHilst with *Achilles* th' *Argives* armed stand,
 And on the Plain the *Trojans* ready all,
Jove to the Goddess *Thetis* gave command
 The Common Council of the Gods to call.
 Then down she came, and calling went about.
 Ye Gods, said she, *Jove* calls you to his house.
 And straight the Rivers from their streams came out
 All but their Father old *Oceanus*.
 The Nymphs from ev'ry Meadow, Spring, and Grove
 Up to the Mount *Olympus* went in hast;
 And when they come were to the house of *Jove*,
 In Porches round on polish'd Seats were plac'd.
 And *Neptune* also having heard the Call,
 Leapt from the Sea up to *Olympus* Hill,
 And sitting in the midst before them all
 To *Jove* he spake, and said, What is your will?
 D'ye call us hither our advice to hear;
 To give the day to *Trojan* or to *Greek*?
 For I perceive the Battle now is near.
 My mind (said *Jupiter*) you need not seek.
 For of the *Greeks* distress I have a care.
 But on *Olympus* I intend to stay,
 And please my self with looking on the Warre.
 But let the other Gods go down to *Troy*,
 And take which side they will. For else I fear,
Achilles whom the *Trojans* did so dread,
 When in the Battle no Immortals were,
 And more enrag'd is since his friend is dead;
 When he has driy'n the *Trojans* from the Field,
 Will then directly go to *Ilium*,
 And overthrow the Wall which you did build,
 Before the time (by Fate appointed) come.

This

This said, the Fight began. On th' *Argives* side
 Stood *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury*,
 And *Vulcan* taking in his strength great pride,
 Went halting amongst them with his legs awry.
 On th' other side, *Mars* for the *Trojans* stood,
 And *Phoebus*, and his Sister *Artemis*,
 Their Mother *Leto*, and *Scamander* Flood,
 And *Venus* that of all the fairest is.
 And whilst they from the Battle stood aside,
 The *Argives* mightily encourag'd were,
 And in *Achilles* preience took great pride;
 For long it seem'd they had not seen him there.
 The *Trojans* when they saw him shook for fear,
 So like to *Mars* he was, his Arms so bright.
 But when the Gods on both sides with them were,
 Then all about was filled with affright,
 And in the Air heard was *Athena* still
 As from the Ditch, and sometimes from the shore,
 And *Mars* sometimes from *Callicone* Hill,
 And sometimes as at *Troy* was heard to rore,
 The *Trojans* he, but she the *Greeks* t'incite.
 Thus by the Gods from Heav'n encouraged
 The Armies met, and cruel was the Fight,
 And terribly above *Jove* thundered,
 And *Neptune* shook the Earth on ev'ry side.
 The *Argive* Ships, and stately *Trojan* Towers,
 The Plain beneath, and lofty Tops of *Ile*.
 And frighted with it were th' *Internal* Pow'rs,
 And *Pluto* starting from his ugly Throne
 To *Neptune* cried out his hand to hold;
 For fear his dismal dwelling should be shown
 To Men and Gods so hateful to behold.
 So great a noise the Gods make when they fight.
Phoebus to *Nipha* now opposed is,
 And *Pallas* stands against rude *Mars* his might,
 And *Juno* watched is with *Artemis*,
 And *Mercury* against *Latona* stood.
 But he that *Vulcan* had to deal withal,
 Was the divine and deep swift-running Flood,
 Which *Xanthus* Gods, but Men *Scamander* call.

Thus were th'Immortals matched one to one:

Achilles would have given any good

That he had matched been to *Priam's* Son,

T'have made to *Mars* a Breakfast of his blood,

And then *Apollo* sets *Aeneas* on.

T'encounter with *Achilles*; and array'd

J'th'person and the voice of *Lycaon*

Came to his side, and thus unto him said,

Aeneas, when the Wine was in your head,

I oft have heard you of your self say this,

That 'gainst *Achilles* you in fight durst stand.

What say you to him now? See, there he is.

Priamides (*Aeneas* then repli'd)

Why would you have me with *Achilles* fight?

I once already was upon Mount *Idæ*

Keeping our Cattle, by him put to flight;

And thence for safety to *Lyrnessus* fled.

But by the Town *Lyrnessus* quickly won

And *Pedæsus*. And then I had been dead

If *Jove* had not enabled me to run.

For *Pallas* with him was and made him way,

Striking his Foes before him with affright,

And urging him the *Trojans* to destroy.

'Tis more than Man can do to oppose his might.

One God or other always with him is

To put aside the Spears before they come.

And whom he aims at he doth never miss.

And to the mark his Spear flies always home.

But if the Gods impartial would be,

Although of solid Brass his body were,

He should not eas'ly get the Victorie.

Aeneas (then said *Phobus*) do not fear,

But pray unto the Gods. Your Mother is

Jove's Daughter *Cytherea*, as they say,

A greater Goddess by descent than he;

And therefore boldly to him go your way.

His mighty words and threats you must not fear.

This said, he courage breath'd into his breast,

Then through the foremost went he with his Spear,

And Helmet of strong Brass with glittering Crest.

Now *Juno* of his going was aware,
 And calling to her th'other Gods, she said,
Neptune and *Pallas*, let us have a care;
 I see a danger that ought to be wai'd.
Aeneas yonder with his spear in-hand,
 Goes to *Achilles* with a mind to fight.
 Let's keep him off, or by *Achilles* stand,
 And add both to his courage and his might,
 That he may know, the Gods of greatest Pow'r
 Are on his side, and those that stand for *Troy*.
 In vertue much to us inferiour,
 And dare not in the Field against us stay;
 And that we from *Olympus* hither came
 To save him now; hereafter whatsoere
 Mischances come he must endure the same,
 Since at his Birth they woven with him were.
 For if unknown our purpose to him be,
 To meet a God will put him into fear.
 'Tis dangerous Gods as they are to see;
 So terrible to mortals they appear.
 And *Neptune* unto *Juno* then repli'd,
 You are too fierce. A fight between the Gods
 I would not have begin upon our side.
 Nor does it need; so much we have the odds.
 But let's go hence to yonder Mountain top,
 And leave the Battle in the hands of men.
 If *Mars* or *Phæbus* then *Achilles* stop,
 We to the Battle will return agen,
 And send them to *Olympus* home with shame,
 'Mongst other of the Gods at Court to stay,
 Well beaten at our hands, disgrac'd, and tame.
 And when he this had said, he led away.
 And when he come was to the Castle-wall,
 Which was by th'*Trojans* built for *Hercules*
 By *Pallas* help, to save him from the Whale
 That much annoy'd the *Trojans* from the Seas,
 He and his Party of the Gods stay'd there.
 Concealed by a Cloud, and looking on.
 But *Mars* and *Phæbus* with their Party were
 Sitting upon the Brow of *Callidon*.

Thus from the Field the Gods on both sides staid
 Consulting how their friends the day might win.
 But neither side effectually would aid.

For not a God amongst them durst begin.
 Now cover'd over was the Field with men
 Both Horse and Foot array'd in Armour bright.
 The Earth resounded with their feet. And then
 Two warriors in the midst stood out to fight,
Achilles and *Aeneas* the two best.

And first *Aeneas* with fierce looks went on
 With Spear in hand, and Shield before his breast.
 To meet him then advanced *Thetis* Son.

As when to chase a Lion from the Plain
 The people of the Town with Weapons rise,
 The Lion looks upon them with disdain,
 As if he did their multitude despise ;

Ere when a Spear from any of them comes,
 He whips himself int' anger with his Tail,
 And terribly goes on, and yawns and foams,
 To kill, or to be killed if he fail :

So at the seeing of *Aeneas* Spear,
Achilles did himself to th' Fight provoke.

And when they stood to one another near,
Achilles first unto *Aeneas* spoke.

Aeneas, why (said he) come you away
 So far before the rest ? To fight with me ?

Will *Priam*, think you, make you King of *Troy*,

If by your hand perhaps I slain should be ?

No. He is wise, and Sons has of his own.

Or will the *Trojans* set you cur great Lands,
 Some to be planted, others to be sown

When ever I am killed by your hands ?

Ere that I hope will never be. You know

How once I made you run down *Ida* Hill
 Into *Lynceus* in great haste ; and how

You nere lookt back for fear of greater ill ;

And how the Town I won, and led away

The women Captives ; though 'twas then *Jove's* will
 That from my hands you should escape that day,

You must not look that you should do so still.

And

And therefore I advise you to be gone,
 And in the throng o'th' *Trojans* to abide.
 For ev'ry Fool his harm knows when 'tis done.
 Th'is said, *Æneas* to him thus repli'd,
Pelides, do not think you can me fright,
 As if I were a Child, with words of scorn.
 For if in evil words I took delight,
 I cou'd as many easily return.
 We one anothers Parents know by fame.
Peleus your Father was, *Archifes* mine.
 Your Mother is Divine, *Thetis* by name;
 And *Venus* mine, of the Celestial line.
 And one of them to day must lose a Son.
 For 'tis not words can fetch us off this place.
 But if you'll know my Generation,
 I'll by my Father likewise count my Race.
 For first by *Jove* was *Dardanius* begot
 That rul'd the *Dardans* under *Ida* Hill
 In divers Towns. For *Ilium* yet was not.
 But at the foot of *Ida* they dwelt still.
 And *Dardan Erichthonius* begot,
 That was the wealthiest of mortal men.
 Three thousand Mares he had, and unto that,
 As many Foals all feeding on the Fen.
 And twelve of these were got by *Boreas*,
 That leapt their Dams in likeness of a Horse,
 And ore the ears of standing Corn could pass
 And never make them stoop; such was their force;
 And run upon the Sea and never wet
 Their hoofs, which very wondrous was to see.
 And *Erichthonius* did *Tros* beget.
 And *Tros* the Father was of Children three,
Ilus, *Affaracus*, and *Ganymed*.
 But *Ganymed* was taken up by *Jove*
 (So fair he was) and t'Heaven carried,
 To minister unto the Gods above.
 The Son of *Ilus* was *Laomedon*,
 And he *Tithonus* got and *Priamus*,
 And *Lampus*, *Clyti*us, *Icetaon*.
 But *Cepys* Son was of *Affaracus*.

Cepys

Capys begat *Anchises*, and he me.

I need not be ashamed of my Race.

Though Vertue I eth not in Pedigree,

But given is to them whom *Jove* will grace.

Then let us from reproachful words abstain,

Whereof there is great plenty ev'ry where

To serve all men that will them entertain,

That as a man will speak, so he may hear.

What need we like two women in the street,

When they cannot agree, to rail and scoff?

Who, say they true or false, are undiscree.

For from my purpose you'll not put me off

With scornful words, before your force I try.

Let's therefore here no longer ta'k but fight:

And as he spake his Spear he letreth fly,

Which on *Achilles* mighty Shield fell right,

And terribly it made the same resound.

Achilles far before him held his Shield,

For fear *Aeneas* through it might him wound;

Though Heav'nly Arms to mortals will not yield.

But that he thought not on Nor did the Spear

Well driven as it was and strong, pass through.

For of five plies that labour'd in it were

By *Mulciber*, it pierced only two,

And those were Brass. There still remained three,

The one of Gold, the other two of Tin;

And stopped by the Brass it could not be;

But coming to the Gold it there stuck in.

And then *Achilles* threw his Spear at him,

Which flying with great force pass'd through his Shield,

Where thin the Brass and Hide was near the Brim,

And over him it flew into the Field.

For when *Aeneas* coming saw the Spear,

He crouched low, and held his Buckler high;

And though the same proceeded but from fear,

It made the Spear above his head to fly.

Aeneas at the first amazed stands.

But when *Achilles* with his Sword came on,

He stoopr, and from the ground took in his hands,

That neer unto him lay a mighty stone,

Which

Which two men, such as now are, scarce could bear,
 And hit him had on th'head or breast in vain,
 That with Celestial Arms defended were,
 And by *Achilles* Sword himself been slain,
 If it had not by *Neptune* been foreseen.

Who speaking to the Gods did thus complain.

O Gods, said he, great pain I now am in

To see *Aeneas* by *Achilles* slain,

For harkning to *Apollo* foolishly;

Who will not help him though he set him on.

But wherefore should we let *Aeneas* die

Others to please, when he no fault has done?

Let's therefore save him lest we *Jove* offend,

Who now the off-spring of King *Priam* hates.

And that *Aeneas* Race shall without end

The *Trojans* rule, 'tis ordered by the Fates.

This said, to *Neptune* *Juno* did reply,

If you *Aeneas* have a mind to save,

Save him your self. For well you know that I

And *Pallas* amongst the Gods sworn often have,

That neither of us shall a *Trojan* aid,

Though *Ilum* it self were in a flame.

Away went *Neptune* soon as that was said,

And to *Aeneas* and *Achilles* came.

And ore *Achilles* eyes a mist he spread,

And drew his Spear out of *Aeneas* Shield;

And to *Achilles* that he carried,

And laid it at his feet upon the Field.

And then *Aeneas* list'd by the force

Of an Immortal God skipt to the Rear,

Ore many Ranks of Heroes and of Horse,

Unto the *Caucons* that the hindmost were.

Where *Neptune* standing by him spake and said,

Aeneas, who was't of th'Immortal Gods,

That to engage *Achilles* you betray'd,

That stronger is than you by so much ods?

Henceforth take heed you come not in his way,

Lest by his hand you die. When he is gone,

You boldly on the best adventure may.

For of the rest you slain shall be by none.

This

This said, he to *Achilles* went agen,
 And made the mist to vanish from his eyes.
 And round about him lookt *Achilles* then,
 And to his feet return'd his Spear espies.
 And said unto himself, O strange, what's this?
 The man is gone, my Spear come back I see.
Aeneas of the Gods beloved is,
 And I thought all he said was vanitie.
 But fare him well. He will not come agen,
 So glad he is that he hath scaped so.
 Now I will first put courage in my men,
 And then unto some other *Trojans* go.
 Then through the *Argive* Ranks he went, and said,
 No longer of the *Trojans* be so shy,
 But man to man go close. Be not afraid,
 Strong as I am, you cannot think that I
 Can follow such a multitude and fight.
 For neither *Mars* nor *Pallas* can do that,
 (Though Gods Immortal) and of so great might,
 That mortal men cannot resist. Yet what
 My strength alone with hands and feet can do,
 I think I shall not any thing forbear,
 But break their Ranks and make you way clean through,
 Nor shall he joyful be whom I come near.
 Whilst this *Achilles* to the *Argives* said,
Hector no less the *Trojans* did excite.
 Why should you of *Achilles* be afraid?
 With words 'tis easie 'gainst the Gods to fight,
 That are too strong to fight with with a Spear.
 And to *Achilles* now I mean to go,
 Though Fire his hands, and Steel his body were.
 For more by half he says than he can do.
 When *Hector* to the *Trojans* this had said,
 The Fight began, and mighty was the cry.
 And then for *Hector* *Thæbis* was afraid,
 And presently came in, and standing nigh,
Hector (said he) return into the throng.
 Take heed. With *Thetis* Son fight not at all
 Now nor henceforth (he for you is too strong)
 Lest by his Spear or Sword you chance to fall.

Thus

Thus *Hector* by the God admonish'd
 Into the *Trojan* Troops retir'd again.
 The *Trojans* then before *Achilles* fled.
 And by him first *Iphigen* was slain,
 Whom the Nymph *Neis* to *Orryntus* bare
 In *Ida* at the foot of *Tholus* Hill,
 Great Troops he brought unto the *Trojan* Warre,
 And thought he could the great *Pelid's* kill.
 But coming on he met *Achilles* Spear,
 The fatal Spear, that cleft his head in twain.
Achilles then triumphed ore him there
 Though fallen to the ground he were and slain.
 So ; *Olyntides*, die there on the Earth ;
 Though where runs *Hyllis* into *Hermus* deep,
 On the *Gygean* Lake you had your Birth.
 This said, he left him in eternal sleep,
 For th' *Argive* Charret-wheels to crush and grind.
 And after him he slew *Demoleon*,
 A Warriour good, and of undaunted mind,
 That of *Antenor* was a valiant Son.
 Him through the head with Spear in hand he smot,
 And out together came both bloud and brain.
 His Helmet though of Brass, preserv'd him not.
 And after he *Demoleon* had slain
 He with his Spear pursu'd *Hippodamas*,
 Who from his Charre had leapt unto the ground.
 Frighted, and now before him running was,
 And gave him on the back a mortal wound,
 Whereat he blows and roars like any Bull
 Brought to the Altar for a Sacrifice,
 When young men by the Horns him thither pull
 By violence ; then down he falls and dies.
 Unluckily then in *Achilles* fight
 Was *Polydorus Priam's* youngest Son
 And best belov'd ; whom he forbod to fight,
 Though swiftest of them all he were to run.
 But he the vertue of his feet to shew,
 Betwixt the Hosts ran up and down the Field,
 Until a Spear *Achilles* at him threw,
 And with a wound upon the back him kill'd.

Out

Out at his Navil went the Spear again,
 And for his Guts to follow made a way.
 But *Hector* when he saw his Brother slain,
 Amongst his Troops he could no longer stay,
 But going to *Achilles* shook his Spear.
 Then speaking to himself *Achilles* said,
 The man that slew *Patroclus* I see here.
 We must no more each other now avoid.
 And sowlrely on him looking, said, Come near,
 That I may quickly of you make an end.
 And *Hector* to him answer'd without fear,
 In vain *Achilles* your proud words you spend.
 Such words as these may Children terrifie.
 And I can speak that Language when I list.
 And though you be a mightier man than I,
 The Victory does not in that consist,
 But he shall have it whom the Gods appoint
 Though he be weaker, if his Spear fly true.
 Which mine may do, and sharp is at the point.
 This said, his Spear he at *Achilles* threw.
 Which back to *Hector's* feet *Athena* blew
 With soft and gentle breath without a sound.
 And straight *Achilles* thundring to him flew.
 But then *Apollo* snatcht him from the ground.
 Which is by any God done in a trice ;
 And in a Mist conceal'd him from his sight,
 And after him *Achilles* leapt up thrice,
 And thrice the Air obscure in vain did smite.
 Then whoopt he after him and threatening said,
 Dog, an ill death agen thou scaped hast,
 That fighting, to *Apollo* pray'st for aid.
 But yet I shall dispatch you at the last,
 If any of the Gods for me appear.
 But now I must to other *Trojans* go.
 This said, at *Dryops* straight he threw his Spear,
 And sent his Soul unto the Shades below.
 To meet *Demuchus* then he went half way,
 That with his Sword came toward him to fight.
 Him with a wound i'th' neck he made to stay ;
 And with his Sword then killed him outright.

Then

Then by him slain the Sons of *Bias* were

Laogonus and *Dardanius*, the one
With his great Sword, the other with his Spear.

And next he killed *Tros Alastor's* Son,
Who not resisted but fell at his knee,
And beg'd his life, for being of his age,
Hoping for that he pitied might be.

But that *Achilles* wrath could not assuage.
He quite mistook his nature like a child.

For cruel was *Achilles* and hard-hearted ;
But he sweet-natur'd thought he was and mild.

Whereas he never thought how others smarted.
And then *Achilles* gave him such a wound

That with the blood his Liver started out.
And there he left him dying on the ground,
And for more *Trojan* Leaders lookt about.

Then coming to him he saw *Mulius*,
And strook him through the head from ear to ear.

Then with his Sword he killed *Echeclus*
Antenor's Son that to him came too near.

Then on the arm he hit *Demolion*.

The Spear stuck in, and forc'd him there to stay.
Achilles then came furiously on,

And with his Sword he skim'd his head away
Helmet and all. Then *Regmus* with a wound

Upon the belly he slew with his Spear,
Who from his Charrret fell unto the ground.

And after him he slew his Charretier
Arctibous, whilst he his Horses turns.

As a thick Coppice in a windy day,
If set on fire unmercifully burns ;

So went *Achilles* killing ev'ry way.

As Oxen from the Straw tread out the Corn,

So trampling went his Horses ore the dead,

That with their Bucklers by the wheels were torn,

And th' Axle-tree with blood was covered

And Spoaks ; in part with droppings from the wheels.

(For going on the ground the wheels were gory)

And partly beaten up with th' Horses heels,

And bloody were his hands ; and all for glory.

I L I A D.

L I B. XXI.

When to the River *Xanthus* they were come,
 The *Trojans* at the Ford half of them pass'd,
 And on the High way fled to *Ilium*;
 The other leapt into the Stream for haste;
 And with the winding flood there swimming strive.
 As Locusts when by sudden Tier sprung
 In swarms unto the River fly and dive;
 So they themselves into *Scamander* flung.
 And filled was the Stream with Horse and Men.
Achilles on the Bank-side left his Spear
 Set up on end against a Tree; and then
Achilles leapt in with his Sword; and there
 He kill'd as fast as he could turn and strike,
 And with their blood the Stream was dyed red.
 And grievous 'twas to hear them groan and shriek,
 That in the flood were by him massacred.
 As when the Dolphins in a River are,
 The other Fish scud to the Banks in shoals,
 So did it with the swimming *Trojans* fare.
 They fled to th' Banks and hid themselves in holes.
 And twelve of them alive *Achilles* took,
 And with their Girdles hands behind them bound,
 Then caus'd them to be led out of the Brook,
 And to the Ships conveyed safe and sound;
 To slay them at *Patroclus* Funeral.
 Then from the River out he came again,
 And *Priam's* Son *Lysaon* met withal.
 That from *Scamander* flying was in vain,
 Whom Prisoner he had taken once before,
 When in his Father's ground he was by night
 Cutting of Spoke-staves from a Sycamore,
 And on him now the second time did light.

To

To *Lemnos* first he sent him to be sold,
 And bought he there ~~was by Eirion~~.
Achilles for him had good store of Gold.
 But he got loose and home again did run.
 And there eleven days he staid, and well
 Was entertained in his Father's house.
 The twelfth into *Achilles* hands he fell
 Agen, that sent him then to *Erabius*.
Achilles seeing him without a Spear,
 Without a Shield, and nothing on his head
 (For he had cast away his Arms for fear
 When almost tir'd he from the River fled)
Achilles grumbling to himself then said,
 O strange! These *Trojans* are stout-hearted men,
 That being sent away, will not be staid,
 But to the War must needs come back agen.
 Here's one I sent to *Lemnos* to be sold,
 And now is come to fight with me agen.
 'Tis strange the Sea could not him from me hold,
 That can against their wills hold other men.
 But well, I'll give him of my Spear a taste,
 And send him to the Earth, that I may see
 Whether the Earth or no can hold him fast,
 By which are holden better men than he.
 Whilst this *Achilles* said, the man came near,
 To beg his life; for loath to die was he.
 To wound him then *Achilles* lifts his Spear.
 But under it he got unto his knee,
 And with one hand laid hold upon his Spear,
 And on *Achilles* knee the other laid.
 And kneeling down before him shook with fear,
 And lamentably to him speaking said,
Achilles, I beseech you pity me,
 And save my life although 'twere but for this,
 That I your Pris'ner was. Captivie
 At least for life a Sanctuary is.
 And when you unto *Lemnos* sent me had,
 You for me got a hundred Oxens price.
 And for my Ransom now I should be glad
 You would be pleas'd to take that value thrice.

'Tis but twelve days since I came back to *Troy*,
 And all the way had been in grievous pain,
 And when I thought I should my friends enjoy,
 I fallen am into your hands again.

O how have I so much incur'd the hate
 Of *Jupiter* to shorten thus my life!
 Or from my Mother cometh my hard fate
Laethoe, whom *Priam* made his Wife?

At heu got her, King of *Pedafus*.

And she of *Priam's* many Wives was one.
 For many more beside had *Priamus*;

And by her had me and another Son,
 And both of us must by you now be kill'd.

For *Polydore* you have already slain,
 Whilst like a Child he ran about the Field.

And for my self (I fear) I pray in vain.
 But what am I that must no Quarter have?

Though by the Father I am *Hector's* Brother,
 That sent the good *Patroclus* to his grave,

Yet I am nothing to him by the Mother.
 Thus pleaded he. *Achilles* then replied,

Tell me no more of Ransome, or of Quarter.

'Tis true, I did before *Patroclus* died,

Suffer some *Trojans* for their lives to barter.

But now if any of the *Trojans* fall

Into my hands before the Town of *Troy*,

And those of *Priam's* Race the least of all

Must from me hope to get alive away.

But wherefore (friend) should you think much to die?

Patroclus a much better man is gone.

You see how strong and tall a man am I,

And of a noble Father am the Son,

And have a Goddess for my Mother. Yet

At morn, or noon, or night, with Shaft or Spear

I'm sure by one or other to be hit

And lose my life. Why therefore should you fear?

This said, *Lycan's* heart and limbs both fail'd,

And of the Spear let's go his hold, and wide

His hands he spread and his sad fate bewayl'd.

Achilles then his Sword drew from his side,

And

And gave him on the neck a mighty wound.

The Swords whole bredth into his neck he took,
And presently he fell dead to the ground.

Achilles threw him then into the Brook, I only said

And said insulting, Go now to the deep;

And feed the Fishes that will lick your blood;

Your Mother oven you shall never weep,

But to the Sea you go shall with the Flood,

Where to the curled water leaps a Fish,

Upon *Itycon's* dainty fat to feed.

And until *Troy* be by us won, I wish

That th'other *Trojans* may no better speed,

But flying, by my Spear be tost like Hay,

(*Scamander* shall afford them little aid,

Though to his Stream they Bulls and Horses slay)

Till for *Patroclus* death they all have paid.

With these his haughty words *Scamander* griev'd,

Contrived how *Achilles* to repel,

And how the *Trojans* best might be reliev'd.

That to escape into his water sell.

Achilles then *Asteropæus* spi'd

Peleus Son the Son of *Axius*,

Of *Axius* the River deep and wide

By th'Daughter of King *Acēsamenus*.

And to him with a mind to kill him went

As he was newly come out of the water.

But *Xanthus* gave him such encouragement

(Because *Achilles* fill'd his Stream with slaughter)

That there *Asteropæus* for him staid,

And both in right and left hand had a Spear

And never sought the Combat to avoid.

And when they were to one another near,

Who are you (said *Achilles*) and whose Son,

That in my anger dares approach me so?

For I in Arms encountred am by none

But those whose Parents destin'd are to wo.

Asteropæus to him then repli'd.

Why ask you me whose Son and who I am?

The Forces of *Peonia* I guide;

To whom eleven days since I hither came.

Of my descent the Author *Axius* is,
 The fairest Stream that on the Earth doth run;
 His Son was *Pelagon*, and I am his;
 Thus who I am 'tis told you, and whose Son.
 And now, *Achilles*, it is time to fight,
 This Gaid, from his two hands his two Spears off
 (For both *Asteropaeus* hands were right)
 The one of them his mighty Shield did try
 But pierc'd it not; the plate of Gold withstood.
 The other gave his arm a little wound
 Neer to his elbow, and fetcht out some blood,
 And so beyond him went and stuck i'th' ground.
Achilles then his Spear with all his strength
 Incens'd at *Asteropaeus* threw,
 Which falling into the Earth went half its length.
 Then from his side his Sword *Achilles* drew:
Asteropaeus to *Achilles* Spear
 Went back, and at it thrice he pluckt in vain;
 Then thought to break it; but *Achilles* there
 Was with his Sword, and with that he was slain.
 For by the Sword his belly was so ript,
 That all his bowels issu'd at the wound.
 There him *Achilles* of his Armour stript,
 And ore him crow'd as he lay on the ground.
 Lie there, said he; shall Rivers Sons compar'd
 With th'off-spring of the blessed Gods above?
 The Issue of a Brook, you say, you are;
 But I the Issue am of mighty *Jove*,
 For *Peleus* my Father was, and his
 Was *Æacus* whom *Jupiter* begot,
 But greater he than any River is,
 Then equal to his Race, their Race is not.
 A River great enough you had at hand,
 But that you found had done you little good.
 For nothing can the Pow'r of *Jove* withstand,
 Not *Achælus* with his Royal Flood,
 Nor th' Ocean it self of Waters King,
 From whose abundance Seas their water take
 And ev'ry River, Stream, and Well, and Spring
 That goeth on the Earth, and ev'ry Lake;

Who.

Who when they but a clap of Thunder hear,
 From *Jove* some danger presently they dread.
 This said, from th'Earth he pulled out his Spear,
 And left o'rth'Sands *Asteropæus* dead.
 Where *Xanthus* from his wound shall wash the blood,
 And Eels and other fish feed on his fat.
Achilles then pursued those that stood
 Upon *Scamander* Bank amazed at
 The fury of the giddy Stream; and when
 They saw their Leader killed in their sight
 By th'hand of terrible *Achilles*, then
 They ev'ry one betook themselves to flight.
 Then with his Sword he slew *Thersilochus*,
 And after him the stout *Astypylus*,
 And *Ophelestes*, *Mydon*, *Amira*,
 And after these, *Menesus*, and *Thrasius*.
 And had shed yet much more *Peonian* blood,
 But that *Scamander* at it took offence,
 And like a man above his water stood,
 And to *Achilles* spake his mind from thence:
Achilles, truly you excel in might,
 And Acts you do of great iniquitie;
 And by the Gods assisted are in fight.
 But though by *Jove* you should allowed be
 To kill the *Trojans*, kill them on the Plain.
 My Stream so choaked is with Carcasses,
 I cannot drive my waters to the Main.
 I wonder you should do such deeds as these.
 Let those you kill be killed openly.
 Go therefore from me. Thus *Scamander* said.
 And then unto the River answer'd he,
 Divine *Scamander*, you shall be obey'd.
 But to pursue the *Trojans* I mean still,
 Till I have chas'd them up to *Ilium*.
 And fight with *Hector*, if he stay, I will;
 And see if his or my last day be come.
Scamander then unto *Apollo* spake:
Phœbus, said he, you *Jove's* commandment flighs,
 That bid you of the *Trojans* care to take,
 And to defend them all you could till night.

into

Into the Stream *Achilles* leaps agen.

At which *Scamander* swelling lifts his Waves,

And out he throws the bodies of dead men,

And from *Achilles* hand the living saves.

Then throws a Billow on *Achilles* head.

And heavie on his Shield the Current lay;

And on the ground by no means he could tread,

So fast the River carri'd him away.

But ore the water hung an Elmen limb

Which he laid hold on. Then fell down the Tree

Into the River. And that saved him,

And served as a Bridge to set him free.

And swiftly then *Achilles* from him ran.

But after him *Scamander* sent his water,

Resolv'd to quench the fury of the man,

And save the *Trojans* in his Stream from slaughter.

And then as far as one can throw a Spear

Achilles from the Flood obliquely flies

Swift as a Hawk; but yet was ne'r the near;

For still he water has before his eyes.

As when a man makes passage with his Spade

For water to his Garden from a Hill,

The Stream outruns him that the Channel made;

So *Xanthus* was before *Achilles* still.

And ever as *Achilles* turn'd or stood

To see if any God would by him stand,

Above his shoulders rose the mighty Flood,

And while he starts from's feet removes the Sand.

Achilles then himself bewailing said;

O *Jupiter* (and lookt up to the Skie)

Let some God 'gainst this River give me aid,

And any other death then let me die.

But none I know on whom the fault to lay

But my dear Mother, who to flatter me,

Said I should die before the Walls of Troy,

And by *Apollo* only killed be.

O that I had by *Hector's* hand been slain,

The best of all the men that fight for Troy!

But now I perish like a silly Swain

Passing a Torrent in a rainy day.

These.

These words *Achilles* had no sooner said,

But *Neptune* and *Athena* with him were ;
And on *Achilles* hand their hands they laid.

Then *Neptune* said, *Achilles*, do not fear.

Encouraged by two such Gods as we,

Pallas and I, and that by *Jove's* command,
Retiring soon you shall the River see.

For fear of him you need not hold your hand.

But drive the *Trojans* all to *Ilium*

Save those that fly. And having *Hector* slain
(As we assure you you shall do) then come

Triumphantly unto the Ships again.

This said, unto the Gods again they came.

Achilles boldly waded in the Field,
Where many Bodies dead and Bucklers swam.

With so much courage *Pallas* had him fill'd,
And in the water stoutly lifts his knees.

For *Pallas* now his strength augmented had.

And *Xanthus* vext before, when he saw this,

Foamed and roar'd as one that had been mad ;
And cried out for help to *Simois*.

Brother, said he, assist me here, to slay

This raging man that *Ilium* going is.

I am afraid he'll take the Town of *Troy*.

Make haste to help me ; and your Channel fill

With water both from Torrent and from Spring,
And stones and trees bring with you from the Hill,

That on this furious man we may them fling ;

So that his strength shall do him little good,

Nor Armour, which upon the Field shall lie

Concealed from the eyes of men in mud

And sand enough. Thus bury him will I,

And make his Tomb. The *Argives* will not find

Where lie his bones. I'll earth upon him throw.

They shall not need, if they should be so kind,

More Monument upon him to bestow.

This said, he foam'd, and full of bodies dead

He at *Achilles* a great Billow bowl'd,

Which coming to him cover'd had his head,

But *Juno* chanc'd to see it as it rowl'd,

And

And unto *Vulcan* shriek in great affright,
 Rise quickly (dear child) *Cyllipodion*,
Xanthus against you coming is to fight,
 And to defend your self your Flames put on:
 And I will *Zephyrus* and *Notus* call
 From Sea, that for you shall so blow the flame;
 That th' Armour, and the heads o' th' *Trojans* all
 Shall not be able to endure the same.
 Go to his Bank, and burn up ev'ry Tree,
 And then throw fire on him, and never fear,
 Nor by his threats or pray'rs perswaded be
 To cease, until again you from me hear.
 And *Vulcan* then made ready a huge flame.
 And first the dead he burnt upon the Plain.
 Then to the water with his fire he came
 To send it to the Channel back again.
 As when a field new moistned is with rain
 In Summer-time, 'tis quickly dri'd agen
 By *Boreas*; so soon dri'd was the Plain;
 And burnt the bodies were of the dead men.
 And to the River then his flame he turn'd,
 Where th' Elms and Willows, Tamarisks, and Lote,
 Sedges, and many other Plants he burn'd
 That in or by the River grew about.
 And Eels and Fishes in the water hote
 Tumbled and turn'd their bellies up with heat;
 Into such pain by *Vulcan* they were put;
 And *Xanthus* fainting cover'd was with sweat,
 And then to *Vulcan* spake. *Vulcan*, said he,
 No God is able to resist your might.
 What are the *Trojans* or the *Greeks* to me?
 Give over. I'll no longer with you fight.
 Thus spake *Scamander*, boyling all the while.
 As when upon a fire of well-dri'd wood
 The grease of a fat Swine is made to boil;
 So boiled he, and went not on, but stood
 Making to *Juno* his complaint, and said,
 Why does your Son on me more fiercely fly
 Than on the rest that do the *Trojans* aid,
 And to be blamed more deserve than I?

Let

Let him give over, and I'll do so too ;
 And swear besides, if you my Oath require,
 That I will nothing for the *Trojans* do,
 Although the *Greeks* should set the Town on fire.
 This *Xanthus* said ; and *Juno* hearing it,
 To *Vulcan* with a loud voice spake agen,
Vulcan now hold your hand. It is not fit
 T'offend a God too much, to pleasure men.
 And *Vulcan* hearing her his fire puts out ;
 And *Xanthus* back into his Channel went.
 Thus were they parted and no longer sought ;
 And *Juno*, though in choler, was content.
 And then the Gods amongst themselves fell out,
 And one against another stood in Duck,
 And Heav'n and Earth resounded as they fought,
 Giving each other many wounds and cruel.
 And up unto *Olympus* rise the Cry,
 Where *Jove* sat on his Throne in Majestic,
 And casting on the Fields of *Troy* his eye,
 Laughed to see them fight that could not die.
Mars first began, and to *Athena* said,
 You, Impudent, that to engage in fight
 The Gods amongst themselves are not afraid,
 To satisfie your pride and endless spight,
 Remember how you on me set *Tyde*
 To throw his spear at me, and openly
 Unto my body you the same did guide
 With your own wicked hand, and wounded me,
 I'll pay you now ; which was no sooner spoken,
 But *Mars* his Spear was at *Athena's* Shield,
 Which not *Jove's* Thunder-bolt could ere have broken.
 Then took she up a stone that lay i'th Field,
 Great, knobby, black, that had been heretofore
 Set there, of some mans land to shew the bound.
 And with the same she strook *Mars* ore and ore.
 There lay he, and sev'n Acres hid of ground.
 And over him insulting, then said she,
 Lie there, and know I can you overcome ;
 And that your Mother glad of this will be
 For fighting 'gainst the *Greeks* for *Ilium*

This

This said, she from him turn'd. Then to him went
Venus, and led him groaning from the place.
Pallas (said *Juno*) see that Impudent
 That leads him out, and do her some disgrace.
 Then *Pallas* to her went, and with her hand
 Hit her oth'breast; then both fell on the Plain;
 For *Mars* without her could no longer stand.
 Then *Pallas* over them insults again.
 So may, said she, lie all that stand for *Troy*
 As these do here. Had it not been for them,
 The War had ended been; we come away;
 And *Troy* destroyed with all *Priam's* Stem.
 This *Pallas* said, and *Juno* smil'd; and to
Apollo Neptune straightway neerer came.
 Why fight we not, said he, since others do?
 If we stand still, we cannot without shame
 Return to *Jove*, where scorn'd we shall be.
 Have you forgot how to *Laomedon*
 To work for him, *Jove* once sent you and me,
 And how our wages was agreed upon,
 How I built houses for the *Trojans* all,
 As he direction gave me standing by,
 Besides, how hard I labour'd at the Wall,
 How fair I made it, and how strong and high,
 And how he sent you (*Phæbus*) to attend
 His Herds of Kine upon Mount *Ida* side,
 And when our work and th'year was at an end
 How proudly he our wages us deni'd
 And threatned you to bind you hand and foot,
 And sell you in some Island for a slave,
 And cut off both your and my ears to boot,
 And forc'd we were by flight our selves save?
 Yet for his people you have ever fought,
 Though by you they deserve to be destroy'd,
 And will not joyn with us to root them out.
 To *Neptune Phæbus* then repli'd and said,
 O *Neptune*, you would think me mad, if I
 Should fight with you for such a thing as man.
 They are but leaves, now fresh, to morrow die.
 And when he this had said, away he ran.

For

For with his Uncle loth he was to fight.

His Sister then *Diana* to him came,
That angry was to see him put to flight.

Apollo (said she) is it not a shame

Thus easily to give the Victory

To *Neptune*? Wherefore carry you a Bow
And Arrows, and to nothing them apply?

D'ye carry them like Children for a show?
Let me not hear you boasting any more

That you to fight with *Neptune* did not fear,
As in my Father's house you did before.

Thus she. But *Phœbus* did not answer her.

Then *Juno* angry to *Diana* came,
Bold-face, said she, how dare you with me fight
That stronger than you are a great deal am?

D'ye think that in your Bow there is such might?
I know to women you a Lion are,

And *Jove* permits you which you will to kill.
But me to overcome 'tis harder farre

Than t' hunt a Stag or Boar upon a Hill.

But since you have a mind to understand

What I can do, I'll let you see it now.

Then both her wrists she seiz'd with her left hand,
With th' other from her Shoulders took her Bow,

And beats her with the same about the ears,
And laught to see her wrigling strive to fly.

At last she freed her self, and shedding tears
She fled (leaving her Bow and Shafts to lie

Upon the ground dispersed here and there)

Then forth came *Hermes* and *Latona* bright.

And when they were to one another neer,

Leto, said he, I will not with you fight
That are *Jove's* Mistresses. Beast amongst the Gods

That you have got the Victory in fight,
And by no other means but the great ods

You have in strength; and I will not deny't.
This said, *Latona* gather'd up the Bow

And Arrows of her Daughter *Artemis*.

To *Jove* went *Artemis* to let him know

How ill she had been us'd; and at his knees

She weeping sate. And *Jove* then made her rise,
 And to her said, Dear child, what God was that
 That was so rash as t' use you in this wise,
 As one that openly had done a fault?
 'Twas *Juno* (then said *Antonia*) your Wife;
 And she it was that was of all the first
 To set the Gods amongst themselves at strife,
 Thus *Jove* and she between themselves discours'd,
 Then *Phæbus* went into the Town of *Troy*.
 For still he had a care to guard the Wall,
 For fear the *Greeks* the City should destroy.
 But to *Olympus* th' other Gods went all,
 One part triumphing, th' other discontent,
 And sate down by their Father *Jupiter*.
 Mean while *Achilles* fiercely forward went
 Killing of Men and Horses with his Spear.
 As in a Town on fire the people all
 Are busie, and the most of them undone,
 So did it with the *Trojans* then besal;
 Some slain were by *Achilles*, and some run.
 Now *Priam* standing was upon a Tower,
 And saw the *Trojans* by *Achilles* chac'd,
 And that to turn again they had no power.
 And down unto the Gates he came in haste;
 And to the Porters order gave, and said,
 Open the Gates and let the people in,
 That from *Achilles* hither fly dismay'd,
 And shut them when you see they are within.
 For if that cruel man should with them get
 Within the Wall, 'twould be a dismal day.
 The Porters then the Gates wide open set.
 Then to the Gates the *Trojans* took their way,
 Pursued by *Achilles* as they fled.
 And sure he taken had the Town of *Troy*,
 But that *Apollo* then encouraged
Agenor to oppose him by the way.
 And lest he should be by *Achilles* slain
 He at the Beech-tree neer him took his stand.
 When need should be to bring him off again
 Unwounded from *Achilles* heavie hand.

But

But when *Agenor* saw *Achilles* nigh,
 He troubled was, and to himself thus spake.
 What shall I do? if from him I should fly
 To *Ilium* the way that others take,
 He'll overtake me and cut off my head.
 For swifter much he is of foot than I.
 What if I let him on the *Trojans* tread,
 And I some other way to *Ida* fly,
 And hide my self i'th' *Bushes* there till night?
 But why do I discourse thus foolishly?
 I cannot pass the Plain but in his sight;
 And then I lost am without remedy.
 But if I stay and fight with him, what then?
 His body is not made of Steel nor Brass,
 But mortal is (they say) like other men,
 And like to other men but one life has.
 His glorious *Acts* are *Jupiters*, not his.
 This said, he for *Achilles* coming staid
 As when i'th' Woods a Panther rowled is,
 At hearing of the Hounds he's not afraid,
 But to the Hunter goes for all his Spear:
 And though pierc'd through therewith will to him fly
 Upon the Spear it self; that being near
 He either may revenged be or die;
 So resolutely then *Antenor's* Son
Agenor for *Achilles* waiting staid,
 And at him aim'd his Spear as he came on:
 And lifting up his voice unto him said,
Achilles, Oh, you think this day to win
 The Town of *Troy*. There's yet much work to do
 For many mighty men there are thereir,
 And many dangers to be waded through.
 They of their Wives and Parents will take care,
 And little Babes; but you shall perish here
 As terrible and mighty as you are.
 And as he spake, he at him threw his Spear;
 Which on his leg below the knee did light,
 And with the stroak resounded then the Tin.
 But the Celestial Arms were of such might,
 That it rebounded back and went not in.

And when *Achilles* was to throw at him,
 Away *Apollo* snatcht him from his sight
 Concealed in a Mist obscure and dim,
 And carri'd him in safety from the Fight
 And that the flying *Trojans* might escape
Achilles hand, and save themselves in *Troy*,
 He took upon himself *Agenor's* shape,
 And put himself into *Achilles* way.
Achilles then pursues, and *Phæbus* flies
 Along *Scamander's* Bank upon the Plain,
 And kept before him still, but in such wise,
 As t'overtake him he might hope in vain.
Achilles thus by *Phæbus* was deceived
 Till from the Town he far was led away.
 Mean while the flying *Trojans* were received,
 And thronging got within the Gates of *Troy*.
 For none of them without the Gate durst stay
 To ask, who had escaped and who not;
 So glad they were of getting into *Troy*,
 That how all others s^d they never thought.

ILIAD.

I L I A D.

L I B. XXII.

THUS were the *Trojans* driven into *Troy*
 Like *Deer*, and up unto the Wall they went,
 And from their bodies rub'd the sweat away,
 And with good Wine renew'd their Spirits spent,
 And to the wall advancing was the Fo.
 But *Hector* hamper'd by his cruel Fate
 Into the Town of *Troy* refus'd to go,
 And staid without, before the *Scean* Gate.
 Then to *Achilles Phæbus* spake, and said,
 Why do you thus pursue me (*Peleus* Son)
 That am a God? which but by passion swaid
 You might have known; but rashly you run on,
 And only look how you may slaughter men.
 For else, why could you not contented be,
 When you had pent the *Trojans* up; but then
 Must leave your way so far to follow me,
 And cannot kill me; for I cannot die?
 At this *Achilles* vext was at the heart;
 And to *Apollo* answer'd angerlie;
Apollo thou the most pernicious art:
 Of all the Gods, that hast me thus misled.
 For had I unto *Ilium* kept my way
 I strowed had the Field with *Trojans* dead
 Before they could have entred into *Troy*.
 But by your fraud that honour I have lost
 Because the strength of men you need not fear:
 But I would make you pay for't to your cost,
 If to revenge my self I ab'e were.
 This said, to *Troy* he went a mighty pace,
 And mighty things conceived in his mind;
 And stretcht his legs and knees as in a Race:
 Good Horses do, to leave the rest behind.

Old *Priam* first upon him set his eyes ;
 For brightly from afar his Armour shin'd
 Like the fair Star that does in Autumn rise,
 But *Agues* brings, and is to men unkind,
 And called is *Orion's Dog*. So bright
Achilles in his Armour did appear,
 And put the old man *Priam* in affright,
 And made him groan and roar and tear his hair.
 To *Hector* then he cri'd aloud and said,
Hector come in, come in my dearest Son ;
 For mightily I for you am afraid,
 Fight not against that cruel man alone.
Achilles stronger is than you by ods ;
 Lose not your life to give him Victorie,
 Oh that he were beloved by the Gods.
 No better than he is belov'd by me !
 He eaten had ere now been on the Plain
 By Dogs and Fowl, and I been comforted:
 A little, for my Sons whom he hath slain,
 Or in the Islands far hence trafficked.
Lycaon now *Imiss* and *Polydore*.
 They came not into *Troy* with them that fled.
 Their Mother brought me with her wealth good store
 To pay their Ransom if they be not dead.
 If they be slain, 'tis then remediless.
 Their Parents and the people all will grieve ;
 But yet their sorrow will be much the less
 If *Hector* still preserved be and live.
 Come therefore quickly in (dear Child) and save
 The *Trojans* and their Wives, your self and Wife ;
 And do not let *Achilles* th'honour have
 Alone to have deprived you of life.
 Besides, you should some pity take of me
 That now upon the very brink of age
 The cruel slaughter of my Sons must see,
 And Daughters drag'd and hurri'd by the rage
 Of the *Acheans* into slavery,
 And Chambers torn by the insulting Fo,
 And Babes dash't 'gainst the ground expiring lie,
 Whilst into servitude their Mothers go.

And

And after all this, slain must I be too.

My Dogs will eat me raw, and lap my blood,
And pleas'd be (not knowing what they do)

That at my Table dayly take their food.

When young men slain are by the chance of Warre,

There nothing is whereof to be ashamed ;

But when by Dogs abus'd and eaten are

White heads and beards, and parts not to be named,

There's nothing to a man more miserable.

Thus said old *Priam* tugging his gray hairs.

But to prevail with *Hector* was not able.

And to him then his Mother spake with tears,

And from her bosom lay'd out a Teat,

Hector, if this ere pleas'd you (said she)

Dear Son, I pray you into *Troy* retreat,

And have compassion on my miserie.

Come in ; between you let there be a Wall.

For if you should be slain, your Wife and I

Shall not lament you at your Funeral ;

But at the Ships a prey for Dogs you'll lie.

Thus weeping he and she to *Hector* pray'd,

And nothing to them answer'd he agen ;

But obstinately for *Achilles* stay'd.

And as a Snake roll'd up before his den,

With venom fed, when coming towards him

He sees a man, and stirred is his gall,

Looks cruelly ; so *Hector* looking grim

Staid with his Shield set up against the Wall ;

And grieving, to himself he spake, and said,

If I should now into the City go,

Polydamas the first would me upbraid,

That yesternight advis'd me to do so,

Then when *Achilles* in the Field was seen.

But his good counsel I refus'd then,

Which to have follow'd had much better been ;

Lost by my folly are so many men.

And now I fear the *Trojans* and their Wives

Will censure me, and some man worse than I

Say I have cast away the peoples lives,

Presuming on my strength so foolishly.

So

So they will say. And therefore better 'tis
To venture on *Achilles*, though I die,
A better way I cannot take than this.

For should I lay my Shield and Helmet by,
And leave my Spear set up against the Wall,
And to *Achilles* thus disarmed come,
And offer *Helen* to restore with all

The wealth she with her brought to *Ilium*;
And to the *Greeks* give half the goods of *Troy*,
And take an Oath that we will nothing hide,
Nor any thing out of their sight convey,
But bring it forth and faithfully divide.

But whither to no purpose runs my mind ?

I will not do't. For it were but in vain.

I ne'r the sooner should his favour find,

But by him so much eas'lier be slain.

I cannot with him talk from Hill nor Tree,

As boys and wenches do. He is too nigh.

And therefore here, I'll stay for him, and see

Whether my Fate it be or his to die.

Whilst yet he spake *Achilles* near him was,

As terrible as *Mars*, and shook his Spear ;

As flaming fire reluctant was the brass,

Or as the Sun at morning doth appear.

Then *Hector* durst no longer stay, but fled.

Fear nimbly made his feet and knees to move.

Achilles no less swiftly followed.

As when a Hawk is flying at a Dove,

The Dove flies out aside, her self to save ;

But by the Hawk agen is followed,

That gives not over til the prey he have ;

Achilles so pursu'd and *Hector* fled,

Keeping the Cart-way still under *Troy* Wall ;

And to the Watch-tow'r came and Sycamore,

And the two Springs that into *Xanthus* fall,

Whereof the one is always cover'd ore

With smoak as if upon a fire it were,

And with hot water all the year doth flow.

The water of the other all the year

As cold is as the Hail, or Ice, or Snow,

And.

And two fine Washing-places built were there,
 To which the *Trojan* women us'd to come,
 And wash their Garments when they sully'd were
 Before the *Argives* came to *Ilium*.

This way they ran, and swiftry mov'd their thighs.

For 'twas not for a piece of flesh or hide,
 Which of Foot-races is the usual Prize,

But for the life of *Hector* that they wi'd.

As when Race-horses run for some great Prize,

That used to it are, most swiftly run;

So *Hector* and *Achilles* now ran thrice

About *Troy* Wall, the Gods all looking on.

Then (speaking to the Gods) Behold, said *Jove*,

I *Hector* see in danger to be slain,

A good and pious man, and whom I love;

And for him now my heart is in great pain.

For he hath made me many a Sacrifice

Both in my house on *Ida* and in *Troy*;

And now before the swift *Achilles* flies,

Say, shall he die, or be convey'd away?

Father, said *Pallas* then, what's this you say?

He's Mortal, and by Fate condemned is,

And will you now the Execution stay?

You may. But th'other Gods will take't amiss.

And *Jove* to *Pallas* then again repli'd,

Sweet Child, it was not seriously meant,

But only said. You shall not be deni'd.

Do what you please your self; I am content.

This said, *Athena* glad leapt down to *Troy*.

Achilles *Hector* still pursu'd; and as

A Hound in view pursueth all the way

A frightened Hare, so coursed *Hector* was.

Nor suffer'd was to double or to squat.

For when he to the Gate ran for defence,

Between the Gate and him *Achilles* gat,

So that he could not stay for help from thence!

Achilles never would the Wall forsake;

But *Hector* still upon the Cart-way fled.

As men can neither fly nor overtake

When in a Dream they think it in their bed;

So

So *Hektor* from *Achilles* could not fly,
 Nor could *Achilles* *Hektor* overtake.
 For *Phæbus* *Hektor* did with strength supply.
 But of him then no further care did take.
Achilles by a signe all else forbad
 To throw a Spear, for fear the greatest glory
 Some other of the *Argives* should have had,
 And he come after but as accessory.
 When to the Springs the fourth time they were nigh,
Jove took his golden Balance up, and laid
 In one o'th Scales *Achilles* Destiny,
 And *Hektor's* in the other; and them weigh'd.
Hektor's was heaviest, and down fell the same
 As low as Hell; so much it overweigh'd.
 Then *Phæbus* parted. And t' *Achilles* came
Athena nigh, and speaking to him said,
Achilles, now (I think) we shall not miss
 Of killing *Hektor*, but with honour go
 To th'Ships, as greedy as of Eight he is.
 For sure I am he cannot scape us now.
Phæbus in vain to *Jove* shall for him pray.
 But stay you here and breathe a while. For I
 Will to him go and make him for you stay,
 And so encourage him he shall not fly.
 This said, *Achilles* leaning on his Spear
 Staid where he was. To *Hektor* *Pallas* came
 So like *Deiphobus* she did appear
 In shape and voice, he took her for the same.
 And when she with him was, she to him said,
 Brother, you still are by *Achilles* cours'd
 About the Wall of *Troy*. Be not afraid.
 I'll by you stand, and let him do his worst.
Deiphobus, said *Hektor*, who before
 Was dearest to me of my Brothers all,
 I bound am now to honour you much more,
 That t'aid me durst appear without the Wall
 When all the rest remain within for fear.
Pallas to *Hektor* then repli'd and said,
 Brother, my Father and my Mother dear,
 And friends with their entreaties had me staid,

So dreadful is *Achilles* to them all.

But I would not. But come, let's go and try
Whether it be our fate by him to fall,

Or his by *Hector's* hand and Spear to die.
This said, she went before him with her Spear,
Lest he some fraud mistrusting should have said,

And when they were unto *Achilles* near,

Hector spake first, and to *Achilles* said,

Pelides though before you I have fled

Now thrice about the Wall, and durst not stay,

Yet now to stand I am determin'd

And fight till either I be slain or slay.

But come, let's first the Gods to witness call

Of what shall be agreed 'twixt you and me,

If by my hand it be your chance to fall,

Your body dead shall not abused be.

I'll take your Arms and send them into *Troy*.

Your body dead the *Greeks* shall have again

Entire and not disgraced any way.

Do you the like to me if I be slain.

Achilles sorely looking said agen,

Talk not of Oaths and Covenants to me,

That nothing worth 'twixt Lions are and Men,

And Wolves with Lambs on nothing can agree.

And you and I shall one another hate,

Nor Oaths and Pacts between us will stand good

Till we blood-thirsty *Mars* shall sariate

Either with *Hector's* or *Achilles* blood.

It now behoves you all your Pow'r to show,

And be an able man of War indeed.

You cannot, as you did, run from me now,

Although (I think) you never had more need.

For by *Athena* slain you shall be here,

And for the slaughter of the *Greeks* be paid.

This said, he at him threw his heavie Spear.

But *Hector* stooping did the same avoid.

And ore his head the Spear then harmless flew.

But *Pallas* quickly snatcht it from the sand

Invisibly, which *Hector* never knew,

And put the same into *Achilles* hand.

Then

Then *Hector* to *Achilles* spake and said,
Achilles, you have mis'd. My Fate unknown
 Is to you yet. And me to make afraid,
 You have devised fables of your own.
 Upon my back your Spear shall never fall.

If by it to be slain my fate it be,
 It shall be on my breast or not at all.
 But how my Spear will speed now let me see.
 Oh that it would into your body go !

The *Trojans* would the War much better bear,
 Since from your hand proceeds the greatest wo.
 And as he spake away he sent his Spear.
 And on *Achilles* Shield it lighted just,

But enter'd not ; and other he had none.
 Upon *Deiphobus* lay a' l his trust.

But when he call'd *Deiphobus* was gone.
 And *Hector* then perceiv'd his death was neer ;
 And Oh (said he) the Gods now for me call.
Deiphobus (I thought) stood by me here.

But *Pallas* 'twas. He's still within the Wall.
 I shall not scape. I see, *Jove* heretofore,
 And *Phæbus* too, did mean it should be so.
 They sav'd me oft, but will do so no more.

But let me somewhat do before I go ;
 That men may speak of me in time to come ;
 And not ignoble die. And at that word
 He roused up his fainting heart, and from
 His side he drew his great and heavie Sword.

As when an Eagle stoopeth to the plain
 From a dark cloud, a tender Lamb t'invade,
 Or fearful Hare ; so *Hector* went amain.

T' *Achilles* brandishing his shining Blade.
Achilles angry on the other side

Came on, and cruel thoughts had in his mind,
 And up he kept his Shield his breast to hide,
 And on his head like fire his Helmet shin'd.
 And as he went at ev'ry step he trod,

His Plume by *Vulcan* made of golden hair,
 And to his Crest applied, gave a nod,
 And ore his shoulders terribly did flare.

As *Hesperus* at midnight does appear,
The brightest Star that shineth in the Sky ;
So gloriously the point shin'd of his Spear.
Thus terribly to *Hector* he drew nigh.
And view'd his Arms to see which way his Spear
Might with most ease unto his body pass.
But ev'ry where entire and close they were,
Save at the neck a little gap there was.
At that he aim'd, and with great force he smot
Him with his mighty Spear clean through the neck ;
And yet the Spear his wind-pipe wounded not.
Then down he fell, but able was to speak.
Achilles over him insulting said,
Hector, you thought when you *Patroclus* kill'd,
You safe were, and of me were not afraid,
Because you knew I was not in the Field.
And like a fool ne'r thought of what a frier
To take revenge he left had at the Fleet,
Who now has brought you to an evil end,
For Dogs to eat, whilst he has burial meet.
Then *Hector* feebly to him said again,
Let not by Dogs my body eaten be,
But be contented that you have me slain.
My friends at any price will ransom me;
Take Brass and Gold as much as you require ;
And to my Father send my body home,
To be consumed in the Fun'ral fire
By th'*Trojans* and their Wives in *Ilium*.
Thus *Hector* said. *Achilles* answer'd to't,
Hector you Dog, speak not of Price to me.
If I my self could eat thee I would do't.
But by the Dogs I'm sure you'll eaten be.
If they would give me twenty times as much,
Or buy thy body weight for weight with Gold,
And promise as much more, your deeds are such,
Your body shall not at that price be sold.
Ner shall your Mother lay you on a bed,
And over you lamenting stand and howl ;
But in the open field you shall lie dead
Until devour'd you be by Dogs and Fowl.

Heſtor repli'd (though ready now to die)

I knew you had a heart as hard as ſteel.

But thus much to you I will prophetic,

The vengeance of the Gods you'll for it feel,
When one day *Paris* and *Apollo* ſhall,

As terrible and ſtrong as you are now,
Make you before the *Scæan* Gate to fall.

This ſaid, he did; and to the Shades below
Leaving his Limbs, his Soul bewailing flew.

And yet *Achilles* did agen reply,
And briefly to him answer'd, Now die you.

And when the Gods call for me ſo will I.

This ſaid, he from his body pluckt the Spear,

And laid it by him down upon the place;
And took his Armour off. Then others near

Stood gazing at his ſtature and his grace,
And wondring at him, t'one another ſaid,

We ſa'eely now to *Heſtor* may go nigher;
His raging fit is very much allay'd

Since when unto the Ships he came with fire.

Then ſpake *Achilles* to the *Greeks* and ſaid,

My Friends, that in the Army have command,

Since by the Gods this great man is deſtroy'd,

And lies before you killed by my hand,

Who did the *Argive* people more annoy

Than all the other *Trojans* put together,

Let's armed as we are go up to *Troy*,

An ſee on what they are reſolved, whether

They'll quit the City, ſeeing *Heſtor's* dead,

Or ſtill defend the ſame without him will.

But why ſhould this come now into my head

When unbewail'd *Patroclus* lieth ſtill?

For my *Patroclus* I muſt not forget

As long as I am living and can go.

And when I come to th'houſe of *Hades*, yet

I ſtill ſhall think upon him there below.

But back unto the Ships we now will go.

And let the youth of *Argos* *Pæus* ſing,

Whiſt thither we in Triumph bring the Fo

With whoſe great pra'ſe the Town of *Troy* did ring.

This

This said, he full of spight on *Hector* flies,
 And flits his 'egs from th'ankles to the heels,
 And with a rope them to his Charret ties.
 Then drives away ; and rais'd is by the wheels
 A Cloud of dust ; and in it all the while,
 Along the ground drag'd was his comely head,
 Once glorious, now by the *Greeks* made vile,
 Since to them *Jove* had him delivered.
 Which when his Mother from the Wall beheld,
 Enrag'd she from her head pluckt off her hood,
 And threw it from her, tore her hair, and squeal'd.
 And *Priam* lamentably sighing stood.
 About him were the *Trojans* shedding tears,
 Sighing, and sobbing, and in such affray
 As if all *Troy* had flam'd about their ears.
 And much ado they *Priam* had to stay.
 For down he lay, and spake to ev'ry one,
 Forbear, said he, I will go to this man
 (As fierce and cruel as he is) alone,
 And move him to compassion, if I can ;
 And what respect he hath to age I'll see.
 For *Pelius* is old as well as I,
 That got that mischief both to *Troy* and me,
 To th'*Trojans* all, but me especially.
 For he hath kill'd me many a goodly Son,
 Which all together make me not so smart,
 Nor wounds so deep as *Hector's* death hath done,
 Which is alone enough to break my heart.
 Oh blessed Gods that it had been your will
 He in his Mothers hands and mine had di'd,
 That over him we might have wept our fill !
 This said, the *Trojans* wept again and sigh'd.
 Then *Hecuba* amongst the Wives of *Troy*
 Began her plaint. *Hector*, my Son, said she,
 Oh my dear Son, my glory and my joy,
 Why should I 'mongst the living longer be,
 Since you are dead and gone that night and day
 The *Trojans* (men and women) did defend,
 And as a God was honoured in *Troy*,
 And now are come to an untimely end ?

Thus wayl'd his Mother. But *Andromache*
 Knew not how *Hector* sped without the Gate.
 For at a shining figur'd Garment she
 Within an inner Chamber weaving sate.
 And given had her Maids command to set
 A Trevet on the fire, that *Hector* might
 When he came in, wash off his blood and sweat
 Contracted by great labour in the Fight,
 Not dreaming of her Husband's death. But when
 She heard the lamentation at the Wall,
 And outcries both of women and of Men,
 She trembling stood, and let her Shittle fall,
 And then unto her Maids she call'd, and said,
 Come hither two of you, and with me go.
 I hear my Mother cry, and am afraid
 To *Priam's* Sons there hapned is some wo.
 I'll to the Tow'r go up my self and see
 What 'tis. My heart is at my mouth. I fear
 Lest by *Achilles* *Hector* chased be
 Alone, and will be killed by his Spear.
 Oh how I tremble ! he can never stay,
 But out before the rest will always run,
 And never unto any man give way,
 As if his strength could matched be by none.
 This said, out went she like a woman mad,
 And panting up into the Tow'r she hi'd,
 Where she no sooner lookt about her had,
 But saw her Husband to a Charret ti'd,
 And by *Achilles* drag'd away, and dead.
 And presently she fell into a Swown,
 And all the comely Dressings of her head,
 Veil, Ketches, Rubans, Knots to th'ground came down,
 And Coronet unto her given by
Venus, when she with *Hector* married.
 Her Sister-laws that stood about her nigh
 Then took her up with sorrow almost dead.
 And when again her Spirits to her came,
 She wept, and spake, and stopt and spake agen.
Hector, of women I most wretched am ;
 And you the most unfortunate of men,

Both

Both born to one and the same evil fate,

You here in *Ilium* King *Priam's* Son.

And I in *Th'be* child infortunate

Of the infortunate *Eetion*.

And you now to the Shades below are gone,

And me a woful Widow here have left,

And with me my sweet Babe your tender Son,

And cannot (since you are of life bereft)

Do to him any good, nor he to you.

And though he should escape the *Argives* now,

Yet poverty and woe will him pursue,

And other men his goodly fields will plough.

A Child that is an Orphan has no friend;

And (though with tears) must stoop to whatsoever

To the supplying of his need shall tend

When he his want of Food no more can bear.

So to your friends my Child shall go, and take

One by the Cloak, another by the Coat,

That give him may some Wine for pity's sake,

Enough to cool his lips, but not his throat.

Or else some Son of them that sit at meat

May rate, or give him a good box o'th' Ear,

And bid him quickly out o'th' Hall to get,

And tell him that his Father dines not there:

Then weeping comes *Astyanax* to me,

That us'd was by his Father to be fed

With Mutton fat and Marrow on his knee,

And with his Nurse repose on a soft Bed.

But since his Father now is dead and gone,

Astyanax (whom so the *Trojans* call

Because defended were by you alone

(When you were here) the *Trojan* Gates and Wall)

Intolerable grief is like to find,

Since at the Ships you dead and naked lie

For Worms to feed on when the Dogs have din'd,

While all your precious Garments here have I

Of womans work, and burn them will, since you

Now never in them likely are to lie,

'Tis to the Wives of *Troy* an honour due.

This weeping spoken made the women sigh

I L I A D.

L I B. XXIII.

THus wayl'd the *Trojans* then in *Ilium*.

To *Helleſpont* th' *Achaens* ſtreight went down,
And when they to their hollow Ships were come
Diſpers'd themſelves each man unto his own.

Achilles only ſtaid his *Myrmidons*

Upon the place; and thus unto them ſpake.

You, *Myrmidons* my ſtout Companions,

You muſt not from your Chars your Horſes take.

With Horſes and with Chars we firſt muſt go,

And for *Patroclus* weep about his Biere.

And when we have by weeping eas'd our wo,

Unty your Horſes and we'll all ſup here.

This ſaid, they wayl'd. *Achilles* firſt began;

And thrice about *Patroclus* Biere they drave.

And *Thetis* (fallen was ſo great a man)

Amongſt them ſtood, and tears unto them gave

Which down their Armour fell into the Sand.

Achilles bad him then with tears, farewell.

And laying on *Patroclus* breſt his hand,

Rejoyce, ſaid he, *Patroclus* though in Hell.

For now I to you ſhall my word make good,

Since hither I have *Hector* dragged dead,

For Dogs to eat. And to revenge your blood,

Twelve *Trojans* I will at your Pile behead.

This ſaid, he *Hector* laid upon his face

I th'duſt before the Biere diſgracefully.

The *Myrmidons* mean while their Arms unlace,

And th' Horſes from the Chariots unty.

And then down by *Achilles* Ship they ſat,

Who gave unto them all a Fun'ral Feaſt,

And for them ſlew both Goats and Muttons fat,

And Swine good ſtore, and many a well-fed Beaſt.

Eut

But to *Achilles* then came in the Lords,
 To wait upon him t' *Agamemnon's* Tent,
 That he might try with comfortable words
 If he could mitigate his discontent.
 When they were there *Atrides* first commands
 His Ministers to bring in water hot
 To wash the gore from off his face and hands.
Achilles peremptorily said, Not
 And swearing, unto *Agamemnon* said,
 By *Jove* that is of all the Gods most high,
 Till I *Patroclus* in the fire have laid,
 And rais'd him have a Tomb wherein to lie,
 And with him burnt these Locks of mine, nor hand
 Nor face shall washed be by me. But now
 Let's sup. T'h'morning I will give command
 That for his Pile we may have wood enough,
 That speedily the body we may burn.
 And when out of our fight we have it laid,
 The people to their business may return.
 Thus he advised, and it was obey'd.
 The people then in haste to supper went,
 And had good chear, and heartily they fed.
 And when their hunger and their thirst was spent,
 Into their Tents went ev'ry man to bed.
 Down went *Achilles* to the waters side
 Attended on by many *Myrmidons*,
 And in a place clean washed by the Tide
 He laid him down to sleep upon the Stones.
 Nor was it long ere sleep upon him crept.
 For labour'd very hard he had that day.
 For *Hector* him in exercise had kept
 Running before him round the Wall of *Troy*.
 And then the Spirit of *Patroclus* dead,
 Like him in Stature, Garments, Voice, and Eyes
 Appeared to him standing at his head,
 And speaking said unto him in this wise.
 You sleep, *Achilles*, and have me forgot,
 Though when I was alive you lov'd me well.
 Pray bury me, these Spirits here will not
 Let me come in within the Gates of Hell,

Nor

Nor let me mix with those beyond the River,
 But make me wander 'bout the house of *Dis*.
 Give me your hand upon't, for I shall never
 Return, when once my body burned is.
 We shall no more together counsel take,
 Since by my Fate I taken am away,
 And you your self, divine *Achilles*, make
 Account to die before the Walls of *Troy*.
 And then the favour let me have, I pray,
 That when my flesh consum'd is in the flame,
 My bones with yours you will be pleas'd to lay,
 And let the Urn that holds them be the same;
 That golden Urn which *Thetis* gave to you.
 We long with one another lived have.
 For when *Amphidamas* his Son I slew,
 Unto your house I fled my life to save,
 From *Opus* being little past a boy,
 And childishly the quarrel took at *Gheis*;
 And never meant him ill before that day,
 And sorry was I for my foolishness.
 Your Father to his House then took me in,
 Made me your man, and lov'd and cherish'd me,
 And since so long we have together been,
 Why should not now our bones together be?
Achilles to the shadow then repli'd,
 Sweet friend, what need had you to come from Hell.
 To tell me this? I for you do provide
 That all you say may be performed well.
 Come neerer to me that embrace we may
 A little while, and one another moan.
 This said, his arms he spreads; and then away
Patroclus sunk, and left him there alone.
 At this amazed up *Achilles* starts.
 Oh, oh, said he, I see 'tis certain then,
 In Hell there Souls are, though they have no hearts,
 But Idols only are, and Forms of Men.
 For by me standing was the Soul all night
 Of my *Patroclus* to me dictating,
 And wonderfully like him 'twas to th' fight;
 And what he wanted told me ev'ry thing.

This

This said, again about the body dead
Achilles and the *Myrmidons* lament,
 And so continu'd till the day was spread ;
 But to the Wood then *Agamemnon* sent
 From ev'ry part of th'Army men to *Ide*,
 Whereof some Axes carri'd in their hands,
 And others Ropes. And with them goes for Guide
Meriones, and, as their Chief, commands.
 Ore Hills and Dales then to the Woods they went
 Driving their Mules before them all the way ;
 And lusty Oaks unto the ground they sent,
 And cleft them into pieces as they lay.
 And those unto the Mules with Ropes they t'ld,
 And ev'ry one of them took in his hand
 Either a heavie Bough or Limb beside.
 For so *Meriones* had giv'n command.
 This done, they back descended to the Plain
 Fast as they could through Bry'rs and Bushes store ;
 And quickly at the Ships they were again,
 And laid their wood in order on the shore.
 Then to the *Myrmidons* *Achilles* spake,
 You *Myrmidons* put on yor Armus, said he,
 And Horse-men all your Charrets ready make,
 And mount into your Seats and follow me.
 When they were ready, foremost went the Horse,
 And by a Cloud of Foot were followed.
 I'th'midst between them carri'd was the Corse
 With locks of hair thrown on him covered,
 Which the sad Mourners from their heads had shorn.
Achilles went himself next to the Biere,
 Who for his friend did principally mourn.
 When at the place of Funeral they were,
 Upon the ground they layed down the Biere,
 And quickly in a Pile they heapt the wood.
 Then cuts *Achilles* off his yellow hair,
 And from the body at a distance staid,
 And towards *Greece* and *Phthia* turn'd his eye,
 And speaking to *Spercheius* River said,
 My Father to you made a Vow, when I
 Return'd, his hair should unto you be paid,

And

And to the other Gods a Hecatomb,
 And fifty fat Rams at your Spring to slay.
 Thus vowed he. But I shall ne'r come home,
 But here must die before the Gates of Troy.
 Since then my Fathers wish you not fulfil,
 Nor I return into my native Land,
 - My hair now to *Patroclus* give I will.
 And at that word he puts it in his hand.
 At this the *Greeks* a weeping fell agen,
 And wept had till the setting of the Sun,
 But that *Achilles* spake t' *Atrides* then,
 And pray'd him that the people might be gone.
 King *Agamemnon*, will the *Greeks*, said he,
 Be never with lamenting satisfi'd ?
 'Tis in your pow'r ; let them dispersed be
 Unto their Ships their suppers to provide,
 For we will of the Fun'ral take a care.
 But let the Leaders of the Army stay,
 And such as specially concerned are.
 This said, *Atrides* sent the rest away.
 And then the wood into a Pile they laid.
 A hundred foot it was from side to side ;
 And on the top the Corps. Then kill'd and flaid
 Both Sheep and Beeves, and with their fat they hide
Patroclus body dead from head to foot.
 And by it laid the Cattle flaid to burn.
 To th' Biere *Achilles* went and laid into't
 Of Honey one, of Oyl another Urn.
 And of *Patroclus* Horses four he slew ;
 And of nine little Dogs he kept kill'd two.
 And those into the Fun'ral pile he threw ;
 And last of all twelve *Trojans* adds thereto.
 This done, again he to *Patroclus* said,
 My dear *Patroclus*, once again, farewell.
 Twelve lusty *Trojans* on your Pile are laid.
 I'm faithful to you though you be in Hell,
 But *Hector* for the Dogs shall be a prey.
 But *Venus* 'nointed him with Oyl of Rose,
 And so preserved him both night and day,
 That not a Dog did on him lay his nose.

Then

Then *Phæbus* sent from Heav'n a Cloud-obscure
The place whereon his body lay to hide,
To th'end it might the scorching Sun endure,
And not be shrivel'd up nor stunk nor dri'd.
And then *Achilles* a new bus'ness finds.

He could not set on flame the new-sell'd wood,
But forc'd he was to pray to the two Winds
Zephyr and *Boreas*. Then off he stood,
And to them offer'd with a Cup in's hand,
And to them vowed a good Sacrifice,
If they from Sea would come, and by him stand,
And blow the Fire until the flame did rise.

This *Iris* hearing went unto the Winds
To tell them how *Achilles* to them pray'd.
And at good cheer in *Zephyr's* house them finds,
And saith they would her with them there have staid,
And made her sit; but she refused that.

The Gods, said she, feast at a Hecatomb
In Blackmoor-land, and I must be thereat,
And must make haste, or thither cannot come,
To *Zephyr* now and *Boreas* I came

To tell them that a plenteous Sacrifice
Achilles make them will, if on a flame
They'll set the Pile whereon *Patroclus* lies.
This said, she parts. The Winds arise and roar,
And toss the Clouds before them in the Sky,
And at their feet tumble the Waves ashore
And then upon *Patroclus* Pile they fly,
And fiercely blow. Inflamed was the Pile,
And whistling at it staid the Winds all night,
Achilles standing by it all the while

Invoking solemnly *Patroclus* spright.
And th'Earth with Wine by Cupfuls watered.

As one that mourneth for his eldest Son
That then dies, when he should be married;
So did he for *Patroclus* sigh and groan.
When in the Sky the Day-star did appear
To shew that after him *Aurora* came;
The Pile and Bodies dead consumed were
To ashes, and extinguisht was the flame,

Away

Away the Winds went ore the Seas of *Thrace*,
 And passing shook the waters of the Deep.
Achilles went a little from the place,
 And weary laid him down and fell asleep.
 And now 'twas day, the Souldiers came agen.
 Then with their trampling did *Achilles* wake,
 And up he stood and lookt about. And then
 He to *Atrides* turn'd his eyes and spake.
Atrides, let us first with Wine, said he,
 Put out the fire as far as it is spread,
 That taken up *Patroclus* Bones may be
 (For where they lie 'tis soon discovered ;
 Since in the midst we did his body lay,
 But others, Horse and Men at th'outside lie)
 That in a Bason of pure Gold they may
 Reserved be until I also die.
 And though no great Tomb here I have design'd,
 Yet may the *Greeks* that stay when I am gone,
 When they think good, if they will be so kind
 And see cause for it make a greater one.
 This said, the fire they first extinguished ;
 Then down unto the ground the ashes came,
 And up *Patroclus* Bones they gathered,
 And in a golden Pan they laid the same ;
 And back unto the Ships they carri'd that,
 To be reserved in *Achilles* Tent
 Wrapt up within a double Kell of Fat.
 And then about the Pile to work they went.
 And where the Pile was, that they made their ground,
 And Earth abundance on the same they lay,
 Till it became a mighty Hill and round.
 When they had done *Achilles* made them stay
 And sit o'th'ground to see the games, which he
 Prepared had the Funeral to grace.
 Then many Prizes rich he caus'd to be
 Brought from his Ship and laid upon the place,
 Brass Caldrons, Tripods, and great Iron Bars,
 Horses and Mules, and Cattle of great size,
 And goodly Women taken in the Wars.
 First for the Horse ; he tells each one his Prize.

To th'first a woman that could spin and weave,
 Together with a Tripod deep and wide.
 The next a Mare of six years should receive
 Together with her young Mule by her side.
 A handsome Kettle to the third he gave,
 Which never on the Fire had yet been set.
 Of Gold two Talents was the fourth to have.
 The fifth a Cup and Cover was to get.
 Then to them spake. These Prizes here, said he,
 Lie waiting for the Horse-men on the Plain,
 If any Horse-men in the Host there be
 That with their Charrets hope the same to gain,
 Come in. Had any else these Games set forth,
 The greatest of these Prizes had been mine.
 For of my Horses you well know the worth,
 And that they are Immortal and Divine,
 Which *Neptune* gave to *Peleus*, he to me.
 But I'll sit out. My Horses shall stay here
 Hanging their heads as they do heavily,
 Since they have lost their gentle Charretier.
 Let any other of the *Argives*, who
 Is of his Horses confident come in,
 And presently prepare himself thereto,
 And try which of the Prizes he can win.
 This said, the Horse-men straight themselves present.
Eumelus first, *Adrestus* noble Son,
 That was for Horsemanship most eminent.
 Then *Diomed* with th'Horses which he won
 From *Peneus* Son, when by her sav'd he was.
 Then sitting on his Chariot came forth
 King *Agamemnon's* Brother *Menelaus*,
 And at it Horses two were of great worth.
 The one of them *Podargus*, was his own,
 The other *Atreus* very swift she was.
 A Female, and for *Agamemnon's* known,
 To whom, when he to *Ilium* was to pass,
 She given was by *Echepolus*, who
 T'excuse himself of following him to *Troy*
 (For very rich he was and loth to go)
 And with his leave in *Sicyon* to stay.

The fourth with Horses of the *Pylian* brood,
 Was *Nestor's* gallant Son *Antilochus*.
 His Father careful of him by him stood
 Instructing him, and said unto him thus.
Antilochus, you have been taught so well
 By *Jove* and *Neptune*, young man as you are,
 The Rules of Horsemanship, I need not tell
 You of the Art, but pray you to take care.
 Though you know how about the Gole to wind,
 Their Horses somewhat are than yours more swift.
 I fear you will in that some damage find;
 But none of them know better how to shift.
 'Tis care not strength makes a good Carpenter,
 And Ships at Sea are governed by care;
 Force in foul weather little helps to steer.
 Best Charretiers are they that best beware.
 A man that on his Horses speed relies
 May from the high way sometimes drive aside,
 But not come in again. But he that's wise
 Will always tow'rd's the Gole directly guide,
 And have an eye on him that goes before.
 The Gole I'll tell you (lest you know it not)
 A Staff is of a fathom high or more,
 Of Oak or Pine that is not apt to rot,
 Standing between two great white stones upright,
 And for a Monument set up was there
 In antient time of some deceased Wight;
 Or formerly there had a Race been there,
 And to that purpose served now again.
 Be sure you drive your Horses to it close,
 And leaning, press a little th' inner Rein,
 And let the farther Horses Rein go loose.
 But let the neer Horse to it go as near
 As can be; so the Stones you still avoid.
 You'll wound your Horses else and Charret tear,
 And be asham'd whilst others will be joy'd.
 If at the Staff you once but get the start,
 In coming back before you shall be none
 How good soere their Horses be or Art,
 Though they the Steeds were of *Laomedon*,

Or

Or like *Arion* all their Horses were,
Adrestus Horse of the Celestial race.
 Thus *Nestor* his good Son instructed there,
 And having done returned to his place.
 The fifth and last came in *Meriones*.
 Then up into their Seats they mounted all;
 And then by Lots determin'd which of these
 Should start the first. T' *Antilochus* did fall
 To start the first. The next t' *Eumelus* came.
 The third Lot fell t' *Atrides Menelaus*.
 The fourth had on't *Meriones* his name.
 The best, and last to start *Tydidus* was.
 Then all arow they stood. *Achilles* by
 Shew'd them the Gole far off upon the Plain;
 And all at once hold up their Whips on high,
 And beat their Horses each one with his Reyn;
 And loud' upon them call'd to make them run.
 Old *Phoenix* at the Staff was set to stay
 And be a witness of what there was done,
 And see there were amongst them no foul play.
 And swiftly from the Ships they part away,
 In clouds of dust up to their breasts they fly,
 And to the wind their spreading Manes display;
 Their Chars sometimes are in the Air a high,
 And sometimes on the ground. The Charretters
 Sit for all that still fast upon their Seats,
 And ev'ry one aloud his Horses cheers,
 While in his breast his heart with longing beats.
 But when about the Gole they turned were,
 And coming back agen unto the shore,
 Then 'twas their Vertue chiefly did appear,
 And faster went their Horses than before.
 And now *Eumelus* Horses foremost were,
 And *Diomed* behind him was not far
 With his Male Trojan Horses, but so neer
 As if they would have gone into his Char.
 So neer they were their heads did on it lie,
 And made *Eumelus* back and shoulders hot
 With breathing on them; and the Victorie
 Had got, or doubtful made at least, had not

Apollo been to *Diomed* unkind,
 And from his hand struck out his shining Whip.
Tydidēs then again was left behind,
 And wept to see *Eumelus* him outstrip.
 When *Pallas* saw what wrong was to him done,
 She puts the Whip into his hand again,
 And angry goes unto *Admetus* Son,
 And of his Horses breaks the Yoke in twain.
 On one side of the way then went one Mare,
 And on the other side the other goes.
 Down fell the Pole, and with it he ; and tare
 His elbows and his eye-brows, mouth and nose.
Tydidēs in the mean time passed by,
 And got before them all a mighty length.
 For *Pallas* to him meant the Victory,
 And gave unto his Horses greater strength.
 Echind *Tydidēs* next was *Menelaus*,
 And next to him *Antilochus* ; and he
 Aloud unto his Horses calling was.
 Now let's (said he) your utmost vertue see.
 With *Diomed* you are not bid contend,
 Whom victor now *Athena* means to make,
 And strengthened hath his Horses to that end ;
 But only *Menelaus* t'overtake.
 Were't not a shame that *Aebe* but a Mare
 Should leave you two such lusty Steeds behind ?
 But if you now seek how your selves to spare,
 I tell you this, and true you will it find,
 You shall be slain. Therefore use all your speed,
 And when you come into a narrow place,
 Leave it to me to do what I see need.
 This said, the Horses scaring mend their pace,
 And now were close at *Menelaus* heels.
 Then neer unto a hollow way they came ;
 And lest they break should one anothers Wheels,
Atrides turn'd aside into the same.
 The other after him a little wide
 The same way took. *Atrides* then afraid
 That he would enter with him side by side,
 Unto *Antilochus* cri'd out and said,

Anti-

Antilochus, you drive too carelessly, and the way is too narrow. Pray a little stay
Your Horses; broader it will be by and by,

Lest both our Chars be broken on the way.

Antilochus then whipt his Horses on,

So much the faster, seeming not to hear,

And when they were a little further gone,

Atrides held his Horses in, for fear
Their Chars should clashing overturned be,

And with them they be thrown into the dust,

And to him spake, reviling. Go, said he,

Of all the men I know the most unjust,

And not so wise as th' *Argives* thought you were.

But yet the Prize you shall not so obtain,

But for it first you shall be put to swear,

And then his Horses he drave on again.

And to encourage them, unto them said,

His Horses cannot keep before you long;

They old are both; strain hard. Be not dismay'd.

For both of you brave Horses are and young.

This said, at highest speed agen they fly,

And so *Antilochus* came up again.

The *Argives* on the Race now far to spy,

Who foremost coming was upon the Plain.

Idomeneus sat in a place more high,

Without the Race, and heard a Charretier

Whose voice he knew unto his Horses cry,

And presently two Horses did appear,

Of one of them the colour was bright Bay,

But on his forehead had a spot of white,

And as the Moon at Full round ev'ry way,

And from afar conspicuous and bright.

Then to the *Greeks* he said, Is there no more

That see these Horses coming back but I?

They are not those that foremost were before;

And 'tis another Charretier I spy.

Eumelus some mischancee has had I fear;

And yet about the Gate he turned well.

But now I cannot see them any where.

Perhaps out of his hands their Bridles fell;

No longer would the Horses then obey,
 But thrown him somewhere have o'th' field ; or born
 Him in their fit by violence away,
 And have his Charret overturn'd, or torn.
 Stand on your feet your selves and mark him well,
 Whether or no it *Diomedes* be
 The Son of *Tydeus* ; for I cannot tell,
 He lke him is, and I believe 'tis he.
 The lesser *Ajax* then *Oileus* Son
 With evil words *Idomeneus* repli'd,
 The Mares upon the Field are coming on,
 But you must talk, though from the purpose wide
 Your eyes are now grown old and less can see,
 And yet to talk you love so much the more ;
 Though at discerning many better be.
Eumelus, as at first, is still before.
Ajax (said he) of all the *Greeks* the worst
 Except at railing, let's a wager lay,
 A Tripod or a Caldron who comes first,
Atrides judges, that you may know and pay.
 And *Ajax* then about was to reply ;
 Nor had the quarrel 'twixt them there been staid,
 But that *Achilles* who was sitting by,
 Rose from his Seat, and coming to them said,
Idomeneus and *Ajax* 'tis a shame
 For you in evil Language to contend,
 That others when they do so ought to blame.
 Sit down, and but a little while attend.
 They'll soon be here. They strive for Victory,
 And driving are as fast as ere they can ;
 Discerned then it will be easily
 Which is the foremost, which the hindmost man.
 This said, they saw *Tydidēs* very neer
 Plying his Whip ; his Horses seem'd to fly
 And cover'd was with dust the Charretier.
 And hard it was the track o'th' Wheels to spy.
 Then coming in, before the Lords he stoppt,
 And to the ground leapt from his Chariot ;
 With sweat his Horses breasts and shoulders dropt.
 Then *Sibotides* the Prize neglected not,

But

But nimble from his place he to it skips,
 And by his friends there standing by his side
 Sent th' woman and the Tripod to the Ships;
 And having done, the Horses he untid.

Antilochus next to *Tydid* was,
 That not by vertue of his Steeds but slight
 Advantage gotten had of *Menelaus*

When for them both he found the way too streight;
 But *Menelaus* to him was so neer

As is a Charret-horse unto the Wheel,
 Which of his Tayl doth sometimes touch the hair,
 And makes the Horse to run, that does it feel.

So neer unto him was *Atrides* then,
 That was behind once a Coyts cast or more.
 But quickly to him he came up agen.

For *Athe* now ran faster than before.
 And had they but a little longer run,

Atrides by *Antilochus* had pass'd,
 And without doubt the second Prize had won.

Meriones behind was a Spears cast.
 Slow Steeds he had and but small skill in Courses.

Eumelus whom *Athena* overthrew
 Came hindmost and before him drave his Horses,
 And with his hands behind, his Charret drew.

Achilles mov'd with pity was at this,
 And spake unto the *Argives* in this wise.
 Although he come the last, the best he is;

'Tis fit he have at least the second Prize,
 But *Diomed* the first, that has it won.

And just it seem'd in the *Argives* fight.
 And from *Antilochus* the Prize had gone.

Had he not pleaded for it as his right.
Antilochus then to *Achilles* spake,

Though well, said he, in pity you incline
 T' *Eumelus*, yet my Prize he must not take;

I won it have, and 'tis not yours, but mine.
 His Horses good, and Horse-man good he is;

And he and they upon the ground were laid.
 By some mischance, I'm not concern'd in this.

We should unto th' Immortal Gods have pray'd.

But

But you, that pity him, and at your Tent
Have Gold, Brass, Horses, Women, Cattle store,
May out of that when you think fit content

Eumelus with the value, or with more.

For whosoever means to have the Mare
Must for her with me fight. Thus pleaded he:

Achilles that great love unto him bare,

Was glad, and said, Since you so counsel me,

The Breast-plate I will to him give of Brass

That hem'd is all about with shining Tin,

With which *Astropæus* armed was.

Automedon into my Tent go in,

And quickly to me bring the Breast-plate forth.

And then *Automedon* no longer stands,

But fetches out the Armour of great worth,

And puts the same into *Eumelus* hands.

Then up *Atrides Menelaus* stands,

And in his hand the Cry'r a Scepter laid,

And silence to be kept i'th' Court commands.

T' *Antilochus* then *Menelaus* said,

Antilochus, what made you me disgrace

Justling my Horses in the hollow way

When there was so much danger in the place,

That 't had been best for both of us to stay?

But you the Princes hear the Cause I pray,

And judge between us both impartially,

Lest any of the *Greeks* hereafter say

I did t' *Antilochus* an injury,

And from him got the Mare by fraud or might;

And that his Horses than mine better were.

But come, I now know how my self to right.

Come lay your hand upon the Reins, and swear

By *Neptune*, that you did not willingly

And with premeditated malice cross my Charre.

To this *Antilochus* did then reply,

O *Menelaus*, since you elder are,

You know our faults upon the sudden rise,

And that before-hand young men study not;

Their Wits are present, but the old are wise.

To do you injury I never thought.

The

The Mare is yours ; and if you please to send
 For any thing I have, that too I'll give
 Rather than with an Oath the Gods offend,
 And out of *Menelaus* favour live.
 This said, he put the Mare into his hand,
 Then *Menelaus* lookt as fresh and gay
 As Dew that on the growing Corn doth stand
 Then when the Fields are in their best array.
 And to *Antilochus* repli'd agen,
Antilochus I angry am no more.
 I see you were by Youth transported then.
 But putting tricks upon your friends give o're.
 I not so soon forgiven had another ;
 But you so much have suffer'd for my sake
 Together with your Father and your Brother,
 That I can easie satisfaction take.
 And now to shew I got it not by might,
 Take you the Prize, although it be my share.
 This said, he took t'himself the Caldron bright ;
 And yielding to *Antilochus* the Mare,
 Unto *Noëmon* gave her to set up
 (*Noëmon* was *Antilochus* his man)
 One Prize remain'd, which was the double Cup.
Meriones the two gold Talents wan.
Achilles rising then to *Nestor* went,
 And unto him the double Cup he gave.
 This Prize, said he, keep for a Monument
 Of my *Patroclus* lying in his Grave.
 You shall not for it arm your fists with Lead,
 Nor with young men at cast of Spears engage,
 Nor shall you on the Foot-race need to tread.
 Of all such work you are excus'd by age.
 This said, the Cup into his hand he laid,
 Which joyfully he took and thus repli'd.
 Sweet Son, you nothing but the truth have said.
 My strength is past, it cannot be deni'd.
 My hands I scarce can to my Shoulders raise,
 And heavily my feet both rise and fall,
 Oh, that I were as young as in those days
 When I saw *Amarynceus* Funeral

Set forth most nobly in *Buprasion*.

There many Prizes were, and many a man ;
But like to me amongst them there was none,
Epeian, Pylian, nor Atolian.

At Fists the Prize from *Clytomed* I won ;

And wraffling with *Anceus* I him threw,
And *Iphiclus*, swift as he was, outrun ;

And with the Spears I *Polydore* out-threw,
And at the Horse-race only was outstript

By th'envie of the Sons of *Actor* two.

For sitting on the Charrat they both whipt,

And from me won that Prize with much ado.

Such then I was. But now to younger men

That work I leave. Old age I must obey.

But such I was amongst the *Argives* then.

And now, *Achilles*, here no longer stay.

Proceed with other Games your friend to grace:

Your Gift I take, and great content I find

In that you shewn have in this publick place

Amongst the *Greeks* you have me in your mind.

Achilles having heard these Praises all

Of *Nestor*, brought into the place a Mule,

A Prize for him that won at Fist and Ball,

A Mule of six years old, and hard to rule.

As for the vanquisht, he assign'd to him

A lesser Prize which was a silver Cup,

That crookt and wryed was about the brim.

Achilles then amongst the *Greeks* stood up.

Atrides, and you *Argives* all, said he,

Let two men fight for these at Fist and Ball.

The lusty Mule shall for the Victor be ;

The Cup for him that in the fight shall fall.

This said, *Epeius* a huge man stood up,

And that had at this kind of fight great skill,

And seiz'd the Mule, and said, As for the Cup,

Let any one against me rise that will.

The Mule is mine ; at this game I am best.

Is't not enough that th' *Argives* value me

In Fight but as a mean man like the rest ?

For no man can the best at all things be.

But

But let him know, whoere with him contends,
 I'll break his bones. Which being to him known,
 He may about him ready have his friends,
 To take him up when I have knockt him down.
 This said, *Mecestes* Son *Euryalus*,
 That won the Prize from the *Cadmeans* all
 At *Theb's* upon the death of *Oedipus*
 When celebrated was his Funeral
 Presents himself. About him busie was
Tydidēs wishing him the Victorie,
 And gave him of strong Leather well-wrought Lace
 Wherewith the Balls unto his wrists to tie.
 The Champions up their fists together have,
 Which when they met so quick and mingled were,
 That which was which a man could not perceive,
 But how they rattled at their heads might hear.
Euryalus then chanc'd to look aside,
 At which *Epeius* such a blow him hit
 Upon the cheek, that he was stupifi'd,
 And could no longer stand upon his feet.
 As when the Sea is curl'd by *Zephyrus*,
 A little Fish leaps up and falls agen;
 So started at the stroak *Euryalus*
 And fainted. To him went *Epeius* then
 And took him up. His friends that by him stood
 Led him away trailing his feet behind,
 His neck aside hanging, and spitting blood;
 And wandering out of order was his mind.
Achilles other Prizes then brought forth
 For Wrestlers; and for him that did the best,
 A mighty three-foot Pot esteemed worth
 By th'company twelve Oxen at the least.
 And for the vanquished a lesser Prize,
 A Woman that in many works had skill;
 And to the *Argives* speaking said, Arise
 You that contend for the great Tripod will.
 Then up rose *Ajax*, up *Ulysses* rose,
 And having girt themselves stood on the p'ace,
 And presently extend their arms, and close;
 And one another with twin'd arms embrace.

As

As when a Carpenter to keep the wind
 Out of a house the Timber bows and pleats,
 So were their arms with one another twin'd,
 And each of them keeps fast his hold, and sweats,
 And squeez'd until their sides were black and blew.

And weary were the *Greeks* with looking on
 When neither *Ajax* yet *Ulysses* threw,
 Nor he the mighty Son of *Telamon*.

And *Ajax* then unto *Ulysses* said,
 Let's lift each other ; and withal him lifts,
 And hop'd upon the ground to have him laid,
 But he then not forgetful of his shifts,
 Struck with his right foot *Ajax* on the ham
 So that to turn him *Ajax* strength did lack.

Then both together to the ground they came,
 One on his breast, the other on his back.

And now *Ulysses* to lift *Ajax* is.

And from the ground he heav'd him, but not high,
 And in he clapt one knee between both his,

Then both upon the ground again they lie.

Agon they rise, and had not so giv'n ore,

But that *Achilles* to them goes, and says,
 You both are best ; torment your selves no more,

But equal Prizes take and go your ways,

That other *Greeks* for other Prizes may

Their vertue shew. This said, they him obey'd,

And from their bodies wipt the dust away,

And with their Coats themselves again array'd.

And then *Achilles* brought new Prizes in,

A silver Temperer that six gallons held,

And by *Sidonian* workmen made had been,

And all that ere they made before excell'd,

And by *Phænicians* into *Greece* was brought

And giv'n to *Teuchus*, and from him it came

T'*Euneus* *Jasons* Son. *Euneus* bought

Lycaon of *Patroclus* with the same.

This was the Prize for him that swiftest ran.

A great fat Ox the second was to take ;

And half a Talent, Gold the hindmost man.

And then *Achilles* to the *Argives* spake.

Arise,

Arise, said he, that for this Prize will run.

Then *Ajax* rose Son of *Oileus*

The lesser *Ajax*. And then *Nestor's* Son

(The swiftest of the Youth) *Antilochus*.

Arow they stand. *Achilles* to them shows

The Gole about the which they were to run.

Together then they start; and foremost goes

The nimble-footed *Ajax Oileus* Son.

But next him and so neer *Ulysses* is,

As from a womans Distaff comes the thread,

And on his steps trod ere the dust aris,

And breathed all the way upon his head.

The *Greeks* upon him called all the way

To do his best, and wisht him Victorie.

Then to *Athena* did *Ulysses* pray.

O help me my good Goddess now, said he.

And when almost they ended had the Race,

Then chanced *Ajax* in the Dung to fall

Of Cattle which had kill'd been on the place

B' *Achilles* for *Patroclus* Funeral,

And fill'd with Cow-dung was his mouth and nose.

Ulysses on the Temp'rer laid his hands.

And *Ajax* spitting Dung again arose,

And with his Ox before the *Argives* stands.

Oh, oh, said he, tis *Pallas* hath done this,

Who as a careful Mother of her Child,

Upon *Ulysses* always waiting is,

And when he that had said th' *Acheans* smil'd.

Antilochus th' half Talent took of Gold,

And smil'd, and to the *Argives* said, You see

The Gods still give most honour to the Old.

Ajax in age a little passeth me.

Age *Ulysses* older is than he.

And younger men with these cannot contend

At running of a Race, except it be

Achilles. Whom he finely did commen'd.

Achilles of that commendation glad

Unto *Antilochus* repl'd again;

To your half Talent I'll another add.

That word of yours shall not be said in vain.

Achilles then brought forth the Shield and Spear
And Helmet of *Sarpedon* (for till he
Was killed by *Patroclus* his they were)

And said unto the *Greeks*, Now let me see
Two valiant men well-arm'd contend for these;
And he that first draws Blood shall bear away
Th' *Thracian* Sword won from *Asteropaeus*.

The Arms in common they shall both enjoy,
And at my Tent they both shall feasted be.

Up then great *Ajax*, up *Tydid* rose,
And came forth armed from the Companie,
And looking grimly one to th' other goes,
And thrice to one another fiercely leapt;

And *Ajax* Spear pass'd through *Tydid* Shield;
But by the Breast-plate from his flesh was kept.

Good was his Breast-plate, and not apt to yield.
But still at *Ajax* neck *Tydid* aim'd,

Above his Shield still pushing with his Spear;
At which the people standing by exclaim'd;

For then of *Ajax* life they stood in fear,
And to *Achilles* cri'd to part the Fray

Betime, and let them equal Prizes have.
And by *Achilles* then dismiss'd were they;

But yet the Sword he to *Tydid* gave.
And then of Iron he brought out a Sough
Such as at first it from the Fornace came,
The which *Eetion* was wont to through;

Amongst whose Goods *Achilles* found the same,
And to his Ship he brought it with the rest.

And said to th' *Argives*, He this Prize shall gain,
That lets us see he throw it can the best.

It will his Plough with Iron five years maintain.
He needs not to the Town for Iron go.

Then *Polyartes* and *Leontes* rise,
And *Ajax*, and together stand arow;

And last of all unto them comes *Epeius*:
First threw *Epeius*, and well laught at was.

And next to him *Leontes* threw the same.
Then *Ajax* threw and did them both surpass.

But when to *Polyartes* hand it came,

As far as doth a Shepherd throw his Hook
 Seeing his Sheep stand still or straggle out,
 So far threw he. The Prize his friends then took
 And bare it to his Tent. The people shout,
Achilles then brought other Prizes in,
 Ten double, and ten single Axes keep,
 The which the two best Bow-men were to win,
 And said, Now let your Archerie be seen.
 And on the Sands erects a Ship-mast high,
 And at the top he ti'd a Dove unto't
 With slender thread, and said, Your Skill now try.
 For he that dead the tender Dove shall shoot,
 Shall have the double Axes for his Prize;
 The single he that breaks the thread shall win.
 Then *Teucer* and *Meriones* arise,
 And Lots they cast which of them shall begin.
 And to begin to *Teucer* fell the Lot.
 And first he shot. But should have made a Vow
 A Hecatomb to *Phæbus*, but forgot.
 And therefore *Phæbus* would not him allow
 To kill the Bird. But yet he brake the thread,
 And tow'rd the ground, it hung down from her feet.
 The frighted Dove in th'Air hovered,
 And mightily the *Argives* shout to see't.
Meriones then quickly drew his Bow,
 (For th'Arrow fitt'd on't already lay)
 And presently to *Phæbus* made a Vow
 Of his first Lambs a Hecatomb to pay.
 And seeing how the Dove amazed went
 Above his head this way and that way round,
 His Arrow keen he quickly to her sent, (ground.
 Which pierc'd her through, and brought her to the
 The wounded Dove unto a Mast then flies,
 And there her Feathers sheds, and hangs her head,
 And having fitten there not long she dies.
 The *Argives* gazing at it wondered.
 And then *Meriones* away did bear
 The double Axes. *Teucer* took the rest.
Achilles then new Prizes fetcht; a Spear,
 And a new Caldron worth an Ox at least.

To throw the Spear then rose the King *Atrides*,
 And after him stood up *Meriones*
Idomeneus his Squire. Then said *Pelides*,
 There shall be no contention for these.
 We know how much you are more excellent
 At this than any of th' *Acheans* here.
 Take you these Prizes therefore to your Tent,
 And give unto *Meriones* the Spear,
 If you think fit: *Atrides* was content,
 And to *Meriones* he gave the Spear,
 And by *Talthybius* the Caldron sent
 Unto the Ships; and all well pleased were.

And on Parnassus
 And of their common
 And lay upon his bed
 And weeping
 Sometimes on that
 And sometimes on his
 And walk upon the
 And soon as ere he
 He came to his
 And drag'd him
 And then wept in
 With that all over
 For Pallas had
 That form his body
 The Gods mean while
 And grieved to see
 To that away the
 To this the Gods
 But Pallas had
 With that all over
 For that the Gods
 And of the others
 Thus paid it then.
 Apollo to the Gods
 And said, Ye Gods
 What sacrifice

I L I A D.

L I B. XXIV.

THUS end the Games. The *Greeks* dispersed are,
 And ev'ry man returned to his Tent,
 And busie was his Supper to prepare;
 And after they had sup'd to bed they went:
Achilles all the night slept not a wink,
 But on *Patroclus* worth, and company,
 And on their common sufferings still did think,
 And lay upon his bed unquietly.
 And weeping sometimes laid himself on this,
 Sometimes on that side, sometimes on his face,
 And sometimes on his back, and sometimes ris,
 And walkt upon the shore from place to place,
 And soon as ere he saw the morning come,
 He *Hector* to his Charrer t'ld again;
 And drag'd him thrice about *Patroclus* Tomb,
 And then went in, and left him on the Plain
 With dust all over hidden, but not rent.
 For *Phæbus* had him cover'd with his Shield,
 That torn his body was not as they went.
 The Gods mean while sat looking on the Field,
 And griev'd to see *Achilles* shew such spight.
 And some of them advised *Mercurie*
 To steal away the body from his sight.
 To this the other Gods did all agree,
 But *Neptune*, *Juno*, *Pallas* angry were:
 With *Priam* and with *Troy*, for *Paris* sake,
 For that he *Venus* did so much preferre,
 And of the others small account did make.
 Thus pass'd it then. But twelve days after came:
Apollo to the Gods in Councel set,
 And said, Ye Gods unjust, you are to blame.
 What Sacrifice did *Hector* ere forget,

That to his Father, Mother, Wife, and Son:
 That for his death lament, he must not come,
 And bur'd be, since he is dead and gone,
 And have a Funeral in *Uman*?
 But to *Achilles* fury you give way,
 Whose breast is void of all Humanity.
 As Lions on mens Cattle love to prey,
 Savage and proud on men so falleth he
 Asham'd of nothing. Though another man
 That had a loving Brother lost, or Son,
 When he has wept a while give over can,
 And bear the ill that cannot be undone.
 But he with *Hector's* death is not content,
 But drags his body at his Chariot;
 Not caring how we may the same resent,
 He'll find at last were better he had not
 Upon the senseless Earth have shown such sight.
 To this in anger *Juno* then repl'd,
 If equal they had been, you had said right,
 But that they equal are it is denied.
 For *Hector* was a mortal woman's Son,
Achilles Mother a great Goddess is
Thetis, that nurt was and brought up by her
 But by my self. The Gods can witness this,
 Who, when I made her noble *Peleus* Bride,
 Came to the Wedding ill, and you too then
 Were with your Fiddle there well satisfied,
 Perfidious God, companion of mean men.
 Then *Jupiter* to *Juno* spoke and said,
 Look not so angrily upon the Gods,
 Nor for *Achilles* honour be afraid.
 'Twixt him and *Hector* I know well the odds.
 But *Hector* we of Mortals love the best,
 I do at least, of all the men of Troy.
 He never is behind-hand with my fear,
 But Fleish and Wife pays dearly at my ear.
 But we'll not *Hector* from *Achilles* fear
 Nor can, since *Thetis* for him is awake.
 Call *Thetis* higher, for with her I'll deal
 To make him for his body nation's tale.

This

This said, into the Sea leapt *Mis* straight
 Between the Isles of *Imbras* and of *Same*
 The water roar'd and flar'd at her weight;
 And she to th' bottom like a *Plommet* came
 Where in a hollow Cave the Gods sit late,
 Her *Sea-nymphs* all about her sitting round,
 She in the midst bewailing her Sons fate,
 That was to perish on the *Trojan* ground.
 And going to her neer, *Thetis*, said she,
Jove calls you to him. She repli'd; Why so?
 What has that mighty God to say to me?
 I am not fit amongst the Gods to goe
 But well. I go. I dare not disobey
 And on her head then throws she a black hood.
 Then up they went, and *Iris* led the way.
 (To let them pass the Sea divided flood)
 And being landed leapt up to the Sky,
 When *Jove* in Council and the Gods were met;
 Where *Thetis* was received lovingly,
 And next himself by *Jupiter* was set.
 There *Juno* Nectar, *Pallas* gave her place.
 And *Jove* unto her spake. *Thetis*, said he,
 I know your grief, but such is now the case,
 You could not from th' Assembly be spared be.
 Nine days amongst our selves we disagree
 Concerning *Hector's* body what to do.
 The most would have him stoln by *Mercury*,
 But for your sake I would not yield thereto.
 But go you, *Thetis*, to your Son and say
 The Gods are angry and I most of all,
 That *Hector's* body at the Ships doth stay
 Unransom'd and without a Funeral;
 That he release it may for fear of me.
 Mean while to *Prizans* shall be sent
 To bid him go to *Adallas* speedily,
 And with six Presents fetch it from his Tent.
 This said, she from *Olympus* took her flight
 To *Achilles* Tent, and found him sitting there,
 Where he *Patroclus* still lamenting sigh'd,
 And with his friends providing Dinner were.

And

And killed him a fat Sheep in his Tent.

Then in the week end lay down by his side.
How long, said he, will you your self torment?

Be comforted, and for your health provide;

And take delight in wasters company;

For here you know you are not long to stay,

And that at hand is now your Destiny.

And hear what I from Jove must to you say.

From Jupiter I come, who had me say

The Gods are angry and he most of all,

That Hector's body at the Ships dock shall stay

Unransom'd and without a Funeral.

The Ransome therefore take and let him go,

To which Achilles a short Answer gave.

Let him that will (since Jove will have it so)

The Ransome bring, the body he shall have.

Whilst Thetis and her Son discoursing were,

To Priam Jove's Word sent away;

Iris, said he, this Message from me bear

To Priam, and relate what now I say.

Bid him unto Achilles Tent to go,

And carry with him other Treasures none

But one old Squire his Charret to look to,

And bring away the body of his Son;

And honourable Presents with him bear,

Wherewith Achilles may be well content.

And bid him death and danger not to fear,

So good a Guardian with him shall be sent

Hermes shall guide him to Achilles Tent,

And being there he needs not fear at all.

Achilles will not kill him, but prevent

The hurt that might from others on him fall.

He wants not judgment, care, nor piety,

And pity has for them that to him pray.

This said, flew Iris from Olympus high

To Priam's house, where a little was of joy,

His Sons about him weeping sat, and he

Ith' midst involved in his Cloak so just,

That one th' impression of his limbs might see;

His head and neck bedaw'd with dung and dust;

Which

Which he himself. *And then he said*
 His Daughters had his Sons. *And then he said*
 About, for Brothers stand for Heirs. *And then he said*
 And to the Shameless. *And then he said*
 Then *Iris* unto *Priam*. *And then he said*
 With soft and gentle voice. *And then he said*
Priam be bold, for now I hear
 (For trembling) *And then he said*
Jove bids you to *And then he said*
 And carry with you. *And then he said*
 But one old Squier. *And then he said*
 And bring away. *And then he said*
 And honourable. *And then he said*
 Wherewith *Achilles* may be well content.
 He bids you. *And then he said*
 So good. *And then he said*
Hermes shall guide you. *And then he said*
 When you are there. *And then he said*
Achilles will not kill you. *And then he said*
 The harm that may from others. *And then he said*
 He wants not judgment. *And then he said*
 And pity has on them. *And then he said*
 In their distress. *And then he said*
 When *Iris* this had said. *And then he said*
 Then *Priam* said. *And then he said*
 And make a Wagon ready. *And then he said*
 And to a Cedar Chamber. *And then he said*
 Where his most precious Household stuff did stand.
 And thither call'd his Wife. *And then he said*
Jove's Messenger. *And then he said*
 With Ransome for my Son. *And then he said*
 But what think you. *And then he said*
 At this aloud the Father said. *And then he said*
 What now is of the wife you had become.
 For which so wife you once were thought to be.
 By men abroad and by your friends at home.
 Will you go put your self into the hand
 Of him that hath your Sons so many slain.
 A man that does not pity understand.
 Nor fear. *And then he said*

But since the Fates designed had before
 His birth, to this day he should be made a prey.
 By this hard hearted man, you may deplore
 Him here at home, and from Achilles stay.
 Oh, that between my teeth I had his heart,
 That to revenge my Son I might it eat.
 It would no little ease be to my marr,
 And less the loss of him I should regret.
 For Hector only for his Country fought,
 And of his Enemies was not afraid,
 Nor did him wrong, but valiant was and stout.
 Then Priam to his Wife replied and said,
 Nay Wife, since to him I am bent to go,
 Disswade me not, nor ill Bird to me be
 Here in my house, and bode me ill. For know,
 Whatere you say, it will not prevail with me.
 If now a Priest or Prophet to me came,
 And this had said, I thought I had a tyr.
 But howsoe'ry come what will, I am
 With Hector in my arms content to die.
 This said, the Chests he profently unlocks,
 And out he lays twelve Robes for womankind,
 As many Coats, as many single Cloaks,
 And unto those as many that were in,
 And further twelve rich Carpets out he layd,
 And when he that had done, he Gold brought forth,
 Whereof he layed by ten Talents weigh'd,
 And two great black three-footed Pots much worth.
 And unto those he set bright Caldrons four
 And the fine Cup which giv' a him was when he
 From Troy to Thrace was sent Embassador.
 So long he to set Hector's body free,
 P'th'Porch then standing many Greeks were,
 That sorry for his grief were thither come,
 To whom he said, Barest what make you here?
 Find you not cause enough of grief at home,
 That you must hither come to trouble me?
 As if too little were to lose my Son,
 Hereafter you will ever be killed or
 Since Hector who defended you is gone.

As for my self, before I had my day,
 I hope to be with him in the same way.
 Then with his Staff he drove them all away,
 And turning in again his Sons he call'd.
 Paris and Agatban and Heleas,
 Pammon, Polites, and Amphibolus,
 Agavus, Deiphobus, Hippolytus.
 These nine he rated saying to them thus,
 Make haste unworthy Sons I had been glad
 If you in Hector's stead had all been slain:
 Oh how unfortunate am I that had
 So many and so valiant Sons in vain.
 Nestor and Troilus both valiant men,
 And Godlike Hector. Sare I am accurst,
 Since Mars of these depriv'd me has agen,
 And now I none have left me but the worst,
 Domestick Wolves, the bane of Lambs and Kid,
 And good for nothing but to dance and lye.
 Why stand you still? Were you not by me bid
 The Waggon to prepare? Then out they flye,
 And speedily the Waggon forth they bring,
 And Yoak well fitted with an Iron Pin,
 And fixt it to the Poles end with a Ring,
 And Cord nine Cubits long to keep it in,
 Which thrice about the Boxen Yoak they wind,
 And to the Waggon and the Ransome bind,
 And to it then the lusty Mules they bind,
 Which by the Mares given him had been.
 That done, King Priam's Horses to his Chaire
 Were by himself and by Idas led,
 Of which he always taken had such care,
 That while they fed he stayed by their side.
 Then Hecuba came to them with a Cup,
 A golden Cup of pleasant Wine, that they
 The same to Jupiter might offer up
 Before unto their Gods they went away.
 Here, take this Cup, said they, and pray to Jove,
 That he will let you see a lucky sight
 Of that great Bird which he the most doth dight,
 That you may be assured by the sight

That

That safe you shall agen return to Troy.
 For if that favour to you be den'd
 I should advise you by all means to stay.
 And Priam then to Hebea repli'd,
 This counsel (Wife) of yours with reason stands.
 Jove pleas'd is when to him men look up.
 For water then he call'd and wash't his hands,
 And from his Wife receiv'd the golden Cup.
 Then looking up to Heav'n, O Jove, said he,
 Of all the Gods most glorious high and great,
 Grant me that I may well received be
 B' Achilles at his Tent, and well retreat.
 And that thereof I may be confident,
 Now shew me of your Bird a lucky flight.
 This said, Jove presently an Eagle sent,
 Of colour spotted over black and white.
 As wide as is a Princes Gate or more,
 So wide her Wings the mighty Eagle spreads,
 And as it over Ilion did soare,
 The people joy'd to see it ore their heads.
 The old man then went up into his Sear,
 And through the City to the Plain did pass.
 The Waggon wherein lay the treasure great
 Before him driven by Ideus was.
 And so far went his Sons, and Sons-in-law;
 And then return'd agen into the City.
 When Jupiter upon the way him saw
 In this estate he moved was with pity;
 And unto Hermes turn'd his eyes and said,
 Since you mens company do most frequent,
 And whom you will can quickly hear and aid,
 Go and guide Priam to Achilles Tent.
 But so as to be seen by none, until
 He thither safely come. And Mercury
 No sooner understood his Fathers will
 But sets himself about it willingly,
 And first his Shoes unto his feet he binds
 Ambrosian Shoes that over Sea and Land
 Bear him as swift and lightly as the Winds;
 And then his Rod he took into his hand,

Where.

Wherewith he layeth sleep on Mortal eyes,
 And takes it off again when he thinks good,
 Then down to Troy and Hellespont he flies
 In likeness of a Youth of Royal blood
 When Dawn begins to appear upon his face,
Ideus now and *Priam* at the brink
 Of *Xanthus* were, and night came on apace,
 And there they made their Mules and Horses drink.
Ideus neer them then saw *Mercury*
 And in great fear to *Priam* cri'd, I see
 A man (*O Priam*) coming. Let us fly,
 Or to him go and fall down at his knee,
 And horribly was *Priam* then afraid,
 His hair with fear upon him stood upright.
 Then *Mercury* unto him came, and laid
 His hand on his, and to him said, 'Tis night;
 What makes you be abroad? Do you not fear
 Your Foes the *Greeks*? If any of them knew
 That you were with so great a Treasure here,
 In what a pitiful estate were you?
 For you and he that's with you both are old,
 And neither of you can himself defend,
 But as for any hurt from me, be bold.
 I hither come to assist you as a friend,
 So like, me thinks, you to my Father are.
 And *Priam* then to *Mercury* repli'd,
 'Tis true you say. And yet the Gods a care
 Have of me still that send me such a Guide,
 So great a man, so comely, and so wise,
 That blessed are the Parents you begar.
 And *Mercury* to him again replies,
 Indeed old man, you say the truth in that.
 But whither bear you your best goods away?
 To some strange City till the War be done?
 Or are the *Trojans* all now leaving Troy,
 Since killed is the best of them, your Son,
 That might with any of the *Greeks* compare?
 Tell me, said *Priam* (pray ye) who are you,
 And whence ye come, and who your Parents are,
 And how my Son and his hard Fate you knew.

You mean to try me now (said *Mercury*).

At th' *Argive* Ships I *Hector* frighted saw,
And how he made the *Greeks* before him fly,
And how he tost them in the Field like straw,
Where we stood by with wonder looking on.

Achilles had forbidden us to fight.

His man am I, by birth a *Myrmidon*,
And stood amongst the rest to see the fight.
My Father is *Polyctor*, very rich,

But now an old man is and like to you.
And seven Sons he has in all, of which
I am the last. And Lots at home we drew
Which of us with *Achilles* should be sent

To th' War of *Troy*. The Lot then fell to me:
And with *Achilles* in his Ship I went.

And hither come the place of fight to see.
The *Greeks* by break of day will hither come,
And try if now the City they can win.

Impatient of their stay at *Ilium*

They cannot by their Leaders be kept in.

Then *Priam* to him said again, Since you

Achilles Servant are, is *Hector* yet

At th' *Argive* Ships, I pray you tell me true,
Or cut in joynts thrown to the Dogs to eat ?

And *Hermes* unto this again replies,

Nor Dogs nor Fowl upon him yet have fed,

But at the Ships he still neglected lies, (dead,

And though he have twelve days now there been

Yet is his body uncorrupt, and free

From Worms that breed in other bodies slain.

And though it ev'ry morning dragged be

About *Patroclus* Tomb, doth whole remain

And undefac'd, the blood all washt away.

You would admire to see him look so fresh,

And clesed of the filth that on him lay,

And at his wounds how closed is the flesh,

Though many from the *Greeks* receiv'd he had.

So kind the Gods were after he was dead.

These words of *Mercury* made *Priam* glad,

And thus again he to him answered.

Yes,

Yes, yes, 'tis good to give the Gods their due,
 A thing that *Hector* never did omit,
 And therefore to him they this favour shew,
 Although his Soul be in th' Infernal Pit.
 But now t' *Achilles* Tent be you my Guide;
 And at my hand this handsome Cup receive.
 Again you try me (*Mercury* repli'd)
 I dare not tak't without *Achilles* leave.
 For of his anger in great fear I stand.
 Without a Bribe I'll with you go along
 To what place you think fit by Sea or Land.
 Though 'twere to *Argos*; none shall do you wrong.
 For sure, so wretchedly I do not look,
 But that a man may of me stand in fear.
 Then up he leapt, and in his hands he took
 The Whip and Reins, and serv'd as Charretier.
 When they were come to th' *Argive* Ditch and Wall,
 The Watch that placed was the Gate to keep,
 Their Supper to provide were busie all,
 And *Mercury* there laid them all asleep,
 Took off the Bars, the Gate wide open laid,
 And in the Charret and the Waggon went
 With all the wealth for *Hector* to be paid;
 And forward pass unto *Achilles* Tent,
 Built for him by his *Myrmidons*, and high,
 With Fir-trees tall, and cover'd over head
 (To keep it out of danger from the Sky)
 With the deep vesture of the flowry Mead
 And to it had a great Court pal'd about,
 And in the Pale a high two-valved door
 For Chars and Waggon to go in and out,
 And one great Bar of Fir-tree and no more,
 So great that it requir'd three common men
 Upon the lofty Gate to set it on,
 And three such men to take it off agen.
 None but *Achilles* shut it could alone.
 This Gate then *Hermes* open to him laid,
 And with the Char and Waggon in he came,
 Then leaping to the ground to *Priam* said,
 Old Father, I a God Immortal am

Hermes, and hither sent to be your Guide,
From Heav'n on purpose by my Father *Jove*.
But by *Achilles* I'll not here be sp'd.

Gods must not shew to men such open love.
But go you to *Achilles* in, and try

What favour from him at his knees you'll find,
And put him of his Son in memory,

And Father. That will work upon his mind.
This said, t'*Olympus* *Hermes* went his way.

Then to the ground leapt *Priam* from his Charre ;
And going in he bad *Idæus* stay,

And of the Mules and Horses have a care.
Achilles at his Supper now was set,

And waiting on him stood *Automedon*
And *Alimus*, the Table standing yet ;

But sup'd he had and appetite had none.
His other friends at distance from him sat.

And *Priam* to them then came in unseen,
And kist the hands there of *Achilles*, that

Of many of his Sons the death had been.
As when a man that kill'd another has,

And to another Prince for safety flies,
Men at him stare ; so he amazed was

When he saw *Priam* stand before his eyes.
The rest admir'd the comely man to see,

And both on him and one another look:
But *Priam* then upon *Achilles* knee

Laid both his hands, and thus unto him spoke.
Godlike *Achilles* take into your thought

Your Father that an old man is as I,
And into trouble by his Neighbours brought,

And has no friend on whom he may rely.
Yet he has many Intervals of joy,

And thinking on his Son is comforted
With hope to see him back return from *Troy*.

Undone am I ; for all my hopes are fled.
When th' Army of th' *Acheans* landed here,

I by the Gods with fifty Sons was blest ;
Whereof sixteen my Wife did to me bear,

And other women in my house the rest.

But

But in this War the most of them are lost.

And now by *Mars* reduced are to few.

And *Hector* which of all I loved most,

Is lately, O *Achilles*, slain by you.

His body to redeem I hither come

With pretious Gifts, and fall before your knee,

That I may bury it in *Ilium*.

Upon your Father think, and pity me.

Yet is my case more pitiful than his.

For what calamity can greater be

Than th' hands that have my Children kill'd to kiss?

This said, *Achilles* wept. And from his knee,

With his, the hands of *Priam* gently mov'd;

And then aloud they both lamented. He

For *Peleus*, and *Patroclus* whom he lov'd,

And *Priam* for his own calamitie,

And through the house were heard to sigh and groan.

Achilles, when his fit of tears was laid,

And eas'd was his heart, came from his Throne,

And rais'd th' old man that on his knees yet staid,

And to him spake. Alas, old man, said he,

You much have suffer'd, and your pain I feel.

But how alone durst you to come to me,

That slew your Sons, unless your heart be steel?

But come, sit down. In vain lamenting is,

The hurt that's done tears cannot take away,

Since so 'tis order'd by the Gods in bliss,

That men shall live in pain, and they in joy.

Two Barrels in his Cellar *Jove* has still

Of Gifts to be bestow'd on mortal Wights,

One full of Good, the other full of Ill.

And usually to mingle them delights.

For they that only ill receive from *Jove*

Exposed always are to injurie,

And begging up and down the world shall rove,

And both by Gods and Men despised be.

So *Peleus* at the first receiv'd much good,

And did in wealth his Neighbours all surpass;

And with his Subjects in great honour stood,

And joy'd in Wedlock to a Goddess was.

But after this the Ill unto him came
 To leave no Child behind him to succeed,
 But only me that so short lived am,
 And from him live to vex you and your seed.

And you, O *Priam*, once were rich, they say,
 And all that way in *Lesbos* did enjoy,
 And over all the *Hellepont* did sway,
 And that all *Phrygia* did you obey,
 And with great store of Children blest you were.

But now you only fights and slaughter see,
 And patiently you *Hector's* death must bear.

He cannot with your tears revived be;
 Much sooner you may suffer greater ill.

T'*Achilles Priam* then again replies,
 O *Thetis* Son, to fit I have no will

Whilst at the Ships my Son unburi'd lies.
 But bring him forth that I my Son may see,
 And you the Presents I have brought enjoy.

And prosperous unto you may they be,
 And safely I again return to *Troy*.

Achilles angry then, Old man, said he,
 Provoke me not. I'll put into your hand

The body of your Son, because to me
 From *Jove* my Mother came with that command.

And very well I know you *Priam* are,
 And that you hither had a God for Guide.

What mortal to the Army come would dare?

Or could have pass'd the Watch and not been spi'd?
 Or open to you could the Gates have set?

Therefore take heed, and anger me no more,
 Lest the command of *Jove* I should forget,

And without *Hector* send you out adoor.
 This said, old *Priam* was afraid and far.

Out went *Achilles* with *Antimedes*

And *Acinus*, his two good Servants, that

He lov'd the most, *Patroclus* being gone.

And they the Horses and the Mules untid,

And from the Waggon in the Goods they brought,

Only (wherewith the body dead to hide)

They left behind a handsome Robe and Coat.

Achilles

Achilles then his drudging Maids appointed
 To bear the body to some Chamber meet,
 And see the same well washt and well anointed,
 So secretly that *Priam* might not see't,
 Lest grieved he should something do or say,
 That might so far *Achilles* anger move,
 That in his passion he should *Priam* slay
 Forgetting the Commandement of *Jove*.
 And being washt, anointed, and array'd,
Achilles laid the body on a bed,
 Which his two Servants in the Waggon laid.
 This done, he to *Patroclus* spake and said,
 O my *Patroclus* if you hear in Hell
 That *Hector's* body I have sent to *Troy*,
 Forgive me, since I for it paid am well
 With Gifts, whereof what's fit to you I'll pay.
 This said, *Achilles* to his Tent retir'd,
 And sat upon the Seat from whence he ris,
 Your Son, said he, is freed as you desir'd,
 And on a bed laid in your Waggon is.
 To morrow with him go by break of day.
 But let us not our Supper now forget ;
 For *Niobe* twelve Children lost, they say ;
 Yet did she not for that refuse to eat.
 Six lusty Sons, six Daughters fair they were,
 And killed all, only for saying this,
 [Leto but two, and she did many bear.]
 By *Phœbus* they, and these by *Artemis*,
 The Goddess *Leto's* Daughter and her Son.
 Nine days and nights they lay unburied ;
 For *Jove* had chang'd the people into stone,
 And then the Gods with Earth them covered.
 Yet *Niobe* when she had weeping done,
 Received food ; and now doth somewhere lie
 I'th' Wounds of *Spylus*, and turn'd to stone.
 The hurt done by the Gods takes patientlie.
 Come then old man and lay your grief away,
 And for the present think upon your meat,
 And weep for *Hector* when you come to *Troy*,
 For true it is your loss of him is great.

This

This said, forth goes *Achilles*, and appoints
 A Sheep for supper to be kill'd and slayd ;
 Which straight was done, and cut out into joynts,
 And pierc'd with Spits unto the fire was laid.

And, when it was well roasted, taken up.

Antomedon o'rth' Table laid the bread.

Achilles made the Messes. Then they sup,
 And on the meat they laid their hands and fed.

But when of food they had no more desire,

Priam admir'd *Achilles* form and face.

Achilles *Priam* did no less admire,

In his aspect and speech there was such grace.

When on each other they had lookt enough,

Priam began, and to *Achilles* spake.

Dismiss me if you please (*Achilles*) now,

That I a little sleep at last may take.

For since my Son was slain, I never slept,

But rolling on the soiled grafs have li'n

Perpetually, and for him sigh'd and wept,

Nor until now touch'd either Meat or Wine.

Achilles then to th'women gave command

I'th'Porch without to set him up a bed,

With handsome Coverleds of Purple, and

With fine soft Blankets see it covered.

The women quickly his Command obey'd,

And two Beds ready made i'th'Porch without.

Achilles smiling then to *Priam* said,

Old man I from my Tent must turn you out ;

Lest some man should from *Agamemnon* sent

With counsel come and chance to see you here,

And let him know that you are at my Tent,

And the Redemption of your Son deferre.

But ere you go, old man, pray tell me right

What time is needful for his Obsequies,

That I so long may keep the *Greeks* from fight.

Then *Priam* to *Achilles* thus replies.

You know *Achilles* very well how farre

The Hills and Woods are distant from the Town,

And how afraid to go the *Trojans* are.

We need nine days to fetch the sewel down.

The

The tenth he shall be burnt and buried.

Th'eleventh a Mount upon him shall be laid.

The twelvth we'll fight again if there be need.

To this *Achilles* answered and said,
Old man, the time you asked granted is.

So long th'*Achaans* shall from fight forbear.

This said, in *Priam's* hand he layed his,

That of his faith he might not stand in fear.

There in the Porch slept *Priam* and *Ideus*.

And then unto his bed *Achilles* went,

And there he slept, and with him fair *Briseis*.

Within an Inner Chamber of his Tent.

The other Gods and Men slept all the night,

But sleep approached not to *Hermes* eyes,

But thinking lay on *Priam*, how he might

Conduct him safely from his Enemies.

Then up he rose, and went to *Priam's* head

And to him said, Ho, *Priam* sleep you here?

Since you redeem'd have *Hector's* body dead,

You think you nothing farther have to fear.

Although you for him paid a lusty price,

Yet if alive *Atrides* find you here,

Your Sons and friends shall pay that value thrice.

This said, he suddenly awakt with fear,

And calling to *Ideus* made him rise.

Then *Hermes* to the Waggon and the Charre

Himself the lab'ring Mules and Horses ties.

And now into their Seats they mounted are,

And through the *Argive* Camp then *Hermes* drove

Unseen till past *Scamander* ford they were.

Then *Hermes* left them and return'd to *Jove*:

And now the morning was display'd and clear.

Then fighting on they went to *Ilium*,

But were by neither man nor woman spi'd,

Till up into the Tow'r of *Pergamum*

Cassandra went, and thence she them descri'd,

And weeping to the people cri'd and said,

Ye men and women all of *Ilium*,

If ever you at *Hector's* coming joy'd,

Run to the Gates; I see him hither come.

Then,

Then, man nor woman left was in the Town,
 But *Hector* to behold went to the Gate.
 First came his loving Wife and Mother down,
 And in the Waggon by him weeping fare.
 The people in a throng about him staid
 Lamenting and lamented had all day,
 But *Priam* from his Char unto them said,
Trojans, unto the body dead give way.
 And when within the house I have it laid,
 Then for him weep till you be satisf'd.
 When this was said, the people him obey'd,
 And to make way, themselves they then divide.
 Then to the house they brought the body in,
 And plac'd it on a bed. Then Singers by
 They set, the lamentation to begin.
 Their Song they sung ; to which the women sigh.
 Then to lament *Andromache* began.
 O my dear Husband you have lost your life
 Unhappily, that were but a young man,
 And made a wretched Widow of your Wife,
 And with me left behind a tender Son
 To evil fate begot by you and me.
 To see him grow a man I hope have none ;
 This City first I fear destroy'd will be,
 Since you are gone that was our sole defence.
 T' *Achaia* now the Wives of *Troy* must go,
 And with them I. And you my Child must hence,
 And in vile work employ'd be by the Fo,
 Or you may by some spiteful man or other
 Be from the Wall or some high Tower thrown
 For *Hector's* sake, that killed has his Brother,
 Or Father, or his Son before the Town.
 For many of the *Greeks* has *Hector* slain.
 He went not to the Battle bashfully.
 For which the *Trojans* now are in great pain,
 And I your loving Wife especially.
 O that you thus should in the dust be laid,
 And not give me your hand before you di'd
 Without a word upon your Death-bed said
 For me to think on. Then the women sigh'd.

And

And *Hecuba* began. *Hector*, said she,
Of all my Sons to me you were most dear.
And when arriv'd was your Destinie,
You by the Gods, though dead, beloved were.
My other Sons, when any taken by
Achilles were, beyond Sea carri'd were
And sold, and made to suffer slavery
At *Samos*, *Imbros*, *Lemnos*, or elsewhere ;
But when of life he had deprived you
Because his friend *Patroclus* you had slain,
About his Monument he oft you drew,
Though that could not bring him to life again.
But now he sent it to me has again
As fresh and as well colour'd as if by
Apollo's gentle Shafts he had been slain,
This said, agen the people sob and sigh.
Then *Helen* took her turn. *Hector*, said she,
Whom best I lov'd of all my Brother-laws
(For you were so, since *Paris* marri'd me,
Though when I marri'd him accurst I was)
Now twenty years 'tis since I came to *Troy*,
And never did an ill word from you hear ;
And when your Kindred of me ill did say,
You took my part, and made them to forbear.
Since you are gone my joy is at an end,
And in your death I moan my own estate
That now amongst the *Trojans* have no friend,
Who hate me as the Author of their Fate.
This said with tears, provokt the peoples pity ;
But *Priam* then unto them spake, and said,
Go *Trojans* now and fetch wood to the City ;
You need not of the *Argives* be afraid.
Achilles when I parted from his Tent
Eleven days allow'd my Son t'inter
And fetch down wood without impediment ;
So long the *Argives* should from fight forbear.
This said, to th'Hills with Oxen and with Wains
And Mules they went, and busie were about
This work nine days together and took pains.
Upon the tenth the body was brought out,

And

And on the top of the great wood-pile laid,
And fire put to't; and all day long it burned
And all the night. When morning was displaid,
Again the *Trojans* to the Pile returned,
And th'Embers with black Wine extinguished.
His bones then by his Brothers and his Kin
Were from the ground together gathered,
And by them to an Urn of Gold laid in.
The Urn with Purple Robes then cover'd over
Into a Grave (which soon was made) they laid.
The Grave with many and great stones they cover.
And last of all (because they were afraid
Before their work were done the *Greeks* would come)
They sent out Scouts on ev'ry side to spy.
And ore his Grave in hast they raise a Tomb.
This done, away they went, and by and by
To *Priam's* house they came again, and there
He made a splendid Supper for them all.
Then home they went well pleased with their cheer.
Thus ended noble *Heſtor's* Funeral.

FINIS.

